Nov. 4, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

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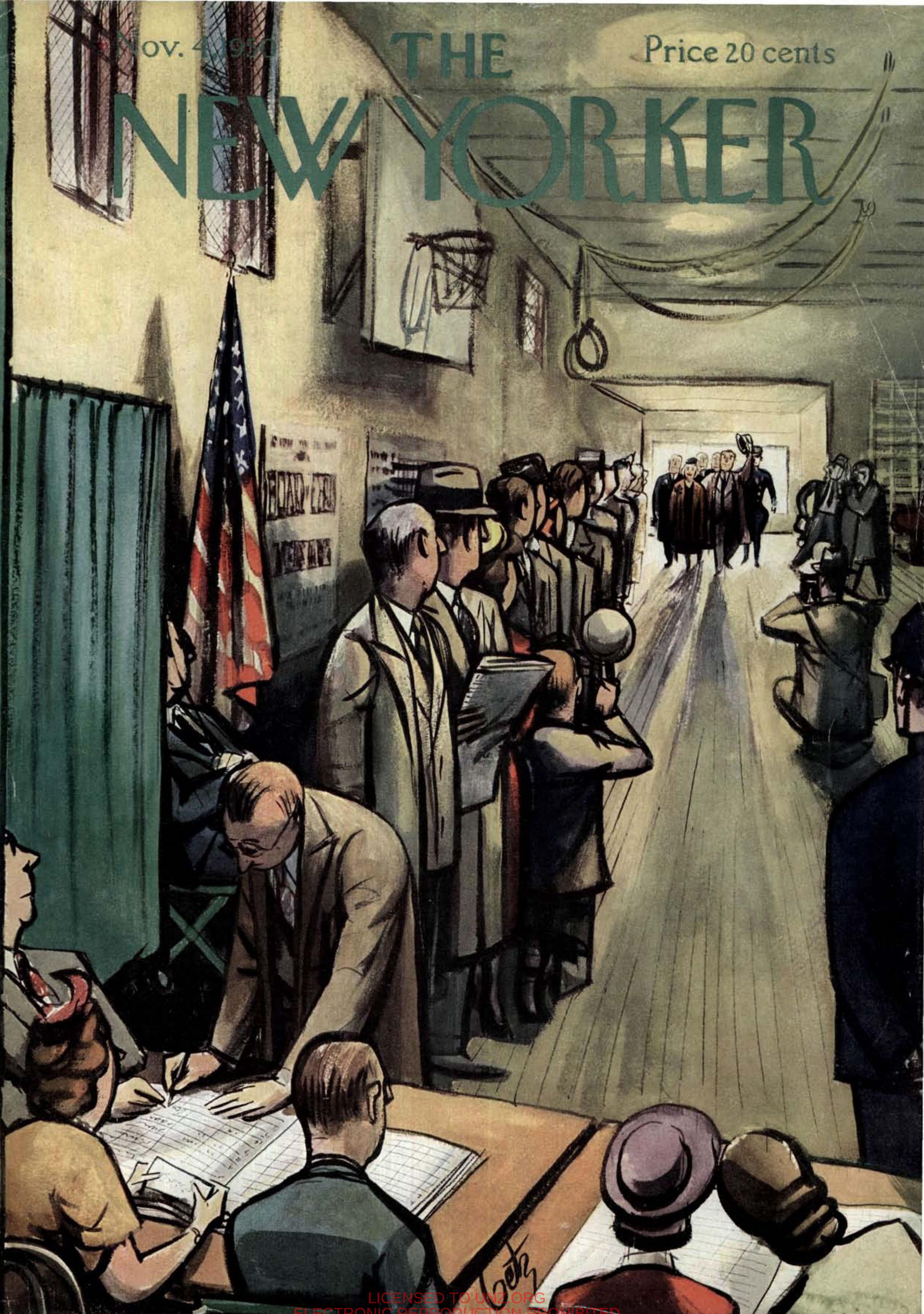

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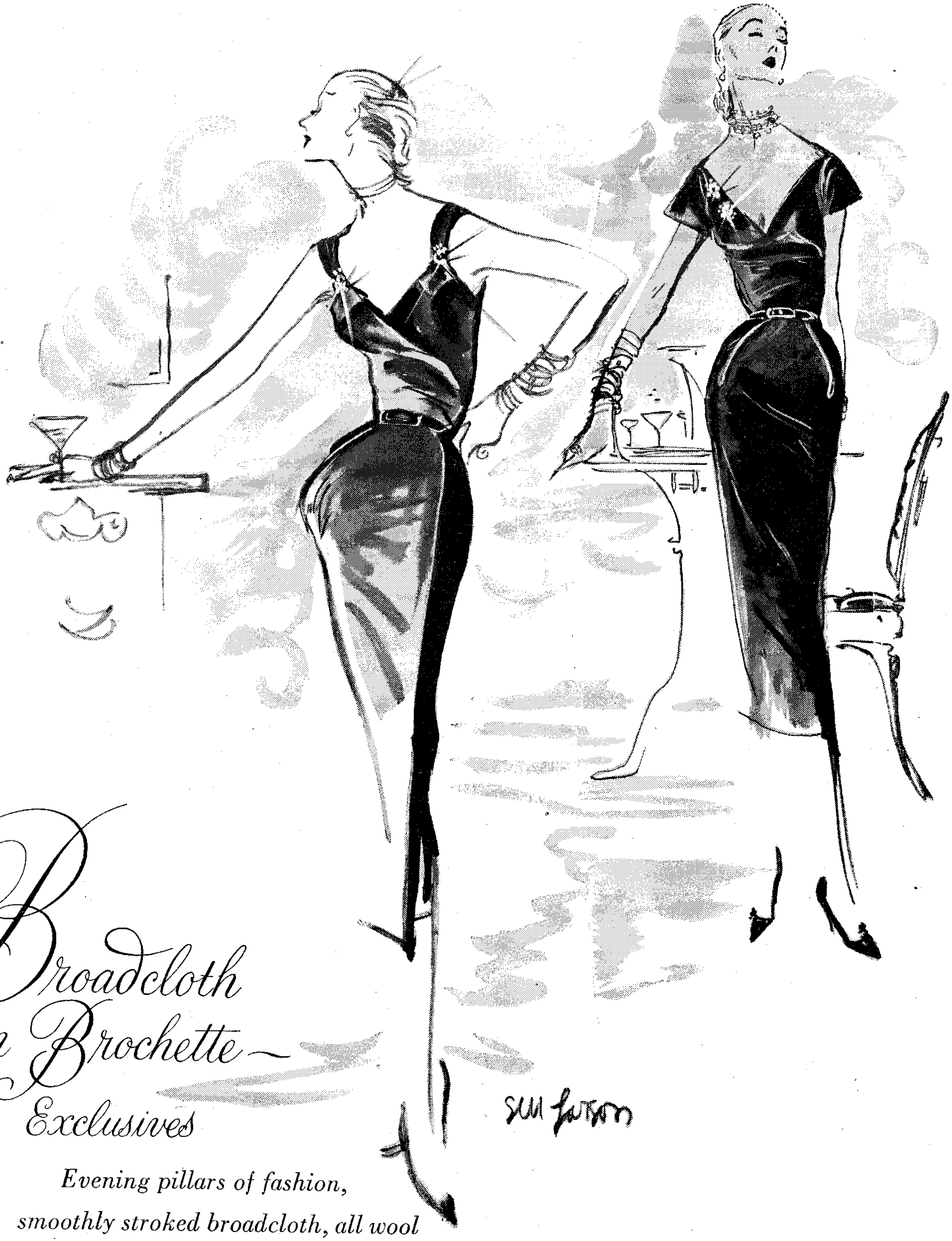

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Moves on Monday, Nov. 6, to the Music Box, 45th St., W., CI 6-4636; to confuse things completely, tickets for performances at the Music Box are now on sale at the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Curious Savage—Lillian Gish is charming in this comedy laid in a madhouse, but the play, by John Patrick, is attenuated and perhaps just a bit lacking in taste. Among Miss Gish's fellow-inmates are Robert Emhardt, Isobel Elsom, and Gladys Henson. Peter Glenville is the director. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Daphne Laureola—A small, somewhat muddy comedy from England, notable chiefly for its acting, which is spearheaded by Dame Edith Evans, as a drunk of great charm and refinement. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 4.)

The Day After Tomorrow—Frederick Lonsdale's comedy about an American heiress and an assortment of impoverished British aristocrats offers some urbane dialogue, but not quite enough to make up for a frail and stereotyped plot. Melville Cooper is excellent as a bankrupt lord, but Beatrice Pearson and Ralph Michael are rather lost in their romantic roles. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Gioconda Smile—Aldous Huxley did this adaptation of his famous short story, but very little of the original quality has survived. Basil Rathbone, Valerie Taylor, and George Relph have leading roles, and Shepard Traube is the producer and director. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Moves on Monday, Nov. 6, to the Fulton, 46th St., W., CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Legend of Sarah—A comedy that has something to do with the restoration of a community not unlike Williamsburg. The cast is headed by Marsha Hunt, Tom Helmore, and Ethel Griffies. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Nov. 5.)

Season in the Sun—The first comedy hit to come along this semester. It was written by Wolcott Gibbs, and is based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Eddie Mayehoff, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE COCKTAIL PARTY:** T. S. Eliot's play about an unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** A solid tragedy concerning a man who has come to the end of his rope. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE HAPPY TIME:** A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING:** Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play, with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** John Forsythe has replaced Henry Fonda on the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 7.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hilda Crane—Jessica Tandy in a play by Samson Raphaelson. The cast, directed by Hume Cronyn, also includes Beulah Bondi, Frank Sundstrom, John Alexander, and Evelyn Varden. Produced by Arthur Schwartz. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; George Abbott is the director; and the subsidiary cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

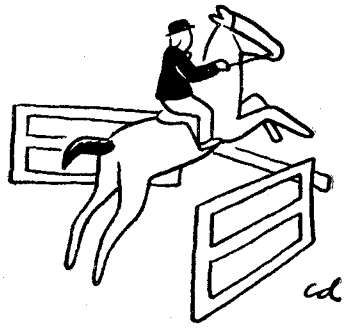
The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera, and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 4.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 8, and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée Tuesday, Nov. 7.)

Pardon Our French—The audience participation in this new Olsen-and-Johnson frolic is not quite as violent as it has been in the past, but the wear and tear on your nerves may still be considerable. The two stars are abetted by Marty May, Denise Darcel, Helene Stanley, and, for no reason in particular, six midgets. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Thursday, Nov. 2, at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Il pense à moi...
à mon rire...mon épaule
la caresse de ma main...
à moi seule...Toujours Moi.
Et même en mon absence
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...demeure...la hante
.mon parfum...moi...Toujours Moi.

He says—
my laugh...my shrug...
my touch are me...
only me...Toujours Moi.
And even after I have gone...
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trio after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard, one of the pillars of this establishment, is declaiming here again, and Erik Rhodes, a funnyman rather new to night life, is performing, too. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play double piano, and Hazel Webster is the piano soloist. Sunday is old-movie night and Monday is young-amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar, a sterling example of the now-or-never school of interior decorating, has the perennial Rudy Timfield doing dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins presides over this bit of Southern comfort, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant, sprinkling his piano music and his conversation pieces lightly over his audience from cocktail time through supper. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, foremost interpreter of the songs of Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and other modernist composers, is in her parlor, upstairs over the convulsive Show Spot bar Mondays through Saturdays. Sam Hamilton, a good man in his own right, is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A very casual bar and terrace, where Spivy, starting around ten, does a batch of her single-entendre ditties. Herbert Kingsley, the house pianist, also gets into her act. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, a pianist with a prodigious memory, is around after eight. Later in the evening, Portia Nelson sings her absorbing songs of passion. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels and his loyal mates—the blues-shouting Mae Barnes, the singing pianist Norene Tate, and the clowning pianist Garland Wilson—putting on their variety show at ten-thirty and engaging in (as the spirit moves) solos, duets, trios, and quartets. Alice Ghostley, who is newer at the game, does splendidly by the extremely funny songs of G. Wood, her pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **RALEIGH ROOM**, Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Through Wednesday, Nov. 8, Cy Coleman's piano and Mundell Lowe's guitar in generally instructive collaboration, whether playing for dancing or just for listening. William Adler plays his violin between sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano-and-cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance music between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a generally amusing trip in a Pullman smoker, sometimes filibusters for hours, so you may miss the rest of the show, which, aside from the singing of Patti Page and Betty Harris, is not of great importance. Dancing. . . . **PARADISE**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): It's hard to tell this one from the old Paradise, except that the show is strictly Lenox Avenue. It's a history of jazz, which apparently had a rough time getting born. Some of it is radio-documentary stuff, but the antics of the idiots called the Chocolateers, the voices of Harry Belafonté and Ann Lewis, and the voices (and figures) of Irene Williams and a number of stepping ladies from Harlem relieve some of the solemnity. Dancing.

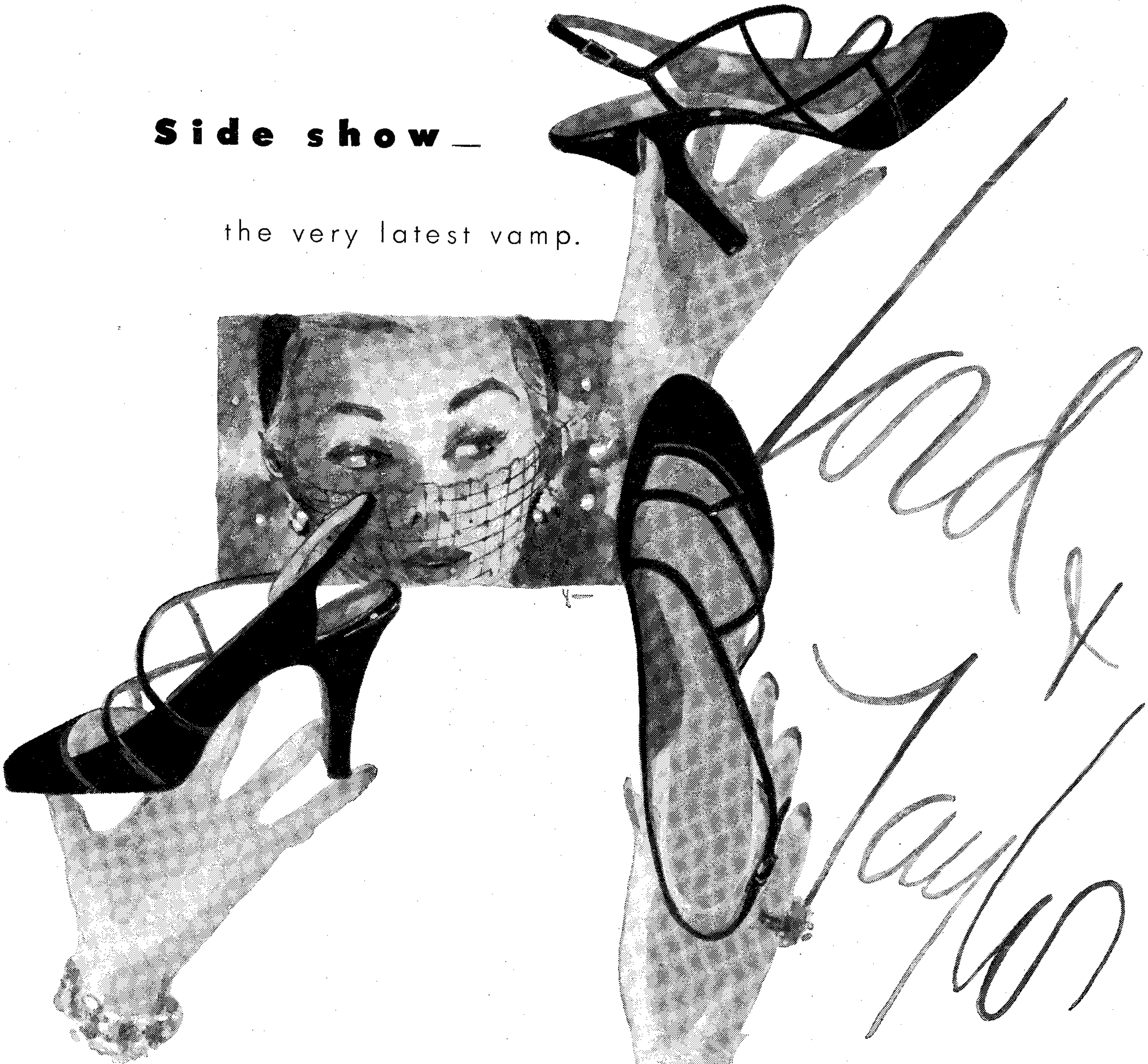
SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, a youthful Mark Twain, turning his acute seeing eye on side-street life; the Mad Moiselles, an unruly cluster of lady elves; Billy Williams and his group of swing sing-

Side show —

the very latest vamp.



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8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Barrier—Lawrence Tibbett and Muriel Rahn in a musical drama by Langston Hughes, based on his play "Mulatto." The score is by Jan Meyerowitz. Produced by Michael Myerberg and Joel Spector. Opens Thursday, Nov. 2. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—A comedy by Christopher Fry, with an English company headed by John Gielgud and Pamela Brown. Directed by Mr. Gielgud, and produced by the Theatre Guild, Tennent Productions Ltd., and John C. Wilson. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 8. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Country Girl—Paul Kelly and Uta Hagen in a play written and directed by Clifford Odets. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Friday, Nov. 10. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet—Thursday evening, Nov. 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," "Pas de Quatre," and "Persephone." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 3: "Concerto Barocco," "Don Quixote," and "Giselle.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 4: "Constantia," "Del Amor y de la Muerte," and "Divertissement." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 4: "Designs with Strings," "Black Swan," "Night Shadow," and "Constantia." . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 6: "Concerto Barocco," "The Nutcracker Suite," and "Giselle.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 7: "Les Sylphides," "A Tragedy in Verona" (New York première), "Pas de Trois," and "Petrouchka.". . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, Nov. 8: "Les Sylphides," "A Tragedy in Verona," and "Petrouchka.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 8: "Swan Lake," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Pas de Trois," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 9: "Swan Lake," "Good Humoured Ladies," "Salome" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 10: "Designs with Strings," "Petrouchka," "Black Swan," and "Good Humoured Ladies." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 11: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," "Salome," and "Le Beau Danube.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 11: "Swan Lake," "A Tragedy in Verona," "Pas de Trois," and "Le Beau Danube." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Saturday, Nov. 25.)

Les Ballets de Paris—"Les Chaises Musicales," "L'Œuf à la Coque," and "La Croqueuse de Diamants." With Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and Colette Marchand. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)

Sujata and Asoka—A program of Indian and Tibetan dances. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Arms and the Man—A theatre-in-the-round production of Shaw's play, with Francis Lederer and Sam Wanamaker. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except on Sundays, dancing in the Trianon Room to the polite music of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras at dinner and supper.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra appears at dinnertime in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, at cocktail time "under the clock." No dancing in either inglenook.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village rumpus room is back in its pristine mood. Joe Bushkin and his pagan crew, some of whom use stringed weapons, are on the bandstand. Peanuts Hucko, Sid Weiss, and Charlie Smith are especially audible. Lea Mathews, a young songbird who hasn't heard that Old Man Bop is dead, is around, too. On Thursday, Nov. 9, Josh White will arrive at the head of a new show. Cliff Jackson is beginning his second century as the interlude pianist. Dancing.

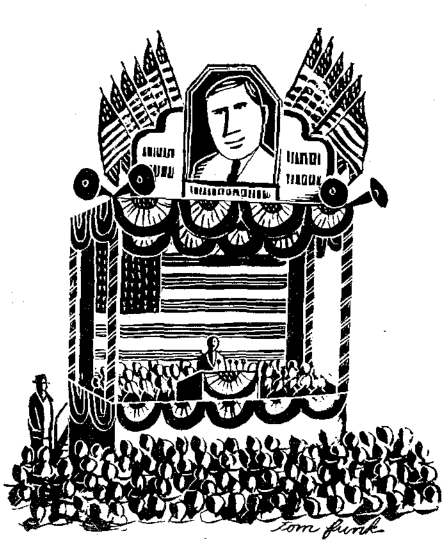
Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, serving mostly to prove that there's nothing new on Broadway and that girls are man's best friend. Some nonsense is supplied by the Rigoletto Brothers, some trumpeting by W. C. Handy, some balladry by Harry Armstrong. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are involved with the dance music.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Home base for the black-tie and R.S.V.P. group. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Chef's Special in the Terrace Room is the ice show, which is compounded of many traditional ingredients but also offers Jean Arlen and a couple of other young ladies especially designed for gym suits. Bernie Cummins' band provides well-tempered dance music. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out now and then. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Mimi Benzell performs at dinner and supper (except Sundays, when there is just a dinner show), along with Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. Miss Benzell is sometimes arch, sometimes pedagogic, and sometimes, happily, just lyric. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, Stanley Worth's dance orchestra from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre. Page Morton plays piano and sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A breath of fresh air in our smoky night life—Elsa Lanchester with her abstract face and her thicket of apricot hair, doing (against the background of Ray Henderson's glittering piano) her character studies, some impish, some vixenish, some lovelorn. Blanche and Alan Lund dance youthfully, Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's bands play merrily, and the Persian Room's new décor is a fine foil for Miss Lanchester. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a worldly and well-got-up bower, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.



Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—At dinner, in the ancestral Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's soft-spoken music, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra does the honors. . . . ¶ Mr. Sandler's music is also audible in the Palm Court, from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, at dinner and supper, Guy Lombardo, one of the most famous of the rickety-tickety Old Lamplighters or Umbrella Men, or whatever. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Maisonette has dinner and supper dancing to Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. Rolly Rolls, an excitable pianist turned humorist, is taken off the leash twice a night. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a fairly fancy peacock alley, once again has dinner and supper dance music by a platoon of Lester Lanin's musicians and a cluster of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Café bar, except Sundays, Don Abney's piano, from six to twelve.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's dance music, not exactly the sort to soothe the average savage breast, is on tap in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The children who congregate here are of the heard as well as seen variety. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, in a basic little black dress and occasionally in far from Basic English, does those wisps of French ballads about heaven and earth and love and death with artfully artless perfection. Emile Petti's orchestra, a choir, and an accordionist smooth the path for her. Panchito's rumba band is also here.

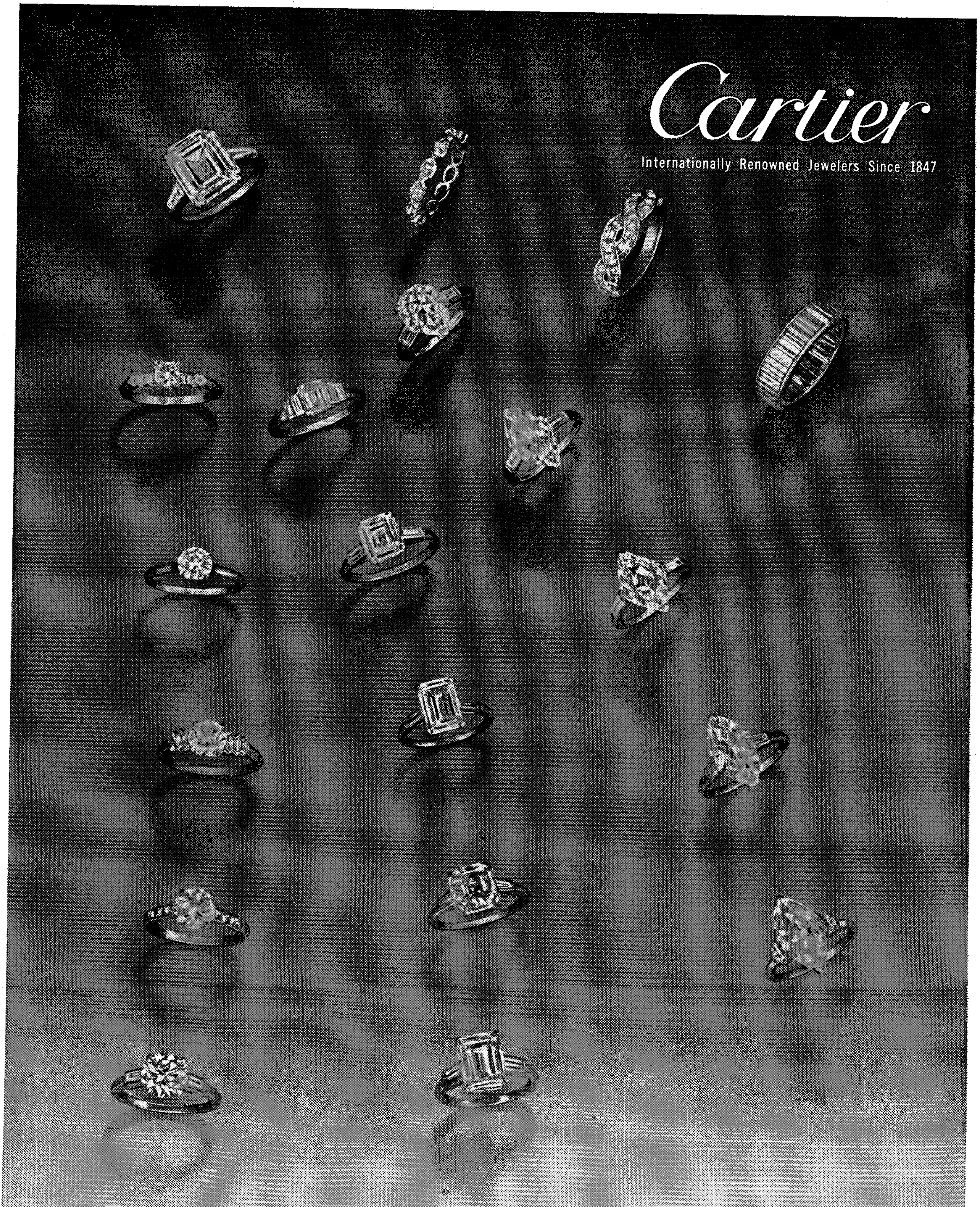
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Roger Price, whose chalk talks on whatever flits through his complex mind come entirely apart if subjected to the slightest analysis, is lecturing at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with which Mischa Borr's band alternates, is the mainstay in the music department. Kitty Kallen sings in both shows. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing in the Flamingo Room from six until two. Closed Sundays.

Note: The Rainbow Room, our closest approximation of Pikes Peak, is open for cocktails and listening music, the latter by Ford Harrison's trio. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone is CI 6-5800, and the management pours from four-thirty to nine every evening but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, dean of Manhattan's piano professors, is holding dinner and supper classes in modern offbeat piano every evening but Sunday. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose face has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here with his band after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Saturdays, Mr. Davis puts on a tea dance from five to seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The boys from Syracuse and the bloods from the East Sixties elbow to elbow. Except Sundays, Toni Koves and her gypsy trio from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's



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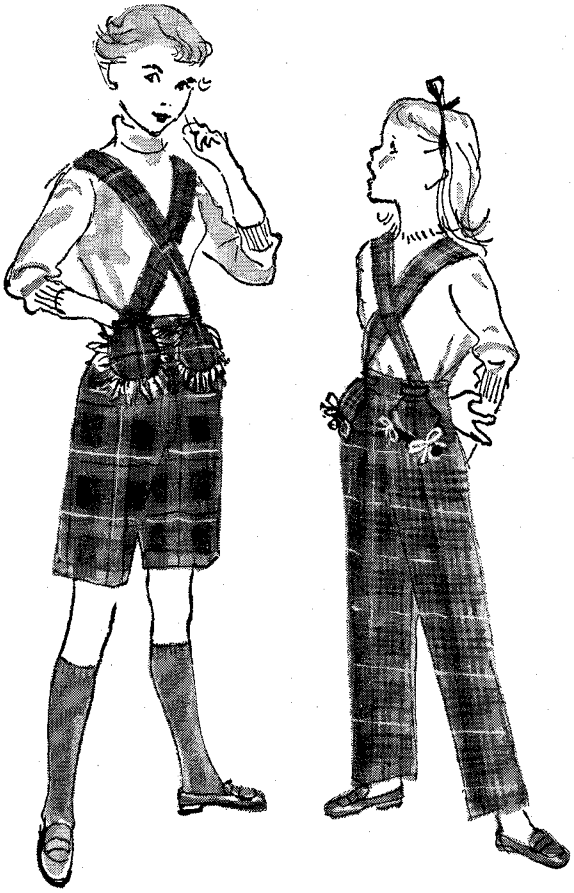

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ers; and Barbara Cook, a golden-haired and engaging new nightingale. Luxurious background music by Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke. . . . ¶ In the lounge, a parade of eminent pianists—Ralph Strain, except Mondays, at cocktails and dinner, and, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack after the theatre. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's autumn extravaganza involves Michael Brown's bizarre ballads of doom; George Hall's rewarding tomfoolery; the seductive pipings of the little cricket called Jo Hurt; and the hearty pipings of the Four Lads. Norman Paris, the boy genius, and his trio are a whole school of modern music in themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mildred Joanne Smith, a commanding young Amazon with some wide-awake ditties; Charlotte Rae, a boisterous humorist; and Ed McCurdy, a Canadian folk singer and guitarist. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The clarion call of Wild Bill Davison's unfettered trumpet, closely followed by the racket set up by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton is doing the interlude solo piano, as good a turn as can be found in town. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is at work here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A band, Dixieland in mood, made up of Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, among others. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Two brilliant pianists—Art Tatum, the great traditionalist, and Lennie Tristano, the clever young abstractionist—head the show here. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night shivarees are still going on. On Nov. 3, the mob scene will include Wild Bill Davison, George Wettling, Wellman Braud, Rex Stewart, Joe Sullivan, Freddy Ohms, Ernie Caceres, and Fred Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, employing (on Nov. 3) Bud Freeman (a scarce commodity these days), Big Chief Russell Moore, Oran Page, Joe Thomas, Willie the Lion Smith, Benny Morton, and other mobile artillery. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

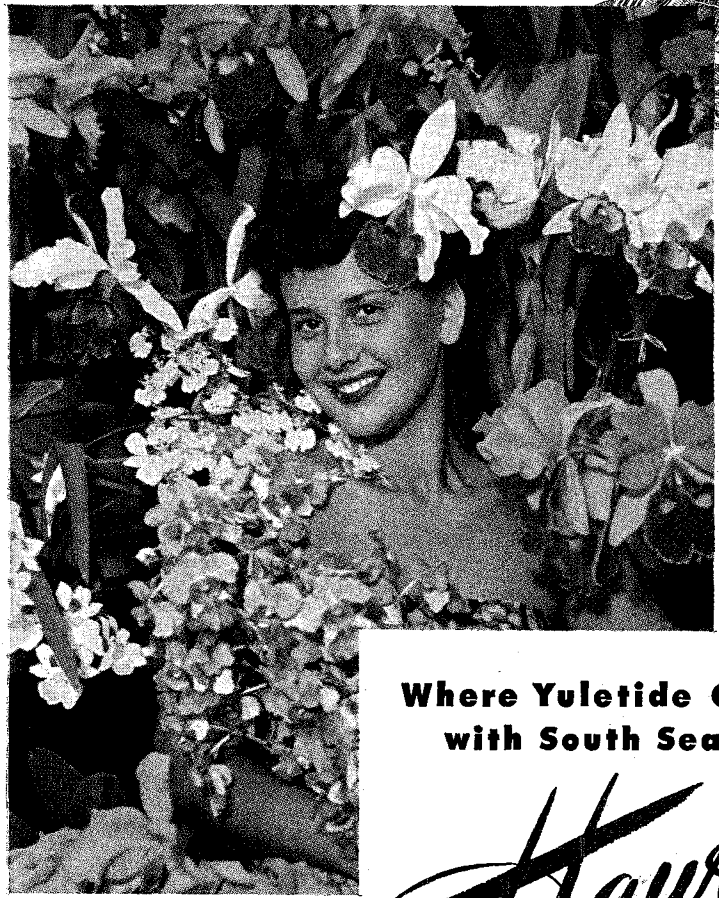
GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—A large collection, including some extremely unusual examples, at a newly opened gallery that plans to specialize in this field. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

THE ARTIST IN THE MACHINE AGE—Paintings, 1912-50, by Delaunay, Dufy, Villon, and Léger, that picture the more mechanistic aspects of life. (Carré, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 18.)

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN—A memorial showing of oils and water colors by an artist who died last

STOP PAY TOLL



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

year. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 5:30; through Nov. 9.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings, a bit stiff in their design, centering mainly on musical subjects. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Jean-Louis Forain—A comprehensive display of the etchings, dry points, lithographs, paintings, and drawings of this French artist, who died in 1931. (Cultural Division of the French Embassy, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through Nov. 30.)

French and American—Fifteen young painters of each country, in a showing arranged to bring out some interesting contrasts in and comparisons of their various styles. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Group Shows—At the **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Modigliani, Dubuffet, and Tanguy; through Nov. 18. . . . **new gallery**, 63 W. 44th St.: Abstract paintings by Franz Kline, Seong Moy, Corrado di Marca-Relli, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Nov. 18.

Hans Hofmann—New paintings by one of the leaders of the Expressionist abstract school, tighter in composition and smaller than usual. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Marcel Janco—Oils and water colors painted in Israel during the last eight years by an artist who was one of the founders of Dadaism. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Nov. 8.)

Jacob Lawrence—A set of striking and moving paintings of life in a neurological hospital where the artist was a patient. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 11.)

Seymour Lipton—Abstract sculptures, in which various combinations of such materials as copper, slate, sheet lead, iron, and brass are welded together. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

Reginald Marsh—Wash drawings, mostly, a bit strained in design but expertly drawn and lighted. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Modern Italian—A nicely selected group of chiefly gouaches and drawings by Afro, Mirko, Vespignani, and other new Italian artists. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings, 1946-50, in which the artist displays her exact, tasteful, and slightly dry skill at portraying bones, flowers, and desert subjects. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 25.)

John Piper—Oils and gouaches by an English artist who combines the abstract with touches of the baroque. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

John Rood—Sculptures, both representational and non-objective, in a variety of materials. Among the more unusual works are several pieces in partially polychromed wood and a standing figure done in wrought iron and stained glass. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 4.)

John Tunnard—A small retrospective, 1938 to the present, of paintings by one of England's more important abstractionists, as yet little known here. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 4.)

Maurice Utrillo—A dozen or so appealing views of Montmartre (1930-50), none of them ever shown before in this country. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 11.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Toulouse-Lautrec; through Nov. 25. For the benefit of the Musée d'Albi, France. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57th St.: Ogden Pleissner; through Nov 18. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt; through Nov. 18. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58th St.: Raoul Dufy; through Nov. 25. . . . **jacques seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: Cleve Gray; through Nov. 18.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive exhibition of American woodcuts

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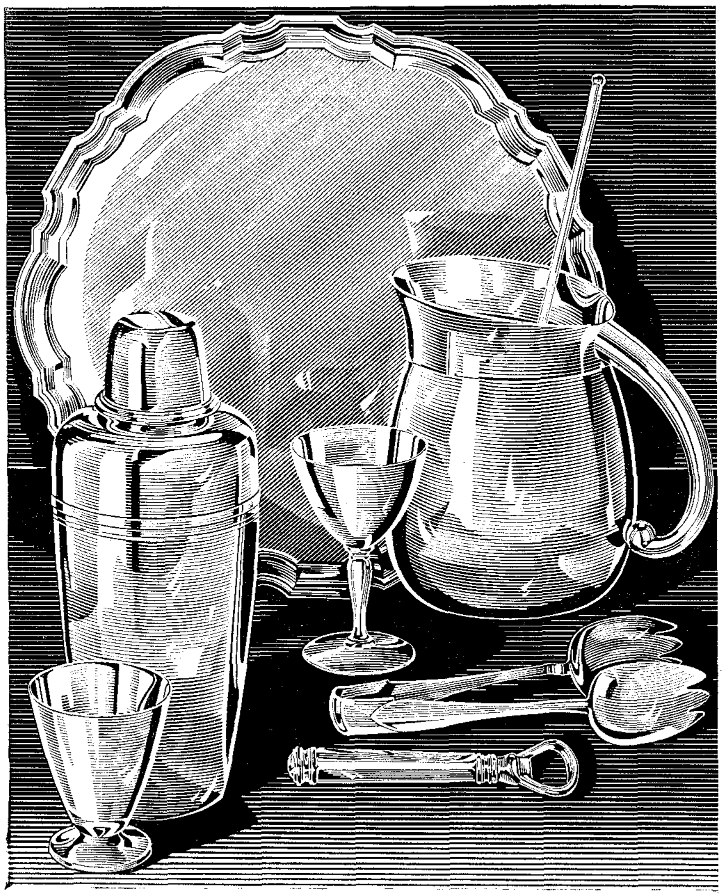

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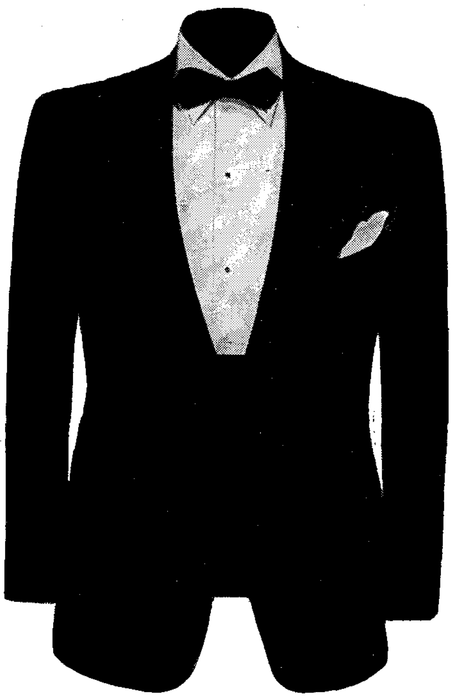

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and wood engravings from 1670 to the present opens on Nov. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5; through Jan. 7.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Four thousand years of silk weaving, in a show called "The World of Silk." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, and Tuesday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5; through Dec. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of oils by the late Chaim Soutine. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Jan. 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the Museum's permanent collection, that includes oils, water colors, sculptures, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, March 24—Monday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:30: "The Flying Dutchman," with Astrid Varnay, Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hotter, and Set Svanholm. ... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Jussi Bjoerling, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Roggero, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri. (A non-subscription performance.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "La Bohème."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 3, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English).... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Faust."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English).... ¶ Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:15: "Aïda."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English).... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 3, at 2:30 (both with Aldo Ciccolini, piano).... ¶ Franco Autori conducting: Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:45 (with Yfrah Neaman, violin).... ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2:45 (with Aldo Ciccolini, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 9, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 10, at 2:30 (both with Edmund Kurtz, cello).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

New York Youth Concerts Association—Wheeler Beckett conducting, with Melvin Stecher, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Boys' Town Choir—Father Francis P. Schmitt directing. For the benefit of Father Flanagan's Boys' Home, Boys Town, Neb. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 3.)

Juan Manén—Violin, with a symphony orchestra conducted by Herman Neuman. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 5:30.)

New Friends of Music—The Hungarian Quartet; Hortense Monath, piano; and Philip Sklar, string bass. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 5:30.)

Solomon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Henri Honegger—Cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Bernardo Segáll—The first in a series of three piano programs. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennett—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Regina Resnik, soprano; Leslie Chabay, tenor; Evelyn Sachs, contralto; and Frank Sheridan, piano. For the benefit of the Women's Division of the Cancer Research and Hospital Foundation. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 7-1213.)

Billy Eckstine—Vocalist, with the George Shearing Quintet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2:45 and 8:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Paddy Young vs. Laurent Dauthuille, of France, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 10. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—On **SATURDAY, NOV. 4:** Brooklyn College vs. C.C.N.Y., at Ebbets Field, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Cleveland, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 11:** Army vs. New Mexico, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston University vs. N.Y.U., at Boston, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Tulane, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 5, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden; through Tuesday, Nov. 7. Performances daily at 2 and 7:45. Morning sessions Thursday, Nov. 2, at 9:30; Friday, Nov. 3, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 6-7, at 10:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 4-5, at 9.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Nov. 4.) . . ¶ National Hunt Races. (Middleburg, Va. Tuesday, Nov. 7, and Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Racing—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays, at 1; through Wednesday, Nov. 15. The Empire City Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 4; the Comely Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 7; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 11. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 4. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10.) . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15, from Friday, Nov. 3, through Friday, Nov. 17. The Pimlico Special, Friday, Nov. 3.

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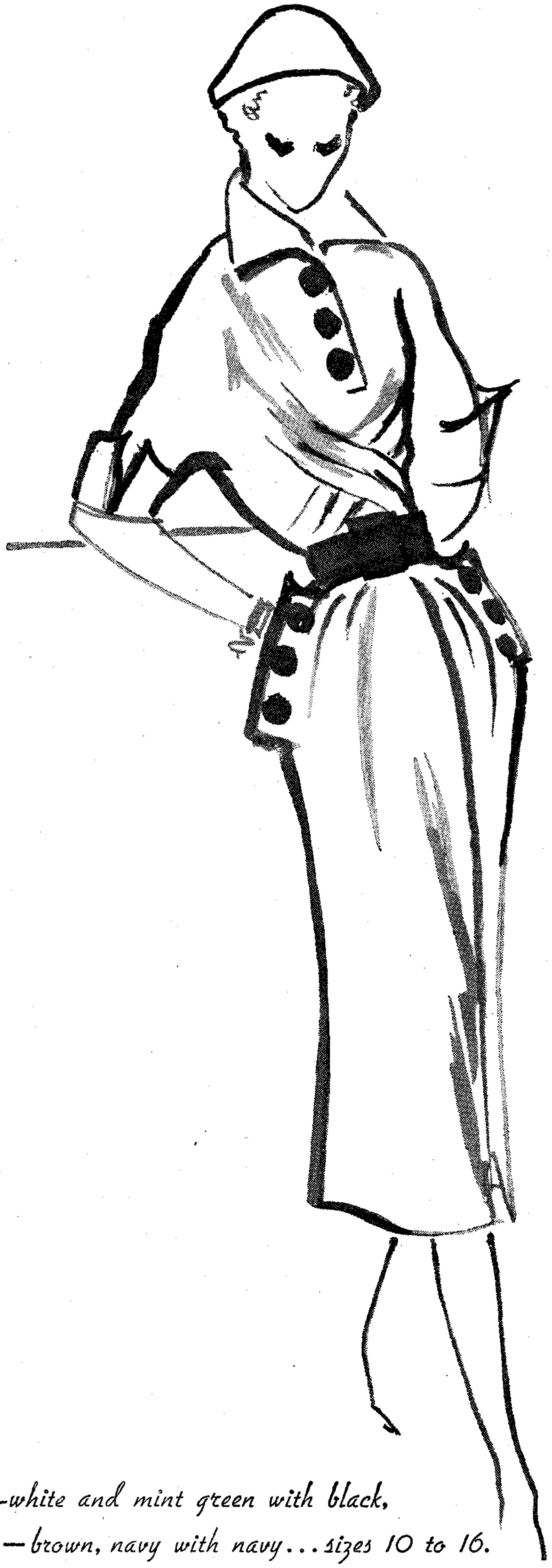

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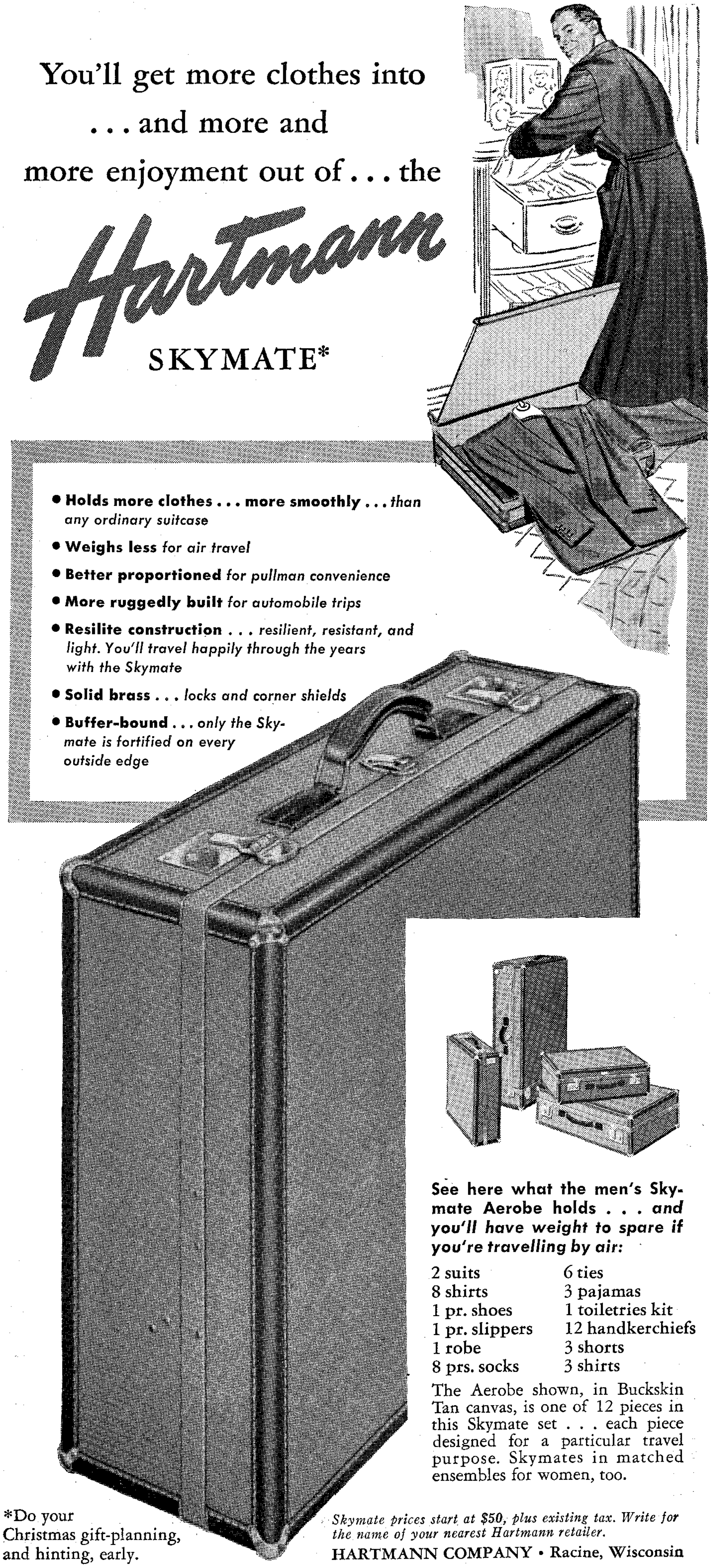

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE: "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp." For the benefit of the New York Infirmary Building Fund. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 10:30. For tickets, call BU 8-2196.) ... ¶ "Red Riding Hood." For the benefit of the United Parents Associations. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call OR 3-8755.) ... PLAY-MART: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

MISCELLANEOUS—The American Young People's Theatre presenting a musical-dance version of "Robin Hood." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Saturday, Nov. 4, at 11, 1:30, and 3:30, and Sunday, Nov. 5, at 1:30 and 3:30.)

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 7. The polls will be open from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not convened, its committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

FLOWER SHOW—The forty-third annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Thursday, Nov. 9, from 4 to 10; Friday, Nov. 10, from 10 to 10; and Saturday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings by David, Renoir, Reynolds, and others; drawings by Veronese, Fragonard, Ingres, and others; eighteenth-century French furniture; and Royal Gobelins tapestries; all the property of the late Jacques Leon Stern. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2-3, from 10 to 5; auction of paintings and drawings Friday, Nov. 3, at 8; auction of furniture and tapestries Saturday, Nov. 4, at 1:45.) ... ¶ Sporting books, together with prints and drawings, the property of the late Henry L. Straus and others. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 2-4, from 9:30 to 5; auction Monday, Nov. 6, at 2 and 8.) ... ¶ British sporting paintings, from the estate of the late Henry L. Straus. (Exhibition Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 2-4, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 6-8, from 10 to 5; auction Wednesday, Nov. 8, at 8.) ... KENDE GALLERIES, 119 W. 57th St.: Primitive art objects from Africa, Central America, South America, the Pacific Islands, and Eskimo regions, collected by the late Frederick Knize. (Exhibition Saturday, Nov. 4, and Monday through Friday, Nov. 6-10, from 10 to 5; auction Saturday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 18: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst; Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge;

Holy Cross vs. Georgetown, at Worcester; Penn State vs. Rutgers, at State College; Pennsylvania vs. Wisconsin, at Philadelphia; Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse; Temple vs. Fordham, at Philadelphia; and Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. . . . THURSDAY, NOV. 23: Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 25: Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at the Polo Grounds; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; and Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston; and Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Opening games of the season, at Madison Square Garden, Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, 12, and 14.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Los Angeles Rams, Nov. 19, and Yanks vs. Baltimore Colts, Dec. 10. . . . THE POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Nov. 12; Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 26; and Giants vs. Yanks, Dec. 3.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 9.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 12, 15, 19, 22, 26, and 29, and Dec. 3, 6, and 13.

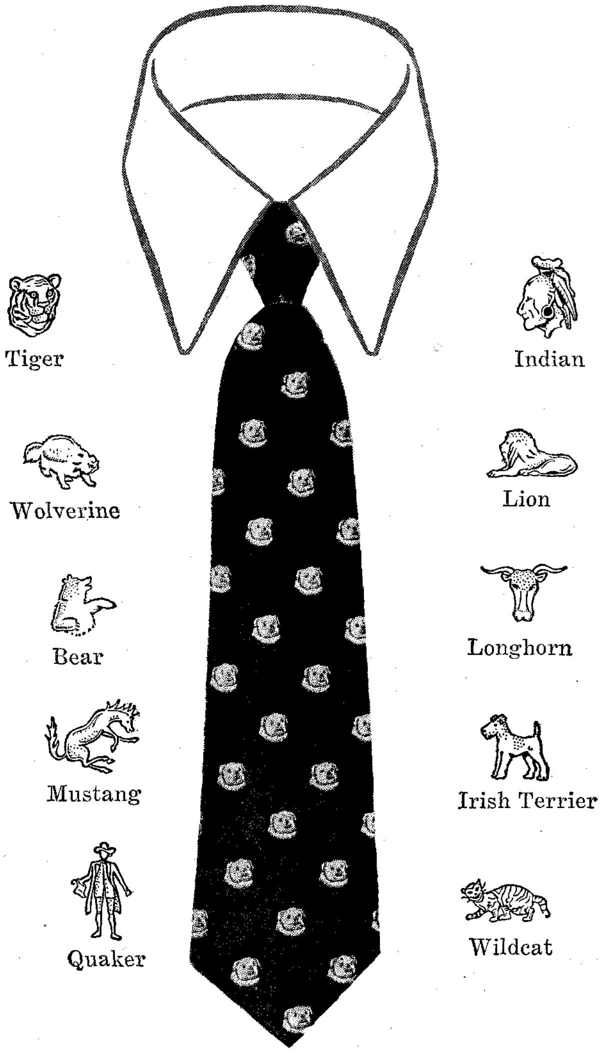
HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 18.)

INDOOR POLO—Opening games of the season, at Squadron A Armory, Nov. 18.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 22. . . . ¶ Ray Lev, piano, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 15 and 18, and Dec. 6 and 9. . . . ¶ Simon Barere, piano, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Victoria de Los Angeles, soprano, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Mischa Elman, violin, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Roland Hayes, tenor, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 28 and Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Solomon, piano, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Dec. 13. . . . TOWN HALL: New Friends of Music, Nov. 12, 19, and 26, and Dec. 3 and 10. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 13 and Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Bach Festival, with the Saidenberg Little Symphony, Nov. 14, and with the Bach Aria Group, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ John Charles Thomas, baritone, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's Concert, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Juan Manén, violin, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Jacques Abram, piano, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Guiomar Novaes, piano, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Aldo Ciccolini, piano, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Frances Greer, soprano, Dec. 14.

BALLET—The New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Nov. 21-Dec. 10.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in a comedy by John van Druten, "Bell, Book, and Candle." . . . ¶ A musical, "Guys and Dolls," by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Among those in the cast are Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine, and Sam Levene. . . . ¶ Cyril Ritchard, John Emery, and Madge Elliott in a comedy by John Vanbrugh, "The Relapse." . . . ¶ "Edwina," a melodrama by William Dinner and William Morum. Included in the cast are Signe Hasso and Robert Harris. . . . ¶ A comedy by Paul Crabtree, called "A Story for Sunday Evening," with Cloris Leachman, Nan Martin, Mr. Crabtree, and Henry Jones. . . . ¶ Judith Anderson in "The Tower Beyond Tragedy," by Robinson Jeffers, the first in a series of A.N.T.A. productions. . . . ¶ "Pride's Crossing," a play by Victor Wolfson, with Mildred Dunnock and Tamara Geva. . . . ¶ A play, "Ring Round the Moon," translated by Christopher Fry from Jean Anouilh's "L'Invitation au Château," with a cast headed by Lucile Watson and Oscar Karlweis. . . . ¶ Josephine Hull and Ernest Truex in a comedy, "The Golden State," by Samuel Spewack. . . . ¶ A new Cole Porter musical, "Out of This World," with a book by Dwight Taylor and Reginald Lawrence. Charlotte Greenwood and William Eythe lead the cast. . . . ¶ Jules Munshin, Mary McCarty, and Pearl Bailey in a revue, "Bless You All," by Harold Rome and Arnold Auerbach. . . . ¶ "Let's Make an Opera," an audience-participation musical by Benjamin Britten, with Norman Del Mar.



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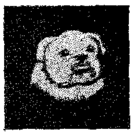

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—How a young and despicable lady gets to be the equivalent of a Duse on the stage. Witty, entertaining, and perhaps overlong, but by and large highly satisfactory. Among the participants: Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Celeste Holm, and George Sanders. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Bitter Rice—A violent account of the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers in this Italian film, which demonstrates that nature in the raw is seldom mild. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Breaking Point—Hemingway's "To Have and Have Not" reduced to celluloid, but not so far reduced that you might not get several moments of entertainment out of it. John Garfield is properly tough as the hero, and Phyllis Thaxter, Patricia Neal, Wallace Ford, and Juano Hernández are not what you'd call tender. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 8.)

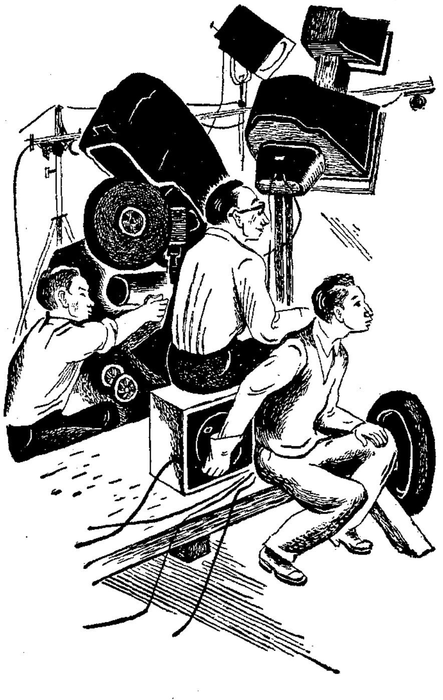
The Happiest Days of Your Life—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that depicts the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Panic in the Streets—Richard Widmark, as a United States Public Health doctor, and Paul Douglas, as a city detective, turn the New Orleans underworld inside out tracking down carriers of pneumonic plague. Exciting stuff, excitingly directed by Elia Kazan. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Nov. 7, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 8.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—An English film, derived from a story by D. H. Lawrence, about a boy who somehow manages, for the sake of his improvident parents, to pick winners at the track while riding a rocking horse in his playroom. Grim and engrossing. With John Mills, Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, Hugh Sinclair, and Ronald Squire. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Nov. 3. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 7.)

Three Little Words—Fred Astaire's dancing, with a splendid assist from Vera-Ellen, and some nostalgic songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby help make this a diverting musical. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are on hand, and funny, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Nov. 8.)



Treasure Island—Stevenson's great adventure yarn, with all the pirate trimmings, in a top-notch production by Walt Disney. Robert Newton, as Long John Silver, and Bobby Driscoll, as young Jim Hawkins, are outstanding in a large and bloodthirsty cast. Made in England. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through Nov. 7.)

Trio—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet," but distinguished by some first-rate acting. An English picture, with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Nov. 5-8.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 5.)

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Nov. 6.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 4-6.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 5-7.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 7-8, tentative.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Nov. 2.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Nov. 5-7.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 5-6.)

Quartet (1949)—The original collection of Maugham short stories. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 3.)

Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; AC 2-3370; Nov. 5-7.)

Topper (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 7-8, tentative.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 7-8.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 5, showings at 3: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, and with Zasu Pitts. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 6, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Nov. 6: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.
From Nov. 7: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Nov. 8: "To Please a Lady," Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Nov. 7 (tentative): "Deported," Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler.
From Nov. 8: To be announced.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Nov. 8: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Marriage of Figaro" (in German); and "Schubert's Serenade," the Vienna Choir Boys.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 8 (tentative): "Louisa," Spring Byington, Ronald Reagan, Edmund Gwenn.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 8: "The Miniver Story," Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 6: "Two Flags West," Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell.
From Nov. 7: "Undercover Girl," Alexis Smith, Scott Brady.

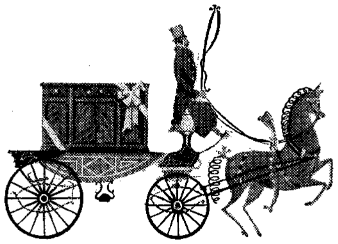
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
ALL ABOUT EVE.

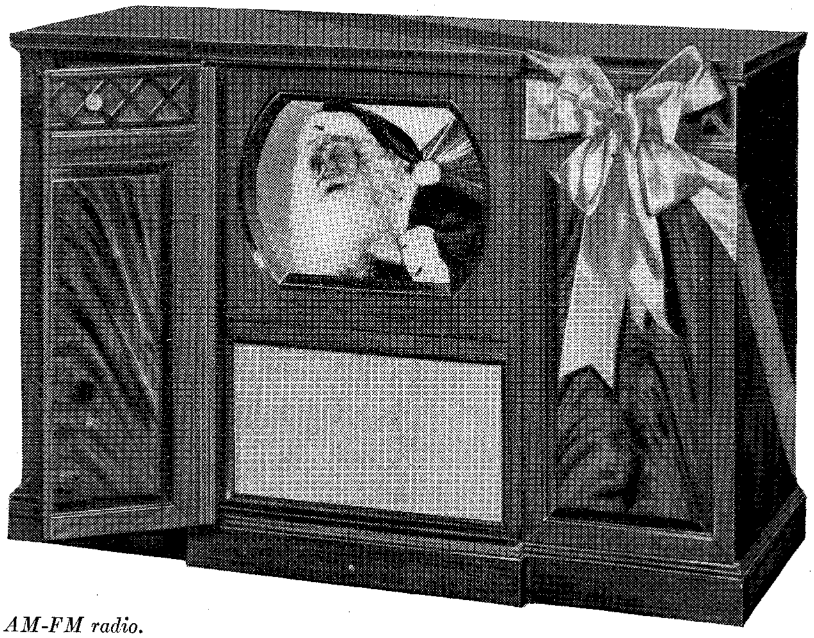
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Nov. 2: "Three Secrets," Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal.
From Nov. 3: "Rocky Mountain," Errol Flynn, Patrice Wymore.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 8 (tentative): "State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).





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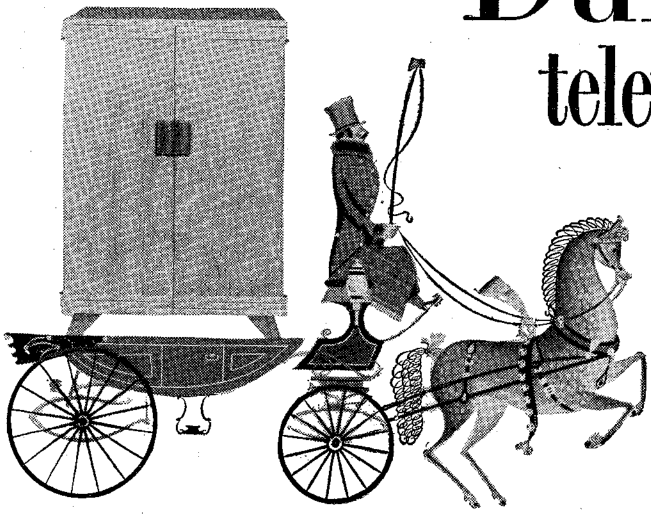

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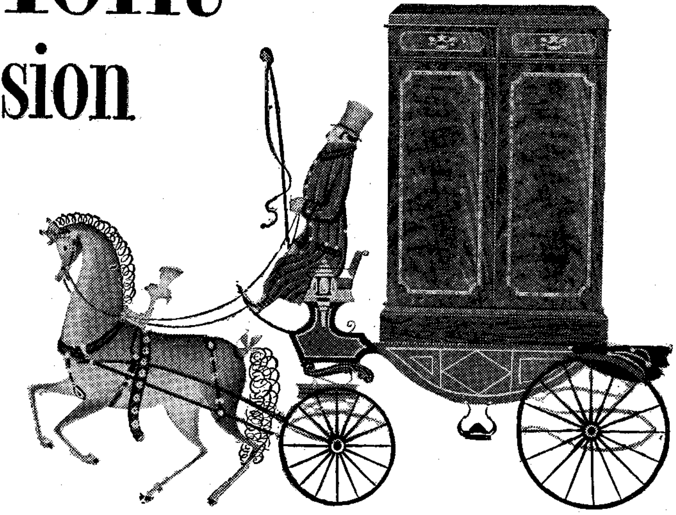

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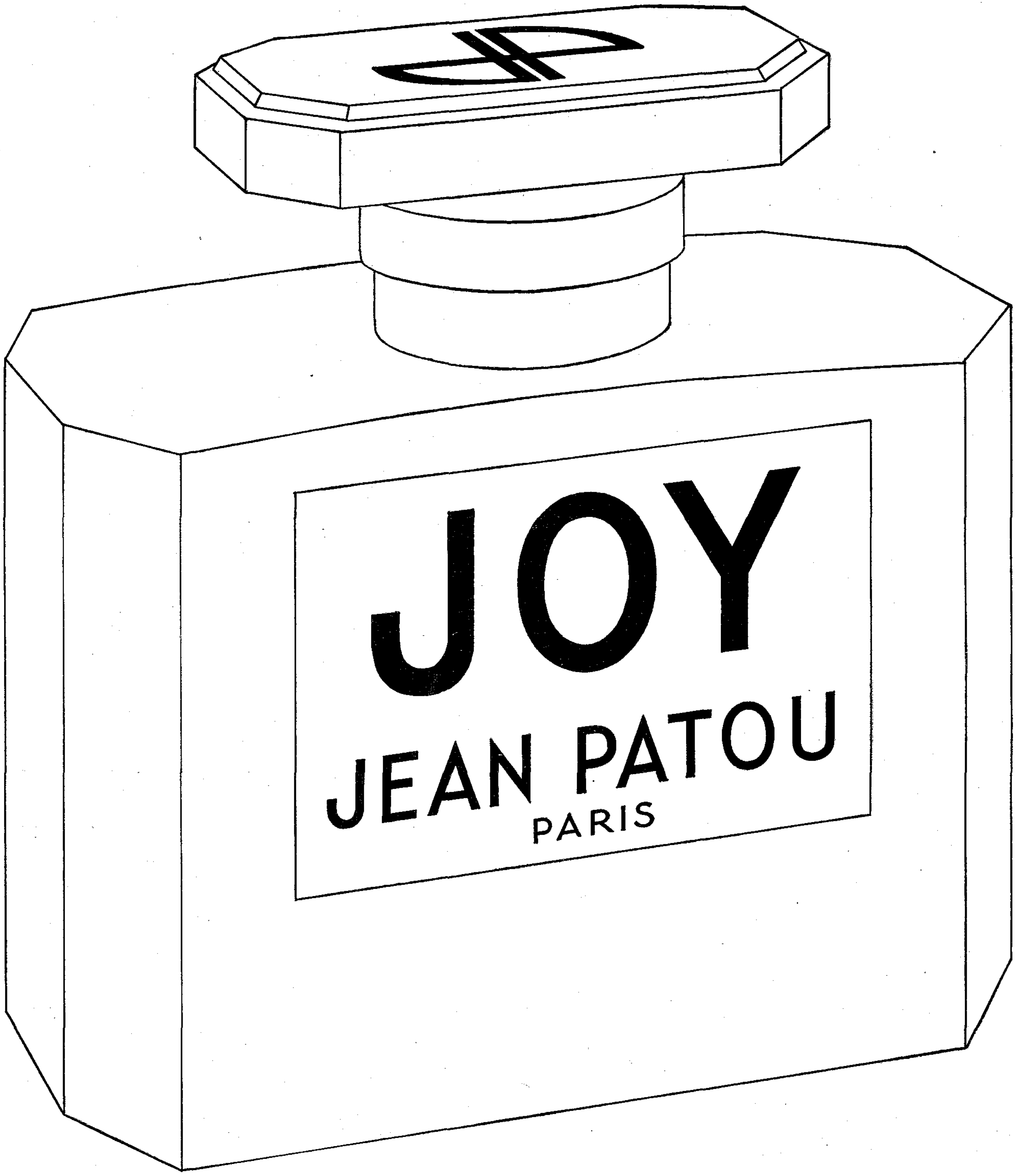
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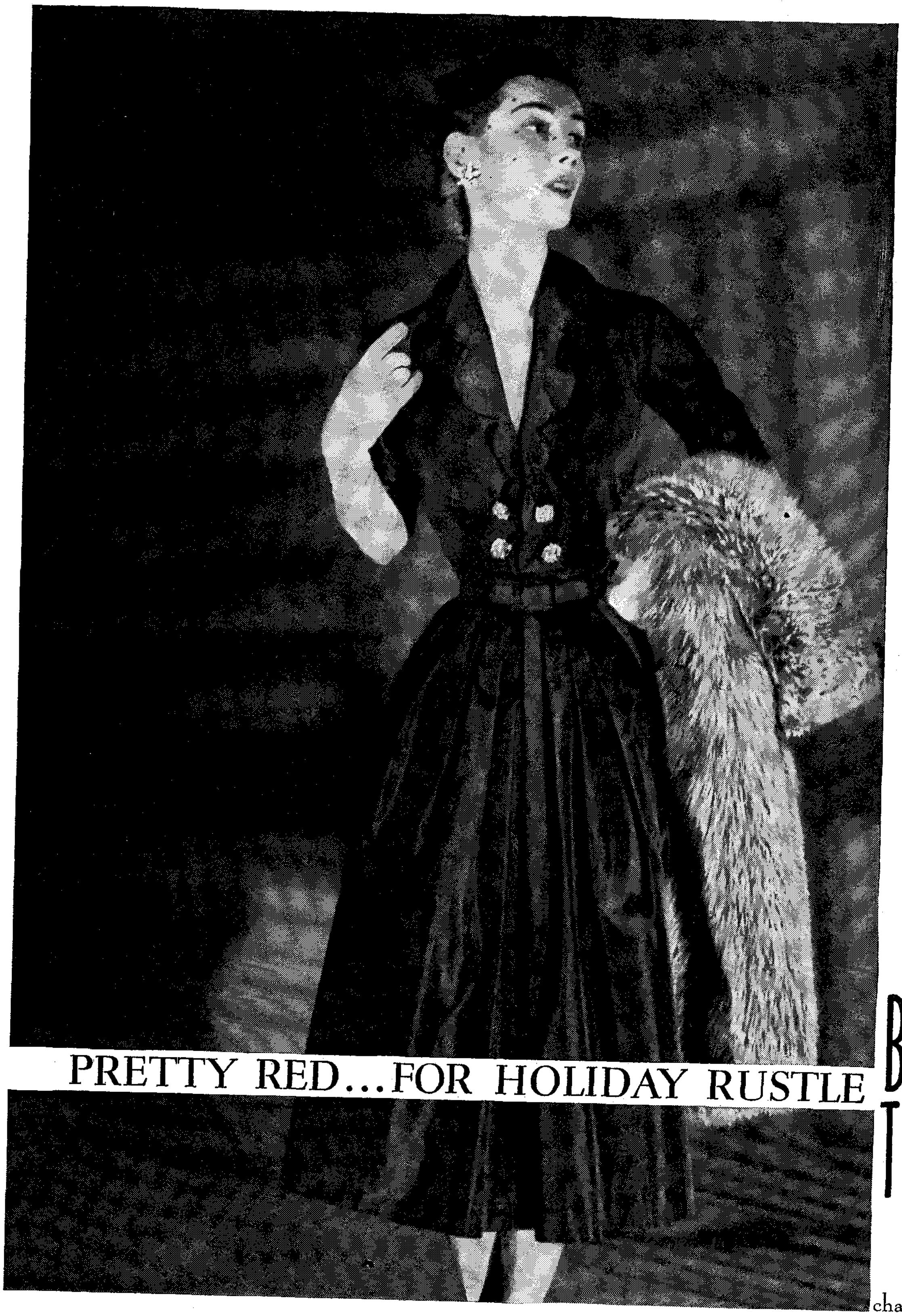

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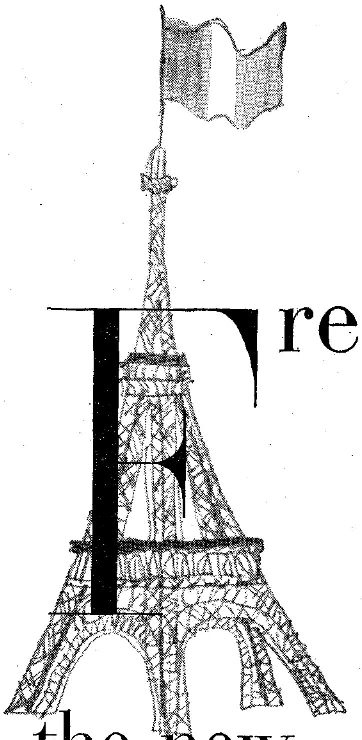

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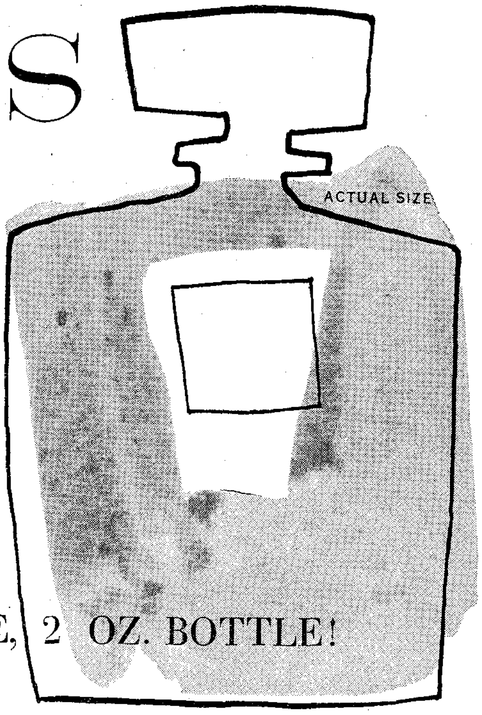

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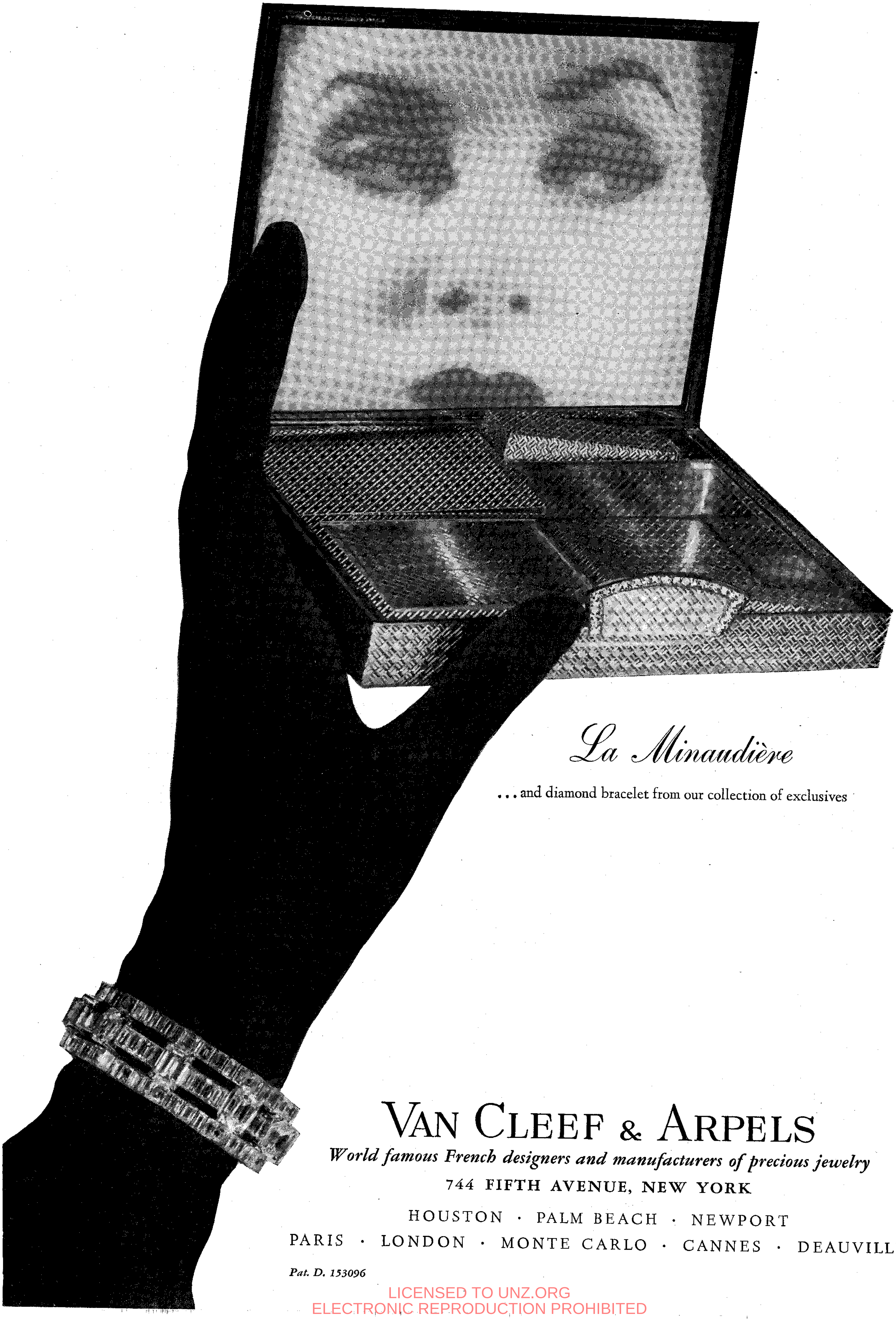

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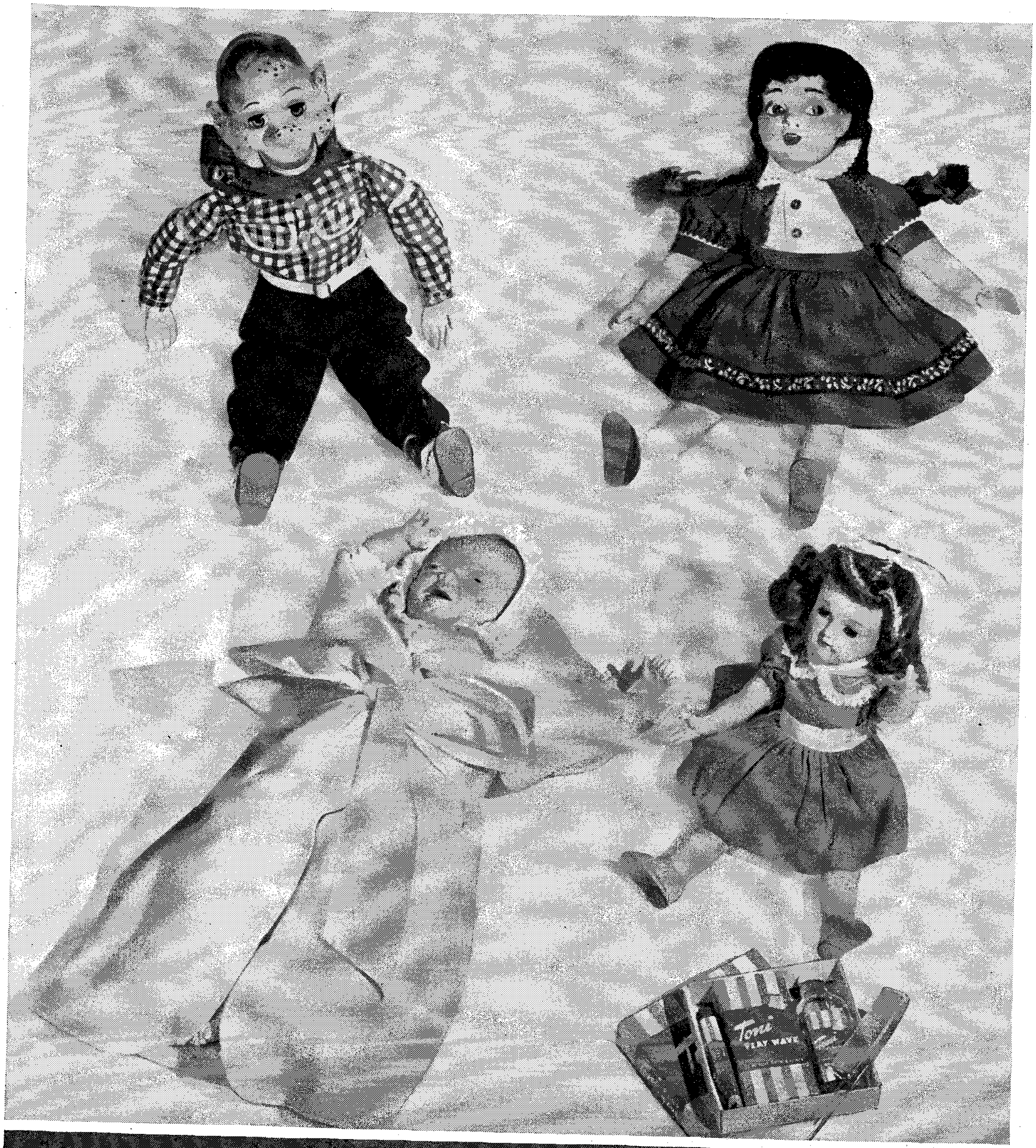

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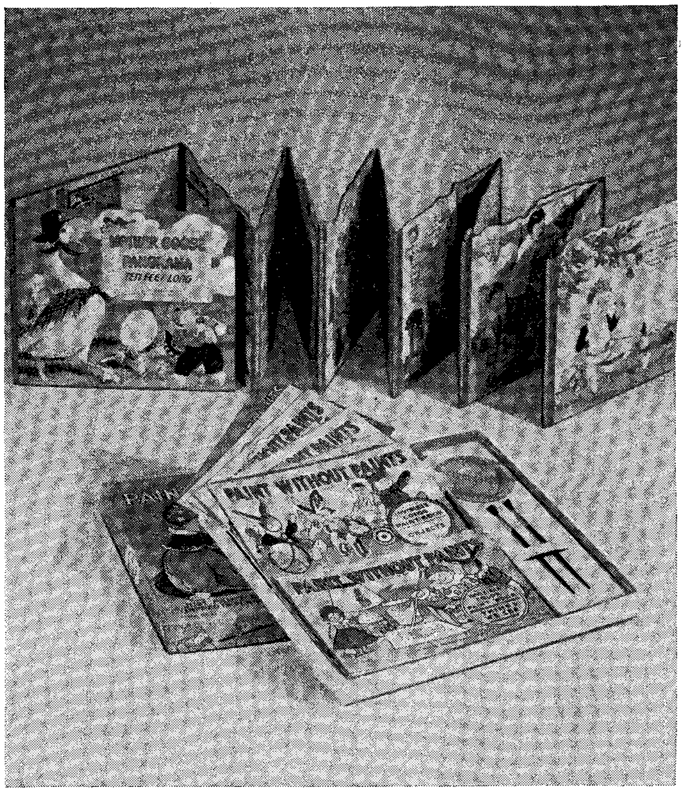

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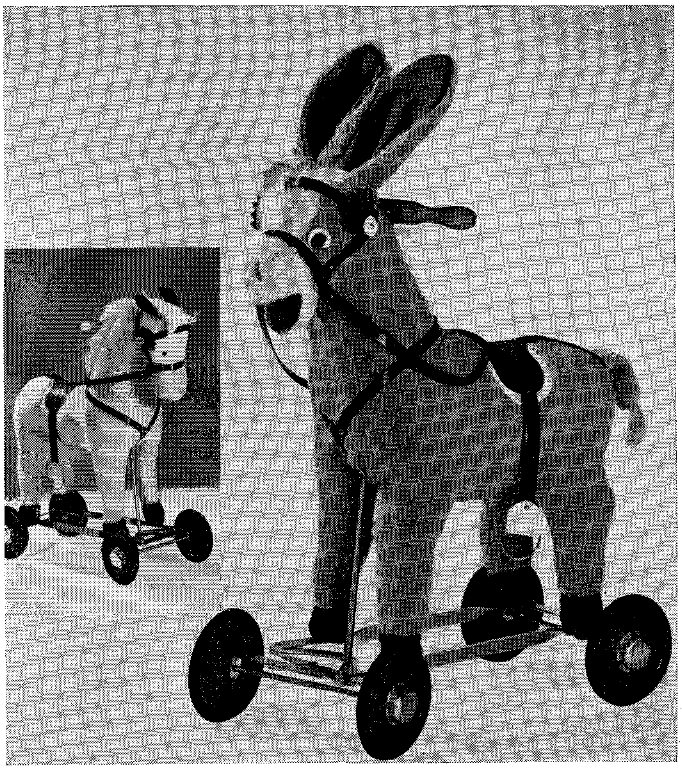
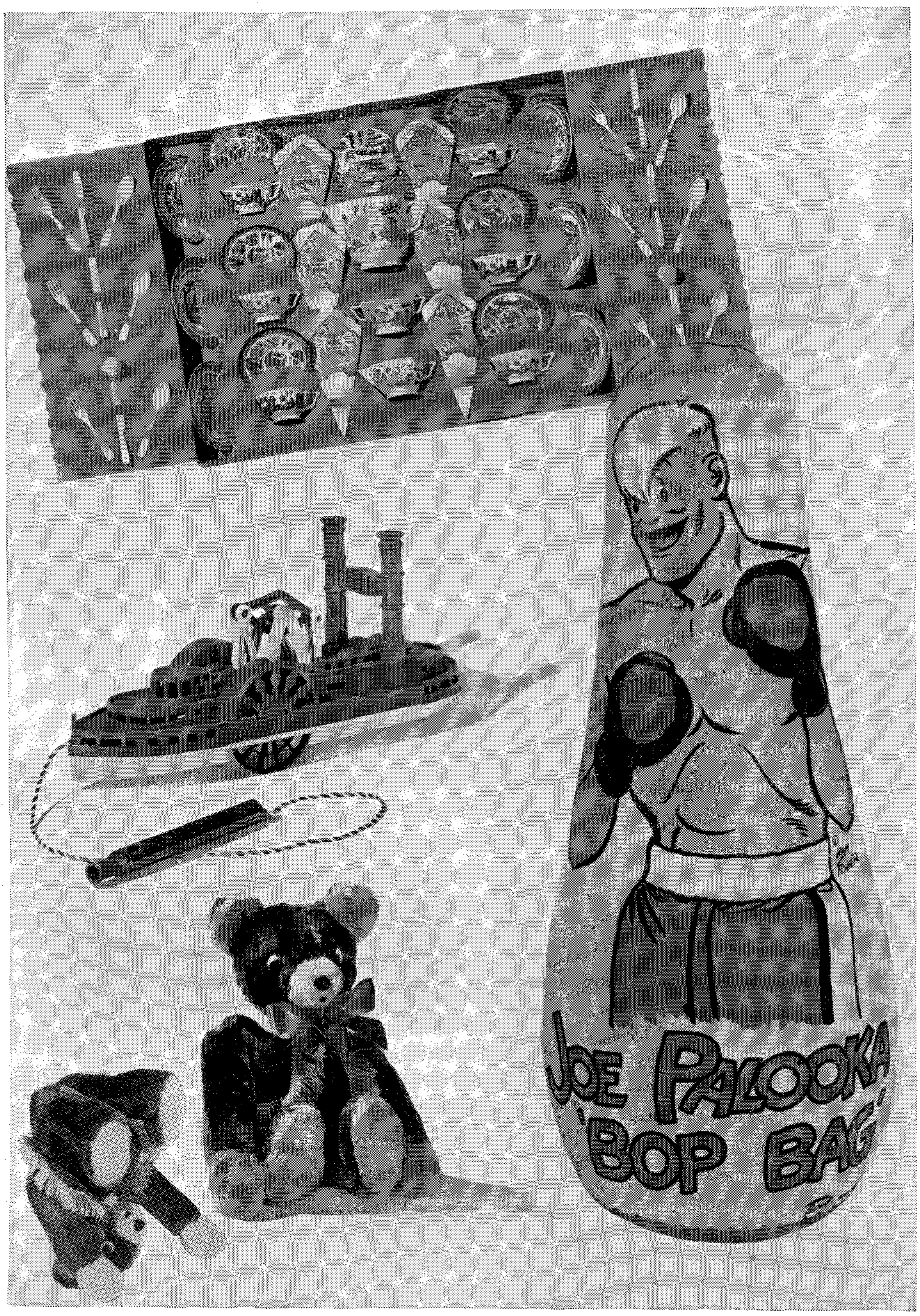


8...STEERABLE ANIMALS by Gloria in velvety rayon plush to take toddlers for a ride. Grey donkey, 29" x 20". White horse, 24½ x 20". 10.95 each.

Express charges collect

9...POLKA-DOT ROCKING HORSE. Sturdy, safe, kiln-dried hardwood with non-tippable rockers (30½" long), wonderful woolly mane. Hand-decorated by Fritzel, 8.95.

Express charges collect



10...BLUE WILLOW TEA SET. If your daughter dotes on serving tea for two (or six) this is for her. Cups, saucers, plates, teapot, sugar bowl, creamer, forks, knives and spoons, all made of plastic. Matching paper napkins. By Ideal, 3.25.

11...SOCK JOE PALOOKA! Your young champ can learn the art of boxing from Ideal's Joe Palooka bag. Inspired by the famous Ham Fisher character, it's electronically sealed vinylite, 51″ high, takes a terrific beating, 4.98.

12...HERE COMES THE SHOWBOAT. Ideal's colorful, authentic reproduction in plastic of a river steamboat, nostalgically Mark Twain. 14″ long, it has moving drive rods, ship's bell, steamboat whistle. Wonderfully imaginative pull-toy at 2.50.

13...CUDDLY TUMBLING BEAR. Most cuddly toys just cuddle. Most mechanical toys are stiff. But Ideal's cuddly tumbling bear, 13″ of lush rayon plush from head to toe, turns somersaults when his arms are wound! Neatest trick of the week at 6.98.

Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

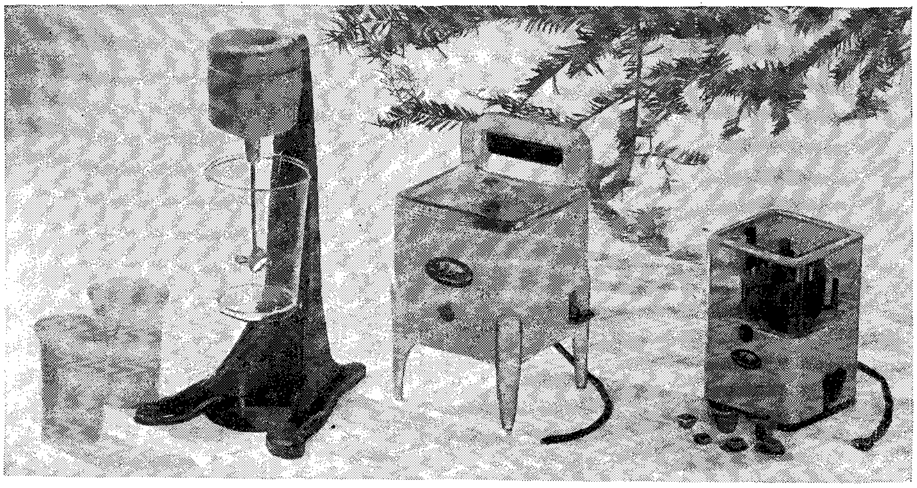
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

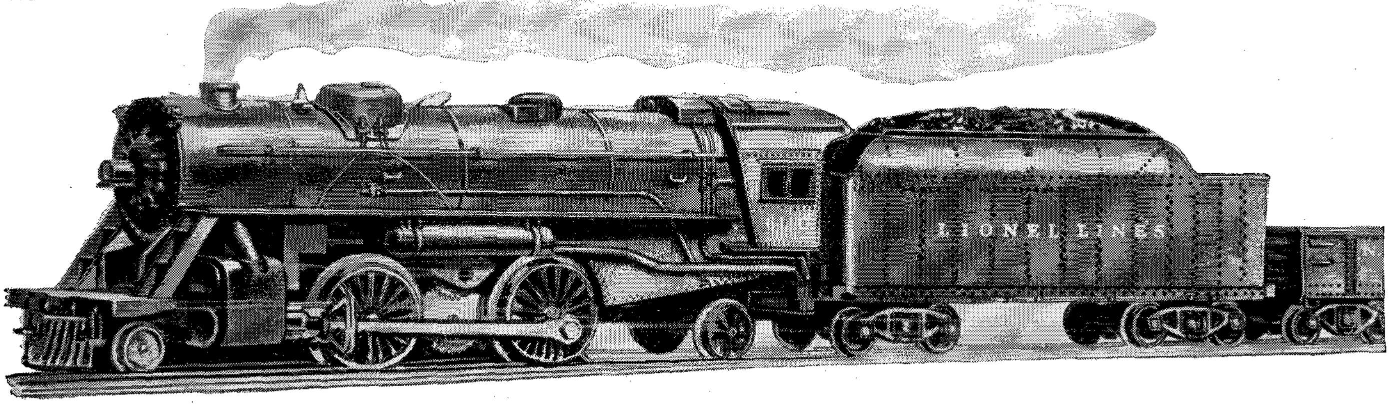
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.

14...ONE MALTED COMING UP! If his heart is set on soda-jerking, here is how. Ideal's plastic mixer really works, with plastic glass, 2.00.

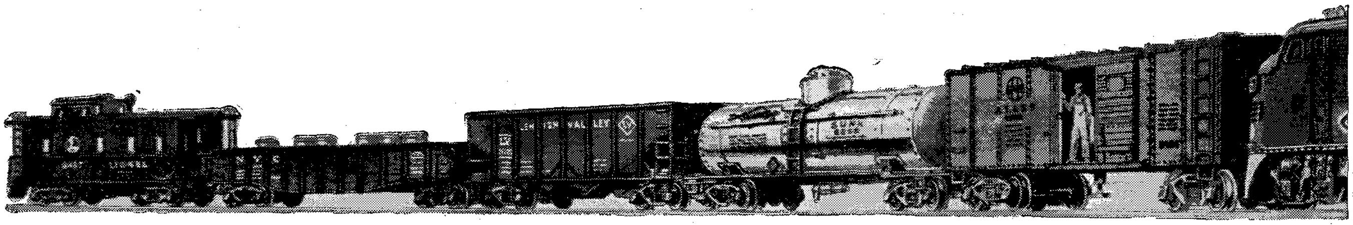
15...MONDAY FUNDAY. She can wash her doll's clothes in Ideal's machine with strong motor, hand-operated mangle, plastic roller and drain pipe, 2.25.

16...MINI DISHWASHER. This mechanical washer by Ideal is fine for her tea set. Motor-operated agitator, removable dish tray, 1.75.





17...3-CAR FREIGHT WITH SMOKE. This is a wonderful Lionel set for boys (and their fathers) to start with and keep adding to every Christmas. It's equipped with Lionel's new Magne-Traction which gives engine speed, power, climbability that's hardly believable! Every car is precision-scaled. And every car can be coupled and uncoupled magically by remote control. The set includes: realistic, smoke-puffing locomotive and tender, gondola, the ever-necessary box car, a caboose (shanty home and office of freight conductor and crew), 8 sections of curved track, 3 sections of straight track, remote control track set and 35 watt transformer. Train, photographed above, measures 3 feet, 6 inches long at a value-packed 19.95. "027-gauge"



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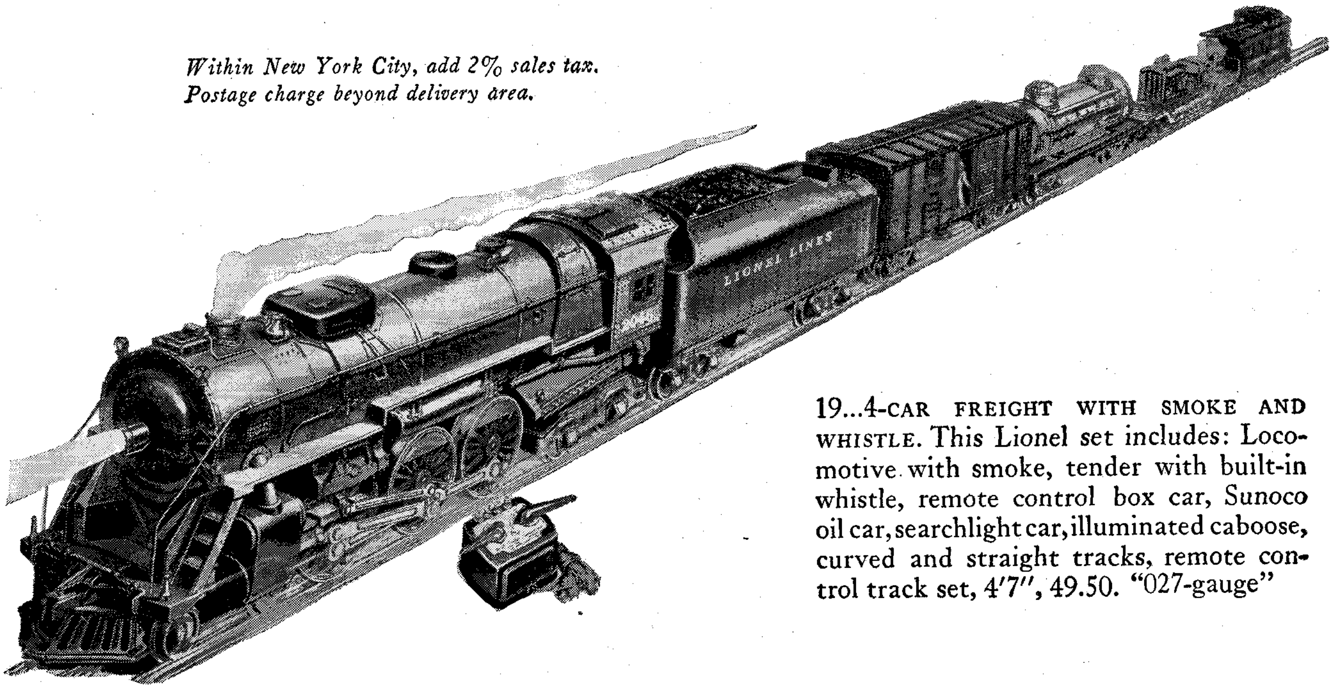
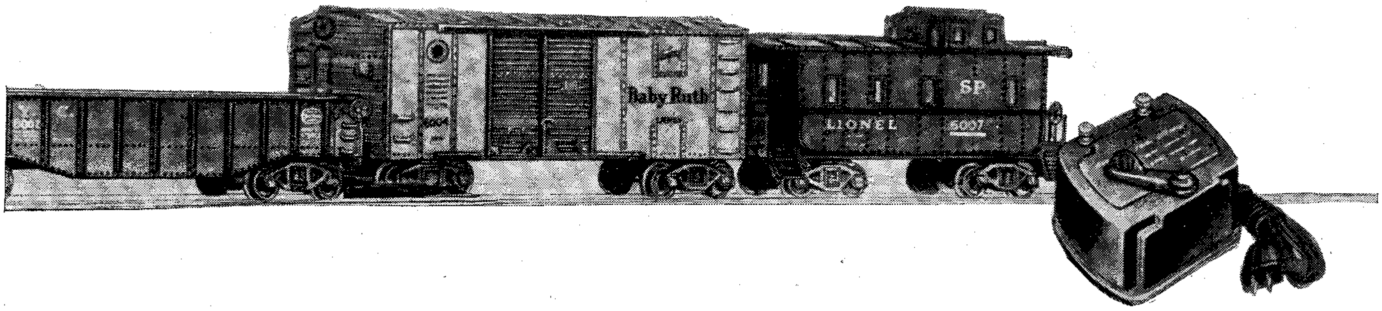
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.

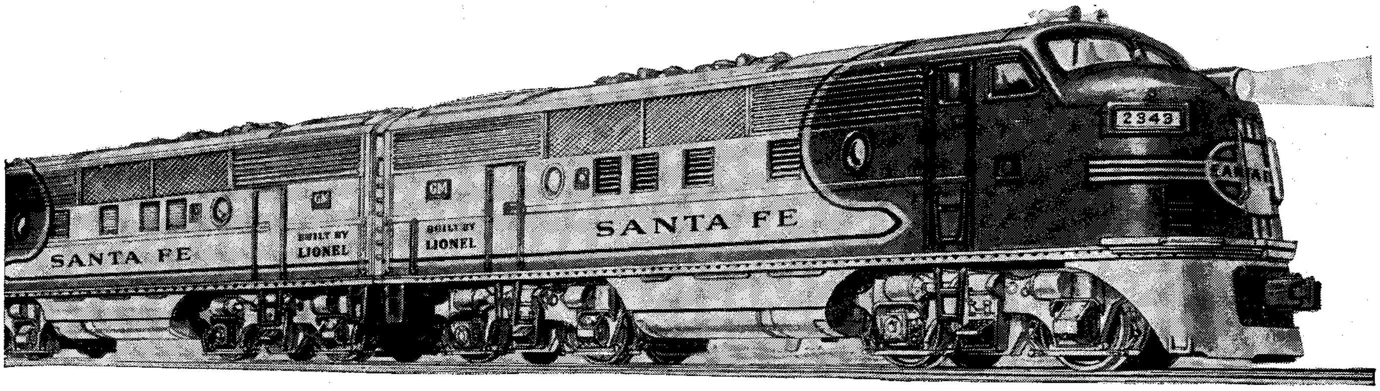
Within New York City, add 2% sales tax.
Postage charge beyond delivery area.

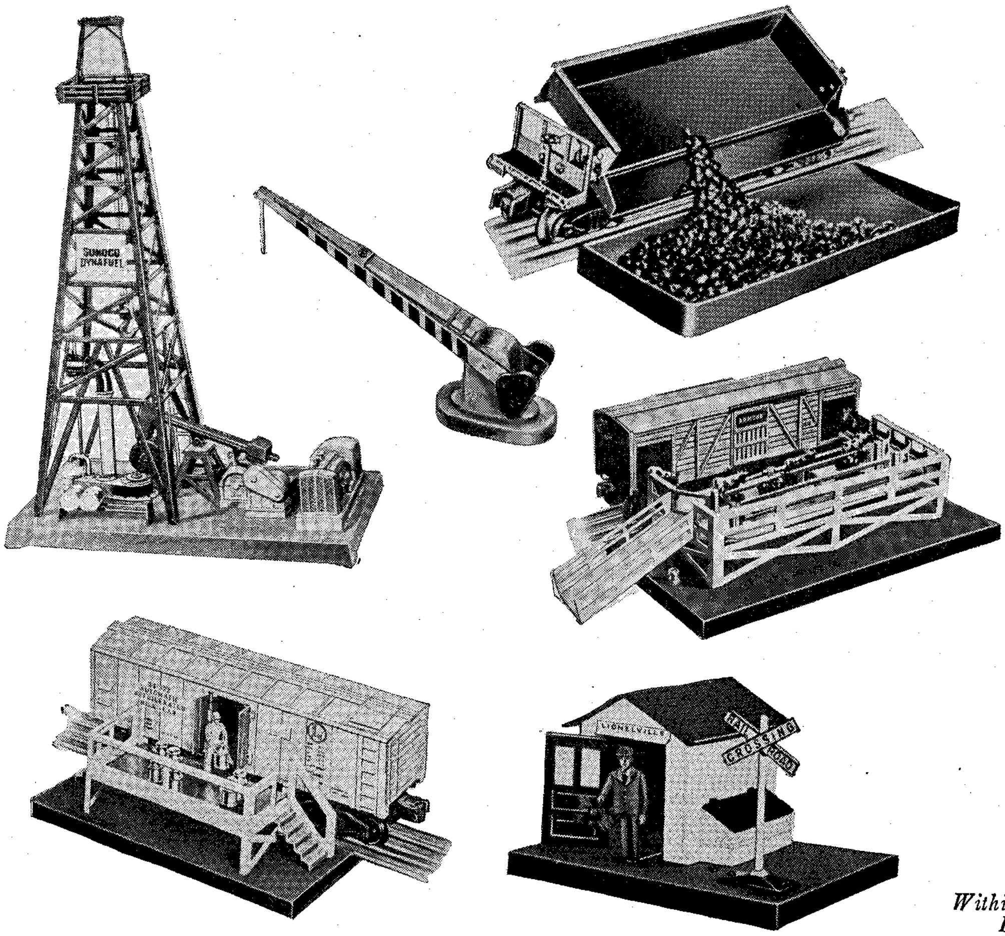


19...4-CAR FREIGHT WITH SMOKE AND WHISTLE. This Lionel set includes: Locomotive with smoke, tender with built-in whistle, remote control box car, Sunoco oil car, searchlight car, illuminated caboose, curved and straight tracks, remote control track set, 4'7", 49.50. "027-gauge"



18...5-CAR FREIGHT WITH GIANT TWIN-DIESEL. The Santa Fe, replica of General Motors F3, has two rugged worm-drive motors (for long-life) housed in the first A section. There's a true-to-life, deep-toned horn and operating knuckle couplers on both pilot ends. Wonderful (as only Lionel can do it) detail in trucks, louvres, ports, stanchions, illuminated number boxes. Glassed-in cab has interior lighting as well as windshield wipers! The long line of cars includes operating box car that has brakeman opening door and popping out by remote control, extra-long gondola, aluminum-finish Sunoco tanker and illuminated caboose. The entire train, photographed below, is 6 feet, 2 inches long and the oval track measures 70¾ inches by 31⅞ inches. Big Lionel value for only 57.50. "0-gauge"





ACCESSORIES TO THE TRACK:

20...OIL DERRICK AND PUMP. 14½" high, detailed to the last inch a la Lionel, 7.95.

21...NEW CROSSING GATE. 9¾" long, Lionel replica of latest type. Operates automatically! 3.25.

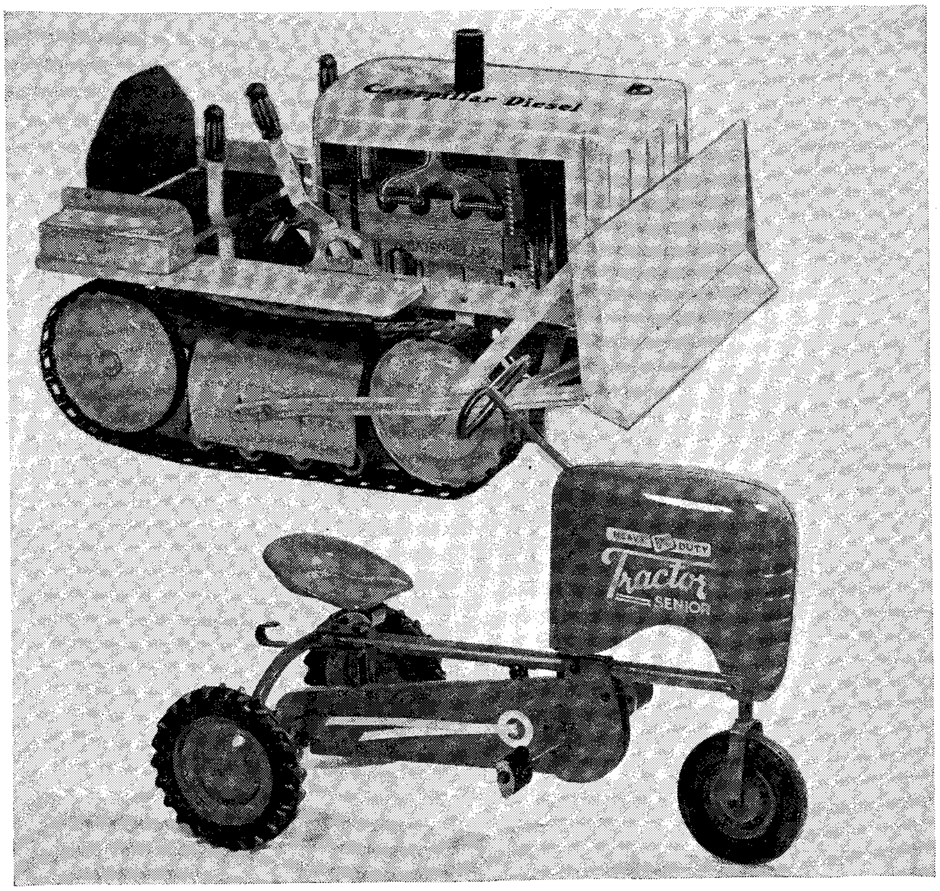
22...OPERATING ORE DUMP CAR. 9½" long, runs by Lionel remote control. Bin and coal included, 7.75.

23...CATTLE CAR AND PLATFORM. Car 9" long with 9 head of moving cattle, Lionel remote-controlled. 13.95.

24...MILK CAR AND PLATFORM. 9" Car. Milkman moves by Lionel remote control. Magnet can. 9.50.

25...AUTOMATIC GATEMAN BY LIONEL. As train approaches watchman rushes out! 5.95.

Within New York City, add 2% sales tax.
Postage charge beyond delivery area.



RIDE 'EM TOYS

26...TRACTOR AND PLOW. 4 to 8 year olds quickly turn into old farm hands driving this New London Metal Product. Solidly constructed steel, 22″ high, 40″ long, 44.95.

27...SENIOR HEAVY DUTY TRACTOR. 28″ high, 40″ long, bright red, sturdy steel with saddle seat, puncture-proof tires, ball bearing wheels. By B.M.C., 28.95.

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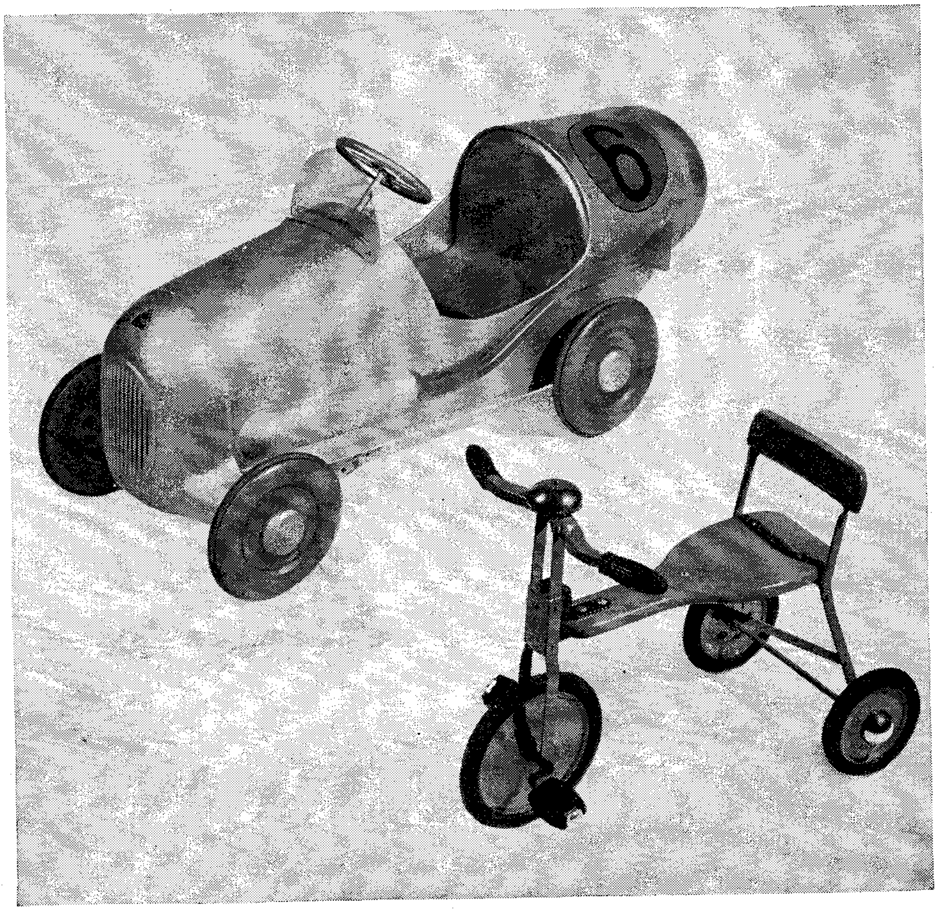
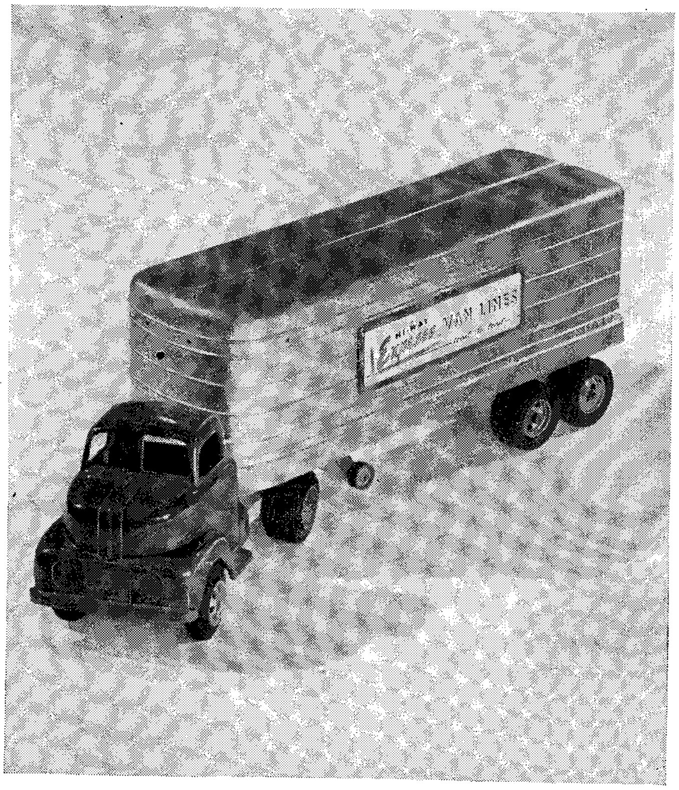
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.



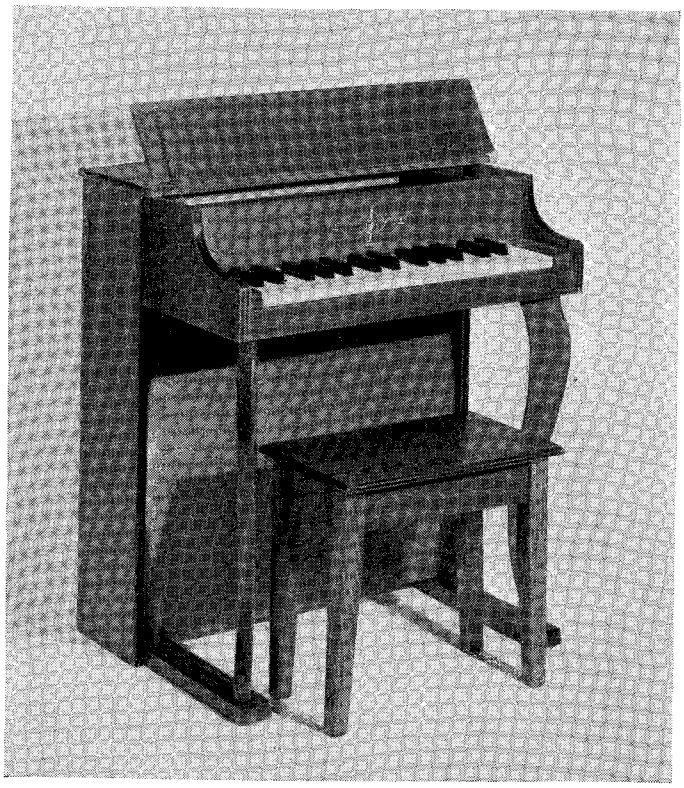
28...RACER. Handsome, ivory colored steel auto, roomy enough to hold anybody aged 3 to 6. It's sturdy. It's safe (has hand-brake). It's fun for youngsters, 29.95.

29...PEDAL TRUCK. 1½ to 3½ are best ages for this one. Good solid metal back-rest and reinforced seat. Rubber hand-grips, clear, ringing bell. 6.95.

Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Beyond our delivery area, express collect.



30...EXPRESS VAN TRAILER. At last you can have one in your home! Steel, sturdy enough to sit on, long enough (27″) to store things. Padlocked rear door. By Louis Marx, 7.98. *Postage charge beyond delivery area.*



32...SPINET PIANO AND BENCH. Jaymar's 22″ high sturdy, walnut-stained wood, 2½ octave range, chromatic tuning. 30 plastic sharp and flat keys, 29.95.

Express collect beyond delivery area.

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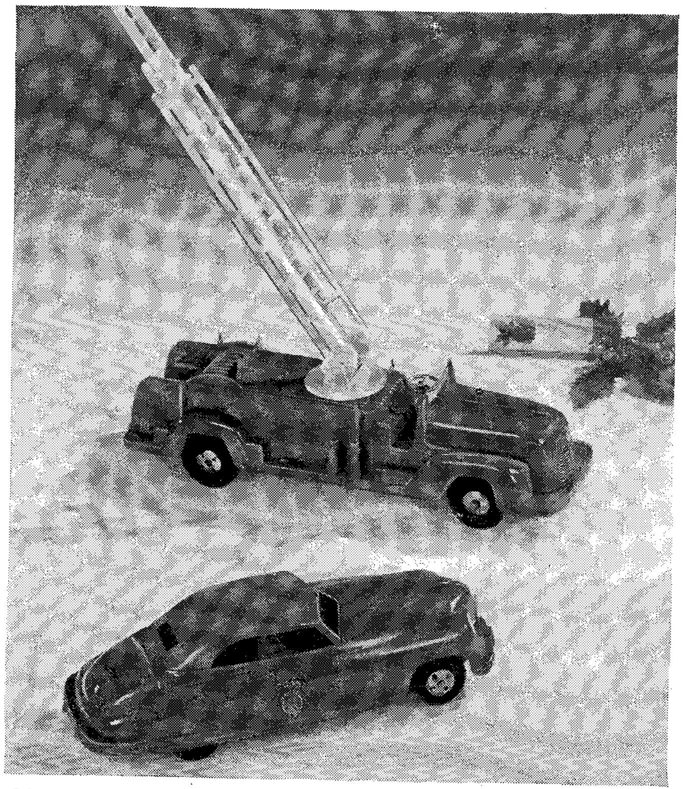
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.



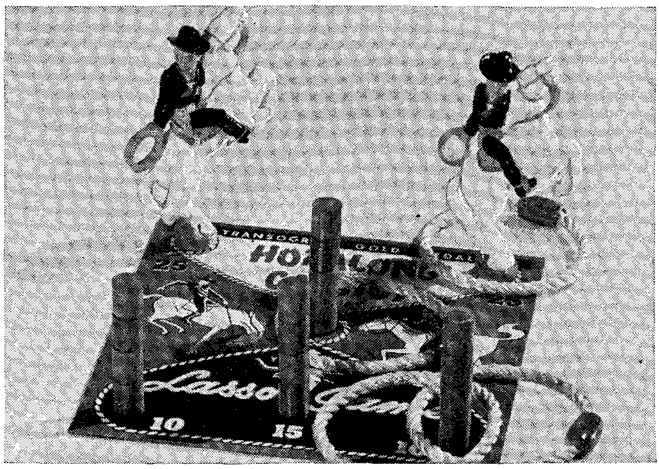
31...FOR FIRE-FIGHTERS, J. G. A push starts the friction fire truck motor and screaming siren. Matching red plastic fire chief's car. By Louis Marx, the pair, 2.95.

Postage charge beyond delivery area.

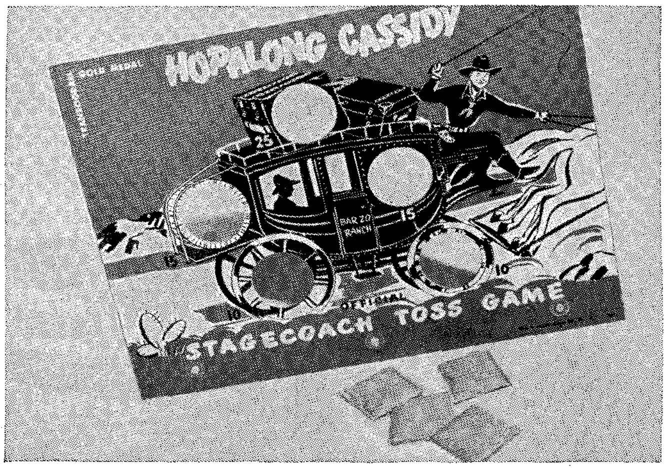
E12
MILITARY POLICE
ARMY

33...THIS IS THE ARMY, JR. Harmless, spark-shooting, mechanical toys by Louis Marx. Climbing, rat-tat-tank, Jet fighter plane, M.P. siren car. All three for 5.95.

Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. *Postage charge beyond delivery area.*


HOPALONG
Lasso Game
10
15

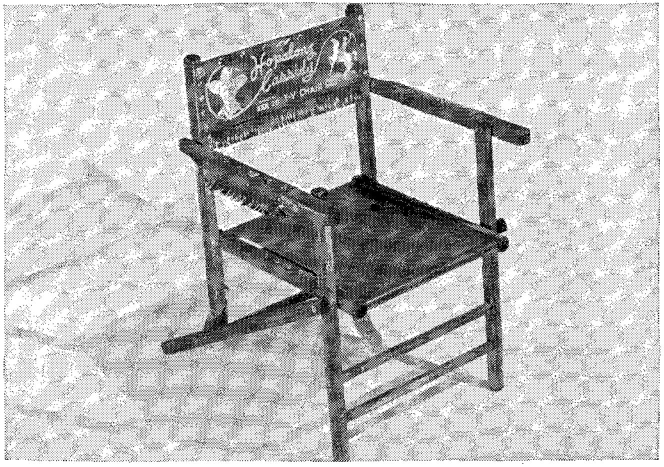
34...HOPALONG LASSO GAME. Transogram ring toss with a Cassidy twist. For a high score, lasso Hoppy and horse with a rope ring, but don't let Jr. beat you! 3.00.


HOPALONG CASSIDY
BAR 20 RANCH
25
15
10
STAGECOACH TOSS GAME

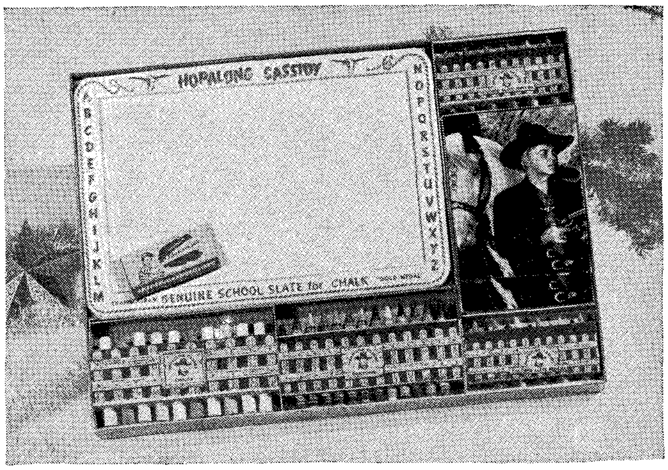
37...HOPALONG TOSS GAME. The object here is to toss the bean bags through the masonite stagecoach, scoring high when a trunk is hit. Made by Transogram, 2.00.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

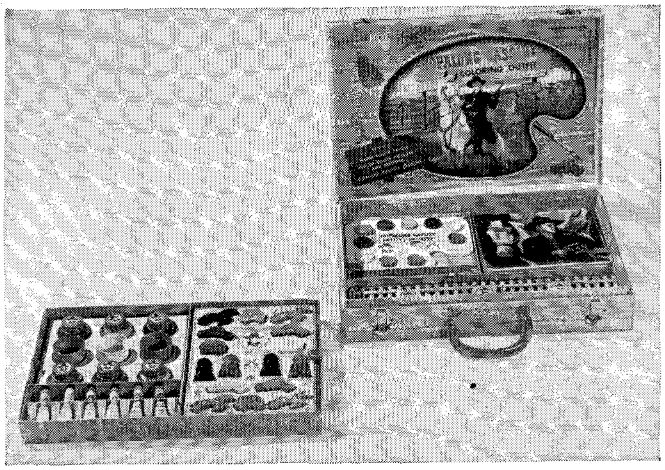
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.


Hopalong Cassidy

35...HOPPY TV CHAIR. Transogram director's seat with a picture of *that* man and his horse on back rest, fringed chaps on arms and a staunch, leatherette seat, 6.95.


HOPALONG CASSIDY
GENUINE SCHOOL SLATE for CHALK

38...HOPPY'S DOUBLE-BARRELED SLATE. One side takes wax crayon (but not for keeps), the other, colored chalk. Complete with crayons and chalks, by Transogram, 2.00.

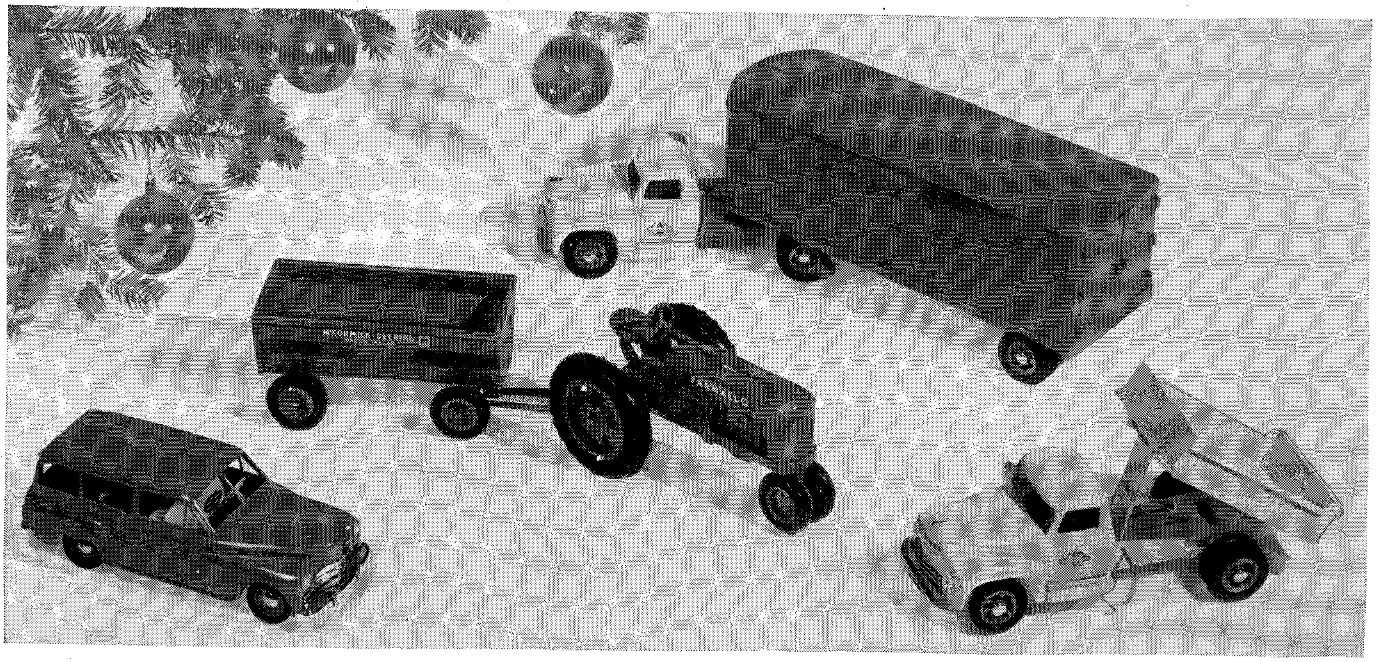


36...CASSIDY COLORING SET. Transogram painter's carrying case with poster colors, crayons, water colors in Western molds, palette, brushes *and* pictures to color, 5.00.

COUNTRY DOCTOR

39...DOCTOR AND NURSE SET. Transogram's pretend alligator case completely outfitted to help them make like medics. Uniforms, pills, stethoscope, *everything!* 5.00.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.



40...TRUCKING BUSINESS. Products Miniature put out this ingenious line of vehicles that are the plastic McCoy. Brilliantly colored and easy to move, they're perfect pull-toys for two year olds. And because they're exact scale models of the trucks and cars you pass on the highway every day, even sophisticated nine year olds won't leave them alone! The 19″ long International van with cab and trailer is 5.00. The 18″ long tractor trailer with eight massive, easy-going rubber tires is 3.00. The 10½″ long six-tire dump truck with a tail-board that opens and closes is 2.75. And the 9½″ long Plymouth sedan is also 2.75.

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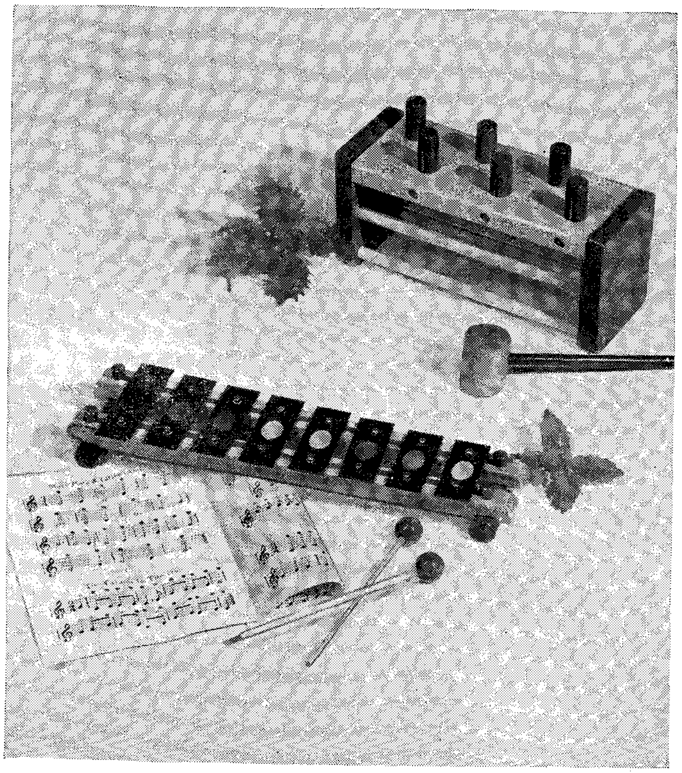
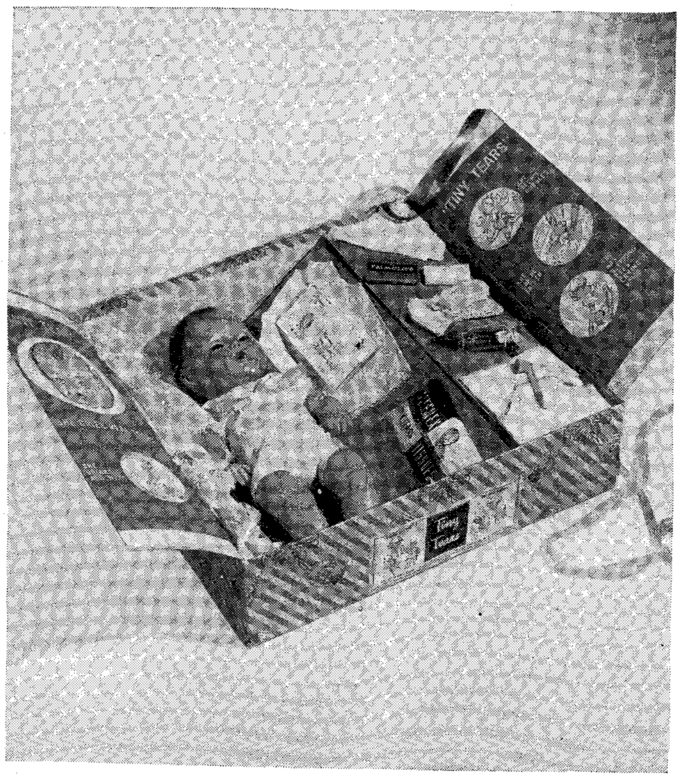
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.



41...TODDLER'S TOYS by Childhood Interests. Pound-A-Way. Hard maple with adjustable, non-removable pegs. 2.00. Color Xylo. Color spots designate notes. High, mellow tone. 2.50.



42...TINY TEARS DOLL. You can hear and see her cry. She sleeps, drinks, wets her diapers, blows bubbles and can be bathed! American Character doll, 13″, 7.98, 16″, 9.98.

Come, write, phone. Within New York City, add 2% sales tax. Postage charge beyond delivery area.

43...**PING PONG GUN**. Look—a six shooter! Fortunately, the bullets are only high-bouncing, light-weight plastic balls. By Knickerbocker Plastics, 3.50. 12 extra balls, .60.

Postage charge beyond delivery area.

44...**DIXIELAND WE'RE HERE**! Any jazz maestro in the making will cheer when he gets this Perri Pole trap set. Resonant drum, cymbals, sticks and brushes,—16.50.

Postage charge beyond delivery area.

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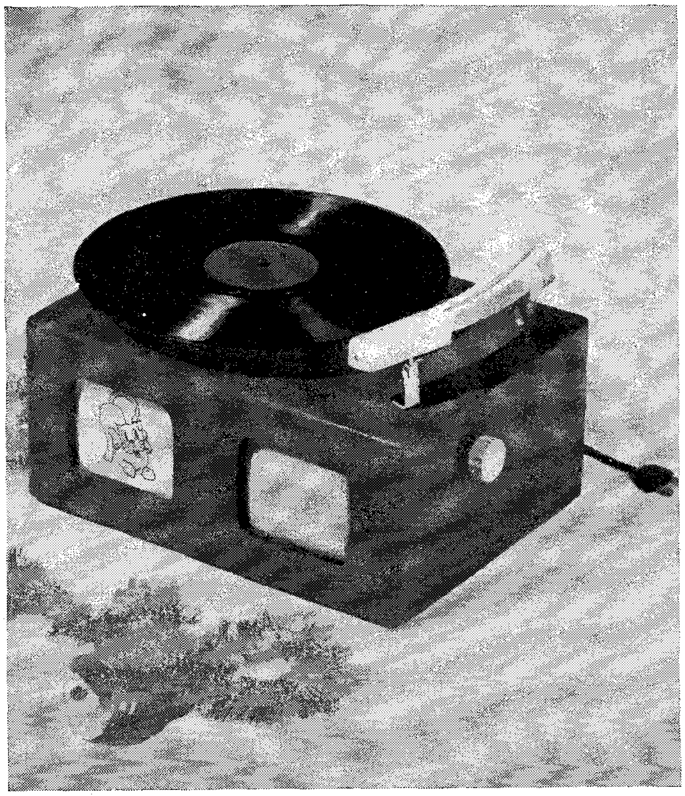
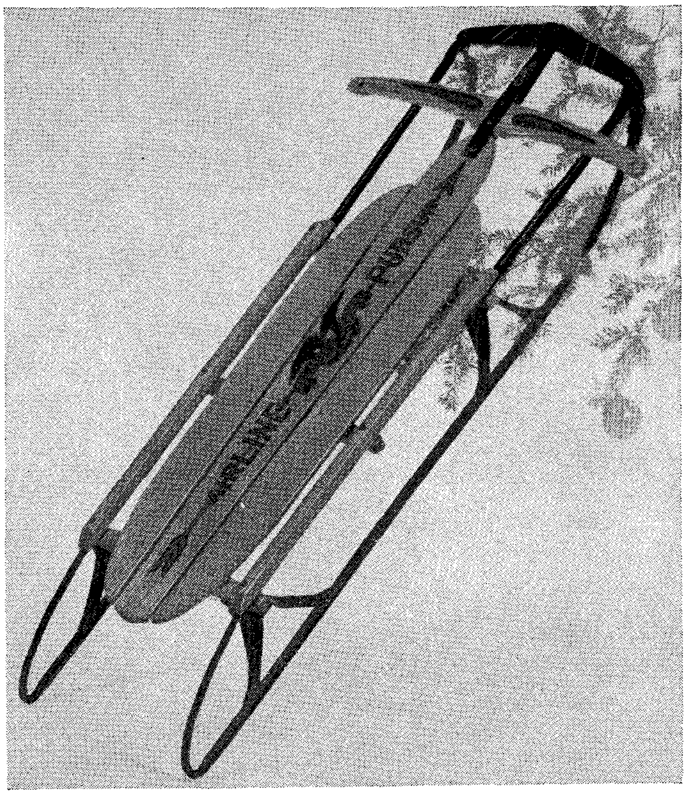
WONDERLAND OF TOYS • SEPARATE ENTRANCE 14 EAST 50TH STREET, N. Y.



45...**ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH** by Waters Conley. Easily manipulated with off-on switch, 2-tube (including rectifier) amplifier. Plays all size records, AC only, 24.95.

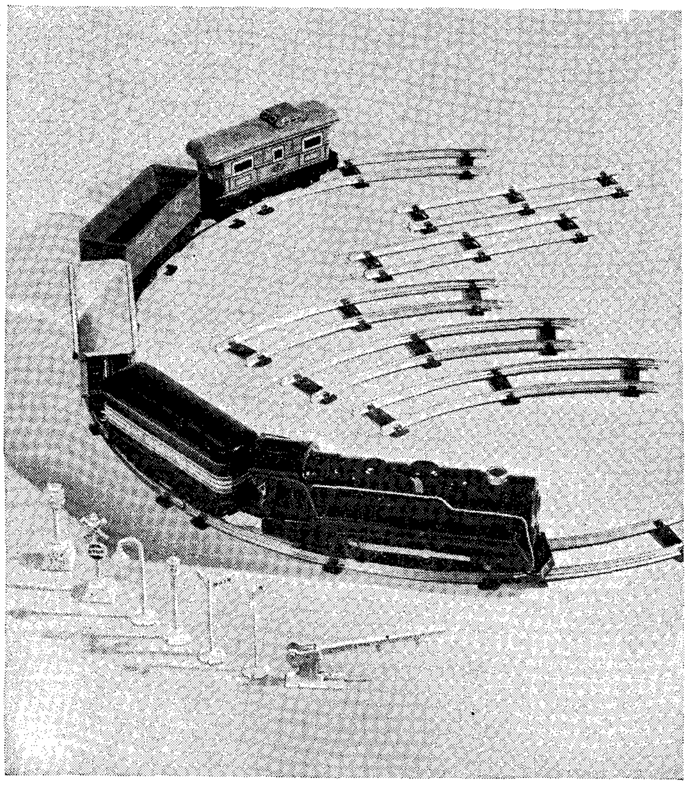
Postage charge beyond delivery area.



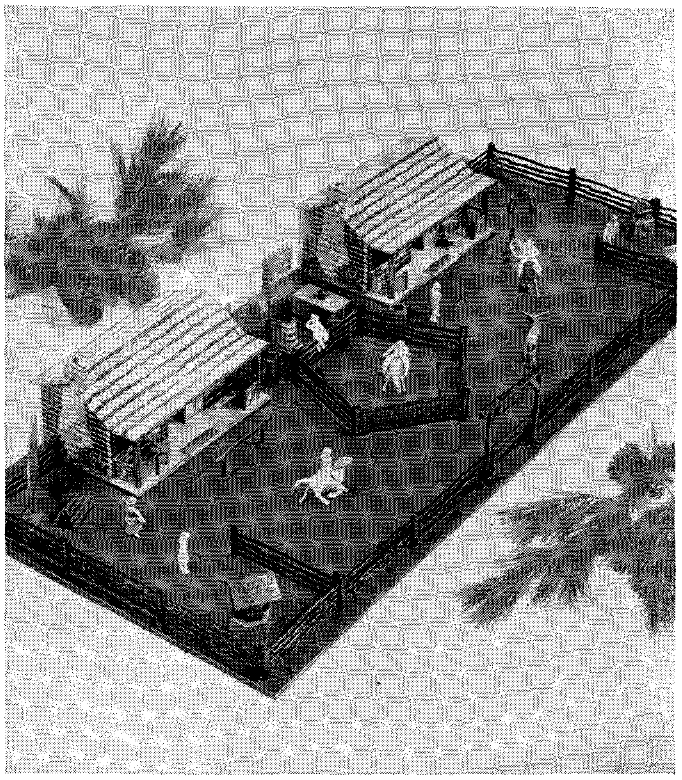
46...**FLEXIBLE FLYER**. You know how the famous F.F. operates! We have them 41″ long at 8.95; 44″ at 9.95; 47″, 10.95 and 51″, 11.95. All top quality, sturdy, safe.

Express collect beyond delivery area.

Within New York City, add 2% sales tax.



47...MECHANICAL TRAIN SET. Sparking, metal locomotive hauls tender, high-side gondola, coal car, caboose. With 7 accessories and 10-section track, 3.95. By Louis Marx.



48...BAR M WESTERN RANCH. Louis Marx' furnished chow and bunk houses (each 11″ long) of sturdy sheet steel. Plastic cowboys, horses, steer. Log-type fence, corral, 4.98

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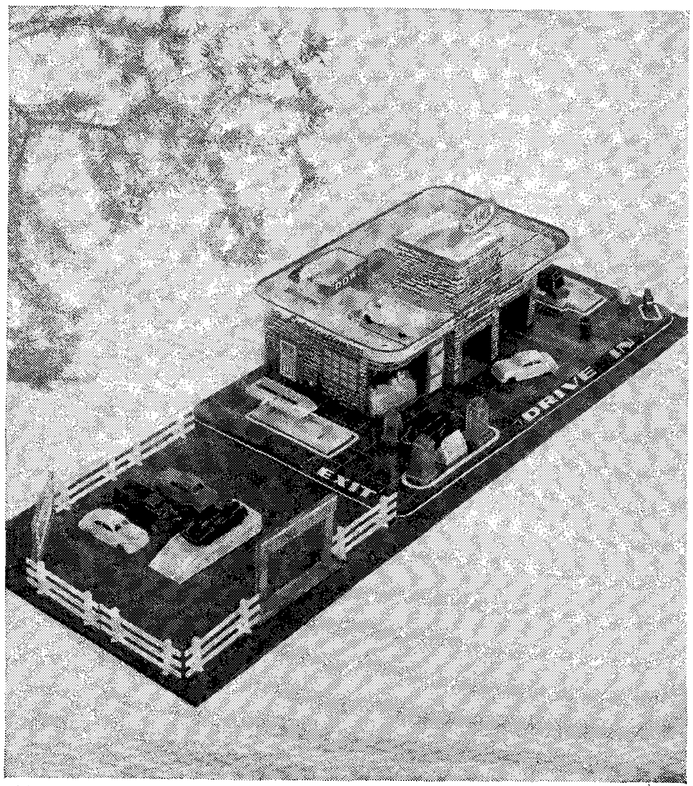
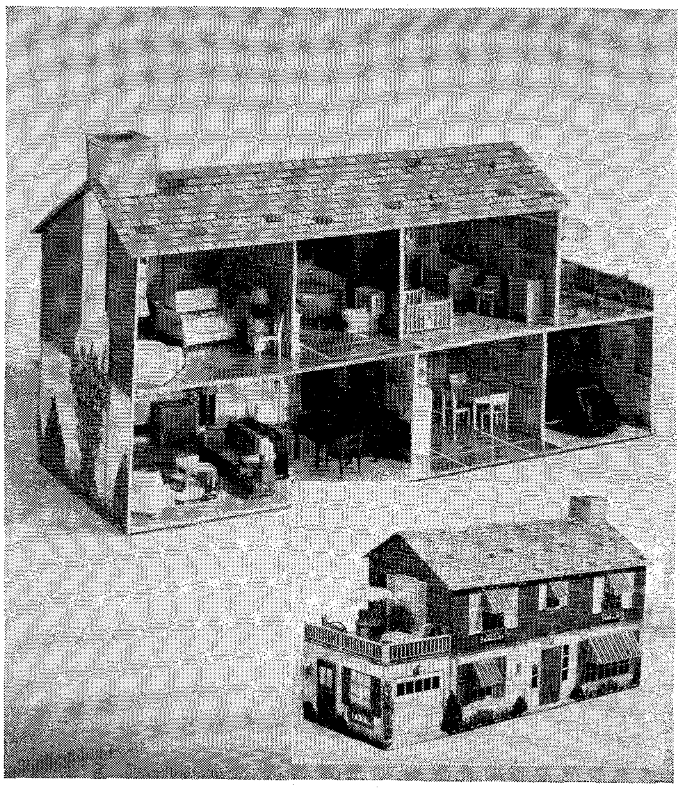


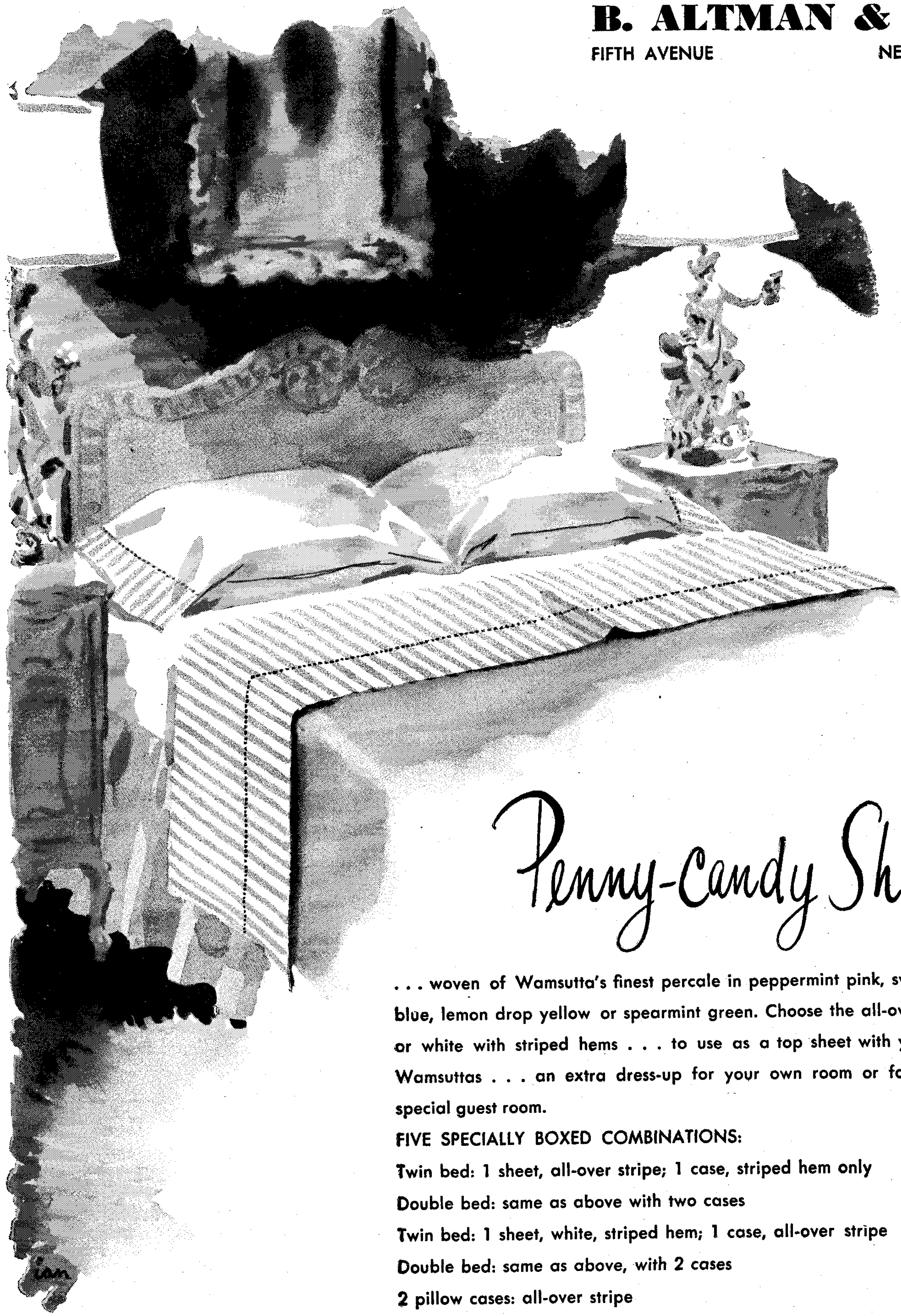
49...SUPER SERVICE STATION. Constructed of smooth-edge steel by Louis Marx. Used car lot, parking area, rest room. Plastic cars and accessories, to rearrange as your little mechanic desires, 4.50.



50...GIANT FURNISHED DOLL HOUSE. Louis Marx' steel house, has removable awnings, is 18¾″ high, with living-dining room, kitchen, nursery, bedroom, bath, sun-deck and garage *with* Rolls Royce, 7.98.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Penny-Candy Sheets

. . . woven of Wamsutta's finest percale in peppermint pink, sweet-tooth blue, lemon drop yellow or spearmint green. Choose the all-over stripes or white with striped hems . . . to use as a top sheet with your white Wamsuttas . . . an extra dress-up for your own room or for a really special guest room.

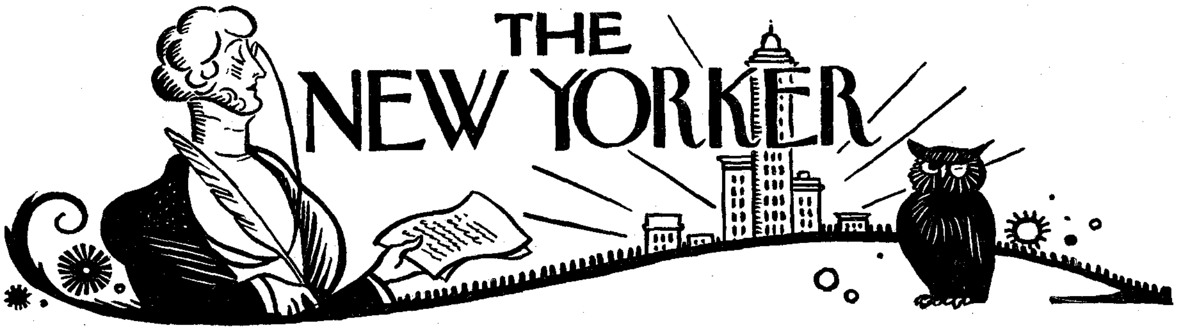
FIVE SPECIALLY BOXED COMBINATIONS:

Twin bed: 1 sheet, all-over stripe; 1 case, striped hem only	set 12.95
Double bed: same as above with two cases	set 18.95
Twin bed: 1 sheet, white, striped hem; 1 case, all-over stripe	set 12.95
Double bed: same as above, with 2 cases	set 18.95
2 pillow cases: all-over stripe	pair 6.60

Hem-stitched hems: twin sheet 72x108 in.; double sheet 90x108 in;
case 45x38 1/2 in.; sizes before hemming

Altman sheets and cases, fourth floor

. . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset . . . WRITE, OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN our report last week on Wilfred Funk's "Word Origins," we included Mr. Funk's observation that the word "Democrat" and the word "Republican" had become "useless as verbal tokens to any rational and intelligent conversation." Don't get us wrong about this, or, rather, don't get Mr. Funk wrong—the words, although they may be impotent in conversation, still have a certain utility value and can send the blood coursing through the veins of a man at a typewriter. We quote from a *Tribune* editorial, 20 October: "It is not only that the Democrats, when it comes to throwing stones, live in a glass house, they live in a house that is putrid with the odor of venality and scandal; and the beam in their eye festers with rottenness." Surely a word that can awaken prose like that is not dead, neither does it sleep.

IT came as a shock to learn that Tom Dewey has no savings and doesn't own a single share of stock. The news of his plight—which leaked out during a television program—not only cast a shadow on our social system but sounded un-American, as though his activities had been not quite in line. It is American to buy stocks—we read that just the other day in the paper. To learn that the governor of our richest state, a man who has made countless suggestions for improving the republic, hasn't managed to accumulate any chips himself is staggering. Most hack drivers of our acquaintance have a savings account, own a couple of shares of Great Northern, and spend their days off testing Astoria with a Geiger counter for the ten-thousand-dollar jackpot. Where has Dewey been, for Pete's sake, with all his talk about the good life? Apparently he shot the works on a farm and life insurance. This is a most questionable adventure in personal financing. The farm was wallowing in a twenty-seven-thousand-dollar mortgage when he bought it, and of course the life-insurance premiums on top of those heavy mortgage payments must have been a fearful drain through the years. Dewey *has* saved enough to educate his sons, but even that accomplishment is not reassuring if it merely means that the boys are going to come out of college with no greater capacity than their father for buying good, sound common stocks and running up a little compound interest. Dewey must think Social Security is ready to take care of him if anything unexpected comes up. What an attitude!

CONTINUING a public service we initiated a year ago, we present herewith a clarification of the local political situation, for the benefit of those readers who may have been confused by the oratory. Well, Uncle Joe Hanley, who is lieutenant governor and was supposed to run for governor, is now running for senator, against Uncle Herbert Lehman, who was once lieutenant governor and governor himself and is now a senator, though his friends still call him Governor. Uncle Joe's running mate is Uncle Tom Dewey, who wears suspenders, as he demonstrated when he democratically shed his coat during the preparations for the television program. Dewey didn't want to run but changed his mind because of the Korean situation, which he felt required the presence in the governor's office of a stronger man than Hanley. As he is backing Hanley for the Senate, this makes Korea a state, rather than a national, issue. Dewey's opponent is a man called Lynch. His name used to be Conway, but he changed it just before the Democratic state convention. Dewey says he is going to send Lynch to prison right after the election, and Lynch says he is going to send Dewey to prison right after the election, so it may be that neither of them will be governor, no matter which of them wins. We haven't the faintest idea who the candidates for lieutenant governor are, but this is a matter of little importance, because in any case the state will be run by Frank Costello or Lucky Luciano, both of whom have already been in jail and are thus protected by the principle of double jeopardy, not to mention the Hatch Act. Hatch has an outside chance, at best.

On the municipal scene, there are four principal candidates for mayor, not counting William O'Dwyer, who waived immunity and is now Mexican Ambassador to California. One of the four, Paul Ross, used to be O'Dwyer's secretary, but practically nobody who was for O'Dwyer is for him, because he is the standard-bearer of the American Labor Party. Most of organized labor is not for the American Labor Party, which is for Ho Chi Minh. The A.F.L. barbers are for Edward Corsi, the Republican candidate; the C.I.O. barbers are not. The butchers and bakers are for Ferdinand Pecora, a judge who wants to be mayor. The candlestick makers are uncommitted as we go to press. The utility workers are for Vincent Impellitteri, a mayor who doesn't want to be a judge. Impellitteri, a Democrat, is the candidate of the Experience Party, an outfit without any previous existence, let alone Experience. Pecora, another Democrat, is the standard-bearer of the Democratic Party and also of the Liberal Party, which used to be part of the American Labor Party and a year ago was for the Republican candidate for mayor, Newbold Morris, who is now for Corsi. Dewey is for General Eisenhower.

Tammany Hall is for Pecora, with the exception of Robert Blaikie, the district leader who bolted the Hall in 1949 to be for Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. Blaikie has bolted again and is for Impellitteri. Roosevelt is for Blaikie, but he is also for Pecora. Pecora's headquarters says that Impellitteri's campaign is being financed by the Republicans. The Republicans say that they are flat broke and the Democrats have all the money. A spokesman for Pecora says that Impellitteri hasn't had any Experience aside from greeting "the like of Channel swimmers and ballet dancers." Channel swimmers and ballet dancers are not for Pecora. Hanley is for General MacArthur. None of the candidates have dared express themselves firmly on the one real issue of the day, color television. The Republican, Democratic, and Liberal Parties have unanimously expressed themselves as being against the reëlection of Vito Marcantonio, but Pecora's backers say that Impellitteri and Corsi are just pretending to be against Marcantonio. Hanley says that Lehman is just pretending to be for Lehman and is really for Hanley. Marcantonio is for Mao Tse-tung.

Out of Italy

BY one of those coincidences more common to politics than to real life, all three of the leading candidates for mayor are Italian by birth, and in view of this odd circumstance we've gathered some facts about their natal places. Commissioner Corsi—we will proceed alphabetically and objectively—was born in the town of Capestrano, some ninety miles northeast of Rome, in the province of L'Aquila, near the middle of the Abruzzi e Molise region. He and his family left Capestrano for America in 1906, when he was ten. Capestrano is a cluster of small stone houses set in a bowl-like depression in the Apennines thirty miles inland from the Adriatic. It has a population of just under three thousand. The town square is paved, but none of the streets are. There's a convent in the town and a Franciscan monastery on one of the hills overlooking it. The inhabitants are mostly farmers, who work in the surrounding fields. The chief crops are vegetables, which are difficult to raise in the rocky, barren soil, and grapes, from which the peasants make a wine, nearly all of it for local consumption. The Capestranesi, like the rest of the Abruzzesi, are noted for their good looks. The women are famous for their excellent posture, acquired through carrying heavy jars of food and water on their heads. One of Capestrano's most celebrated citizens in recent years was Commissioner Corsi's father. He helped organize the nation's railroad workers into a labor union and was a leader of the Italian Republican Party, whose principles may have been a trifle more revolutionary than those of the Republican Party to which the Commissioner belongs. The best-known son of Capestrano is, of course, the saint who took his name from the town, Saint John Capistran, born in 1386. He was a monk and a soldier. At the age of seventy, he commanded large forces in a battle against the Turks, beat the tar out of them, and died of a fever immediately afterward. He was beatified in 1690 and canonized in 1724. Some of his manuscripts and belongings are preserved in the monastery at Capestrano. The old Spanish mission of San Juan Capistrano, in California, was named for him; that's the place the swallows are supposed to return to on March 19th every year, on the dot.

Isnello, where Acting Mayor Impellitteri was born, in 1900, and from which, wise beyond his year, he departed for America in 1901, is in north-central Sicily, eight miles south of the seacoast town of Cefalù. Impellitteri's father was a shoemaker in Isnello, which has a population of three thousand and is practically inaccessible save by mail truck or Sicilian horse cart. It stands on a small spur at the base of Pizzo di Pilo, a peak in the heart of the Madonie, the chief mountain range of Sicily. The village dates back to the twelfth century and is said to occupy the site of an ancient structure called the Castle of the Ass; on this account, it was named Asinello, of which Isnello is a corruption. Historians of the tenth century mention an acropolis on the same site, but no traces of it remain. Isnello is a gray, impoverished little town. Its showpiece is the main church, one of whose chapels contains a number of sixteenth-century sculptures and frescoes. For much of its food, Isnello depends on Cefalù, which is on the highway between Palermo and Messina and to which tourists come to view Norman ruins.

Nicosia, where Justice Pecora was born, in 1882, is near the center of Sicily, midway between Palermo and Catania and twenty-five air miles from Isnello. The Judge, more deliberate than Impellitteri, put off leaving his native town until he was five. Nicosia has a population of nearly twenty thousand, extends over four adjoining hills, and is generally considered to be the site of the ancient city of Herbita, the capital of King Archonides, of whom not another word from us. Nicosia was important in the Middle Ages as a way station between Palermo and Messina. It was often visited by peripatetic monarchs, most memorably by Emperor Charles V, who stopped off there for a quick lunch on October 16, 1535; a carved wooden throne in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore is still pointed out as the chair he sat in. Nicosia also boasts a fourteenth-century Norman cathedral and another church, San Biagio, that has five paintings by Velásquez. At the foot of one of the four hills on which Nicosia is built is a milky-looking stream whose waters are supposed to have curative powers. The chief industry in the region is sulphur mining. Under the Normans, the town had a colony of Lombards, and to this day the inhabitants speak a dialect rich in Gallicisms. The characteristic peasant costume of Nicosia is a black mantle lined with red or pink cloth decorated with black stripes. This costume is worn by Nicosiani of both sexes.

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MIDWEST INTELLIGENCE: The Evanston, Illinois, telephone directory contains the following entry:

VerBrugghen A MD r
1040 Lk Shore-UNivrsty 4-7171
daughters tel
1040 Lake Shore-UNivrsty 4-4143

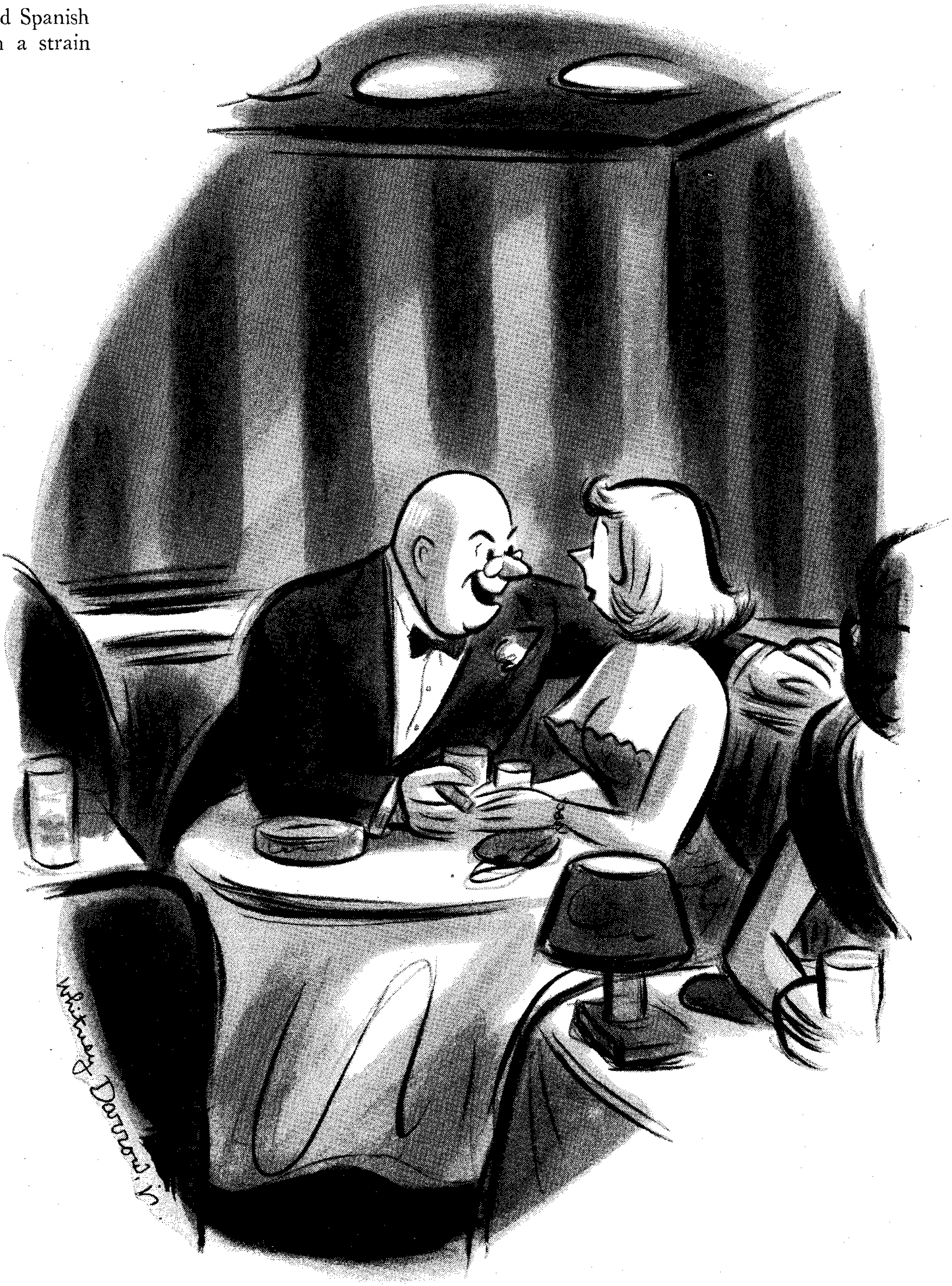
Intricate

ONE of the Hollywood companies is shooting the life story of Ben Hogan, the golfer, with Glenn Ford in the title role. Ford isn't up to some of the drives required in the film, so Hogan is making them, made up to look like Glenn Ford made up to look like Ben Hogan.

Dressage Expert

THE Spanish Riding School of Vienna, whose white Lipizzan stallions, here for the first time, are a big dressage feature of the National Horse Show, is neither Spanish nor in Vienna, nor, if you come down to it, are its horses terribly Lipizzan any more. It's an involved nomenclatural tangle. The school was called Spanish because it was founded with a strain of horses brought from Spain, by Maximilian II, in the sixteenth century. It is no longer in Vienna because of the Second World War. Its horses are called Lipizzans because the first stud farm of the school was at Lipizza, near Trieste, but the farm was moved from there after the First World War. At any rate, the school, long run by the Hapsburgs, was for centuries the strongest agency in the world for sustaining interest in the form of classical riding known as *haute école*. We picked up these facts and a number of others in a talk we had with the school's head, Colonel Alois Podhajsky (pronounced "Pod-heye-ski"), a tall, erect, broad-shouldered, fifty-year-old Austrian who was born in Mostar, Herzegovina, the son of a cavalry officer. "My father gave me a wooden horse for Christmas when I was two," he said. "At five, I tried to get on a real horse. At twelve, my father had a sergeant teach me how to ride. I can't remember the time when I didn't want to be a cavalry officer." The dream came true at seventeen, when Podhajsky was commissioned in the cavalry, becoming one of the youngest lieutenants in the Austro-Hungarian Army. The following year, while fighting the Russians, he received a throat wound of such severity that he regained his voice only after three years of treatment. In 1922, a captain by then, he was put in charge of the horses of an infantry regiment in Vienna. "We had forty or fifty horses," he told us, "to pull ammunition and other equipment, and for all officers with the rank of captain or above to ride. A chestnut named Napoleon pulled the field kitchen; he looked good to me, so when he wasn't pulling the kitchen, I trained him as a jumper." In 1925, with Podhajsky up, Napoleon won a jumping competition in a Viennese horse show. Other Podhajsky-Napoleon victories followed. In 1927, Podhajsky was transferred back to regimental duty, to give riding lessons to young officers. Unable to get Napoleon transferred, he took up with a mount named Nero, and in the early thirties began to win dressage competitions in Vienna.

In 1936, Podhajsky and Nero placed third in a dressage field of thirty at the Olympics, in Berlin, winning a bronze medal. This triumph stood the Colonel



"Where have you been all my life?"

and his Lipizzans in good stead in the spring of 1945, when American troops entered Austria. "I had become head of the Spanish School in 1938," he told us, "and toward the end of the war I had moved our stallions from Vienna to St. Martin, in upper Austria. There an American officer recognized me from the 1936 Olympics, which he had attended, asked after Nero, and introduced me to General Walton H. Walker. General Walker arranged for me to put on a special exhibition, lasting an hour and a half, for General Patton. Your Secretary of War, Mr. Patterson, was with Patton, and I noticed the General whispering to him during the show. When it was over, General Patton asked to see me, and said he would place the school under his protection. He said that America should save old European culture." At that time, the school's two hundred mares and foals were in Hostau, Czechoslovakia, where they had been taken, for safety, by the Germans. Patton sent an escort of four tanks to accompany them back to St. Martin. "On the way," the Colonel said, "we were challenged by a patrol of the Allied Military Government. The tank commander said the horses were travelling under General Patton's orders. There was no argument." After Patton's death, General Mark Clark arranged for the school to be moved to Wels, which is about sixty miles from Salzburg, and it is still there.

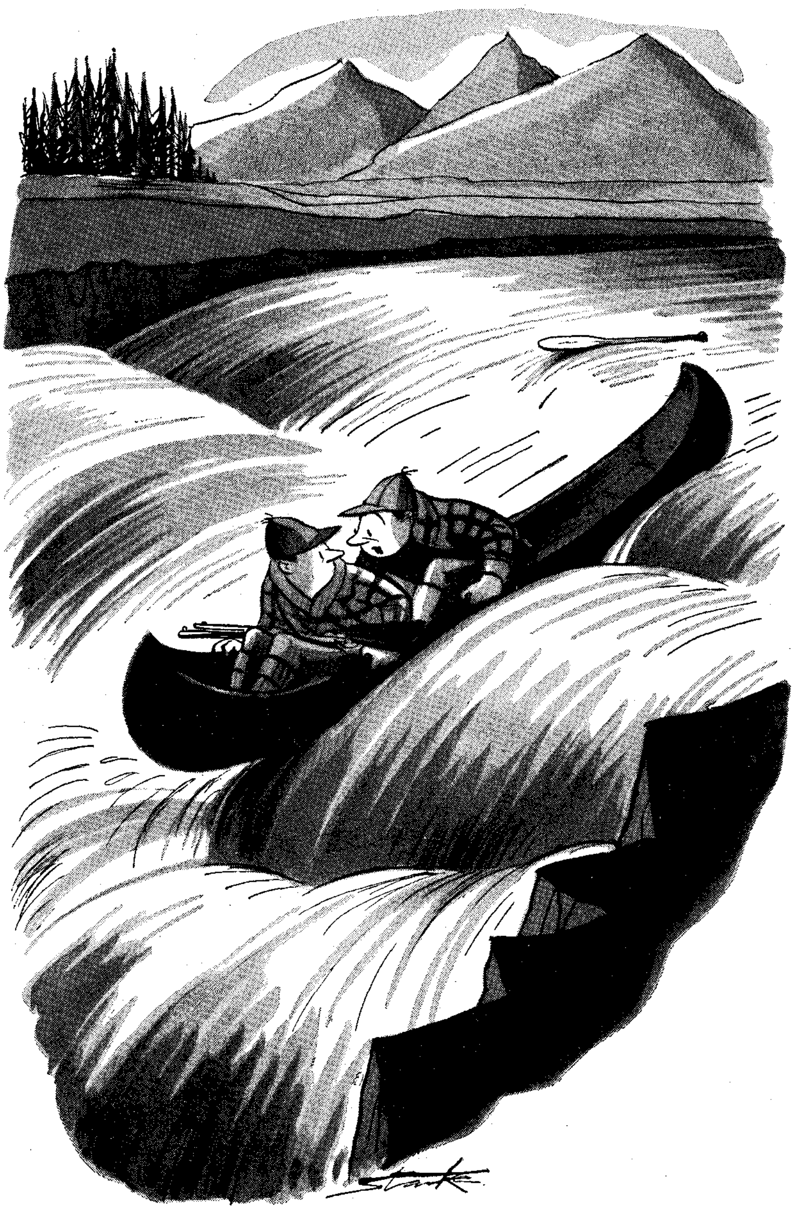
Lipizzans are late developers and live longer—often to thirty-three—than most breeds, Colonel Podhajsky told us. He brought seven other riders here and fourteen of the school's stallions, which number sixty at present. The Colonel himself guides two of the mounts—Neapolitano Africa, aged fourteen, and Pluto Theodorosta, fifteen—through such cadenced movements as courbettes, croupades, and caprioles. He rode Neapolitano for Patton and showed Pluto at the Dublin Horse Show last spring. "There was a party at the American Embassy afterward," he said, "and the Spanish Ambassador was there. He told me that everyone had been congratulating *him* on my performance."

Previews

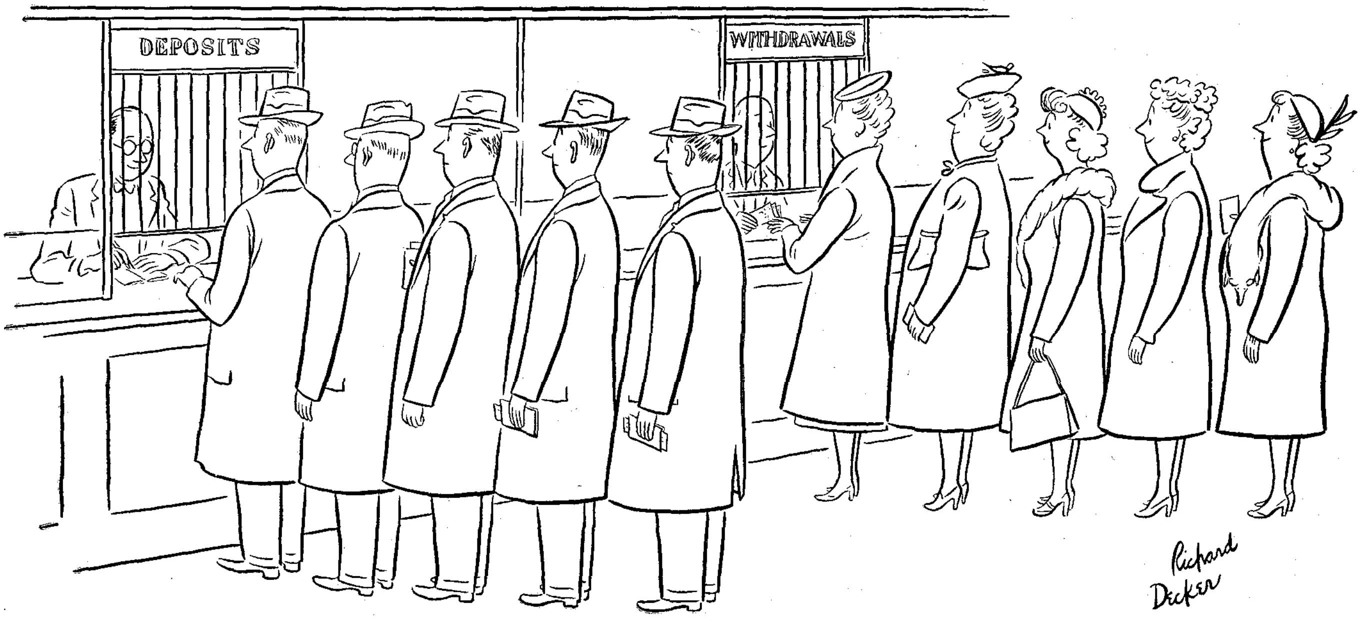
A MEMBER of the administrative staff at Mount Holyoke College got a phone call the other day from a student at neighboring Amherst, who inquired about the possibility of getting a discount on a booklet called the *Freshman Handbook*, which Mount Holyoke issues annually, provided he ordered a large quantity. The *Handbook* contains individual pictures of the Holyoke freshmen. Holyoke was unable to do better than the regular price of eighty-five cents, but, after expressing disappointment, the lad said he'd take a hundred copies anyhow, and remarked that he wouldn't do *too* badly. Turned out that after some preliminary merchandising experiments last year and earlier this term, he was preparing to meet a certain demand for the *Handbook*, at a dollar fifty the copy, from his fellow-students, many of whom descend on Holyoke Saturday evenings.

No Long Shots

WE were on the job last week when Remington Rand and the Columbia Broadcasting System gave the local public its first look at color television, at the National Business Show, in Grand Central Palace, and found the experience stimulating and enlightening, although we saw a great deal more of the public than of the television. The demonstration was in the Remington Rand area of the Show, where C.B.S. had rigged up a stage set and a camera in an enclosure illuminated by banks of powerful lights. A few feet away were two color receivers. Standing on our toes in the crowd before the enclosure and craning to the left, we made out a pretty, blond young lady, in a dress with stripes of yellow, red, brown, pink, and blue, seated in a red chair and staring at a bowl of assorted fruit. Craning to our right, we made out a man wearing earphones who was peering into the back of the camera, which rested on a wheeled tripod, and next to him another man with earphones, studying something on a sheet of paper. We asked a lady beside us when the show was to begin. "We all been



"Thank God we've got a guide who really knows the river!"



standing here a half hour, waiting," she said. "Should be any minute now. That girl inside is Patti Painter, Miss Color Television." We thanked her and began trying to work our way around in front of one of the two receivers, which looked like ordinary television sets with convex magnifying glasses in front of their screens. Each was on a platform about six feet high. A slim young man stood beside the receiver nearer us, adjusting knobs. He was presently braced by a small, gray member of the crowd, wearing a fedora and thick-lensed glasses, who extracted a folder from a briefcase he was carrying and held it out with a flourish. It was a booklet full of tabulated numbers, and the young man looked at it with polite interest. "It's the Miracle Mathematics Chart," said the small man. "It'll solve any engineering problem television's got—finds per cent, squares numbers, changes decimals to fractions, all in a flash. Give me a number and I'll square it." "Take off your hat!" somebody in the rear shouted, and the small man did.

Gasps went through the crowd, indicating that the show was on, but from our angle, which was a sharp one, all we saw in the magnifying glass was the upside-down reflection of several members of the public. "What about F.C.C.?" someone shouted at the young man. "We got nothing to do with F.C.C.," he said firmly. "This is a closed circuit. This is for industrial use on closed circuits. You use it for industrial use and window displays and instructing employees." A lady in a black dress and a wide-brimmed hat introduced herself to the young man as Miss Lawson, head of publicity for the Show, and asked him how reception was. "I have to keep adjusting the phasing," the young man said. "Lips too bright, lips too light." Miss Lawson asked about public reactions, and the television man reported that the evening crowds thought the fidelity great but that bobby-soxers were a pain in the neck in the forenoons, wisecracking and asking silly questions. "Turn up the sound!" someone in the crowd yelled, and the television man complied. We fell into conversation with Miss Lawson, and she introduced a gentleman beside her, Mr. Pierre Marquis, and advised us that she was putting him on the color broadcast as soon as she could dream up something visual for him. "Mr. Marquis is Facts, Incorporated," she told us, and Mr. Marquis explained, "We answer eighty-five per cent of the questions asked in from three to five minutes. We have a file of a million answers, like 'When did the first advertisement for a Model A Ford appear?'" The man with the miracle numbers waved his booklet at Miss Lawson and said, "If you had this, you wouldn't need a slide rule." "We could have a girl answer questions over the phone," said Mr. Marquis to Miss Lawson. "Not visual," she said, and then quickly continued, "Wait a minute. We'll have a girl dressed up in question marks, and we'll do it terribly staccato." She paused a creative moment or two and then went on enthusiastically, "Someone will call her up and ask her ten fast questions, and she'll rattle off ten fast answers." Mr. Marquis remarked to us that facts are commodities, and he and Miss Lawson went off. We managed to maneuver over in front of the receiver as the crowd gasped again. We saw a painting of a young woman in a red dress being removed from an easel. A picture of a red house replaced it. "Vericolor television, for business," came the wheedle from the set, "for research, for . . ."

Service

LADY who left her glasses in a Pullman compartment in a train from New York to Montreal reported her loss to the Pullman Company and received the following reply, which she peers at occasionally in a nearsighted way:

> DEAR MADAM:
>
> With reference to your reported loss of glasses, while a passenger in one of our cars.
>
> A very thorough and exhaustive investigation has just been completed, without locating the missing sweater.
>
> Regretting this loss and my inability to give you a more favorable reply, I am
>
> Yours truly,
> G—— B——,
> *Dist. Supt.*

Now, the lady wonders, has another passenger, who reported the loss of a sweater, received a pair of glasses? Or is the sweater simply a figment of the Pullman Company's imagination? Such questions bedevil her waking hours.

THE FORGOTTEN BACH

THIS year, the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750, has been justly made an occasion to do honor not only to him but to his illustrious relatives, Johann Christian Bach, Johann Michael Bach, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, Johann Gottfried Bernhard Bach, Johann Christian Friedrich Bach, Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst Bach, and the many other scions of that great dynasty without which the world today would be just about toccata-less.

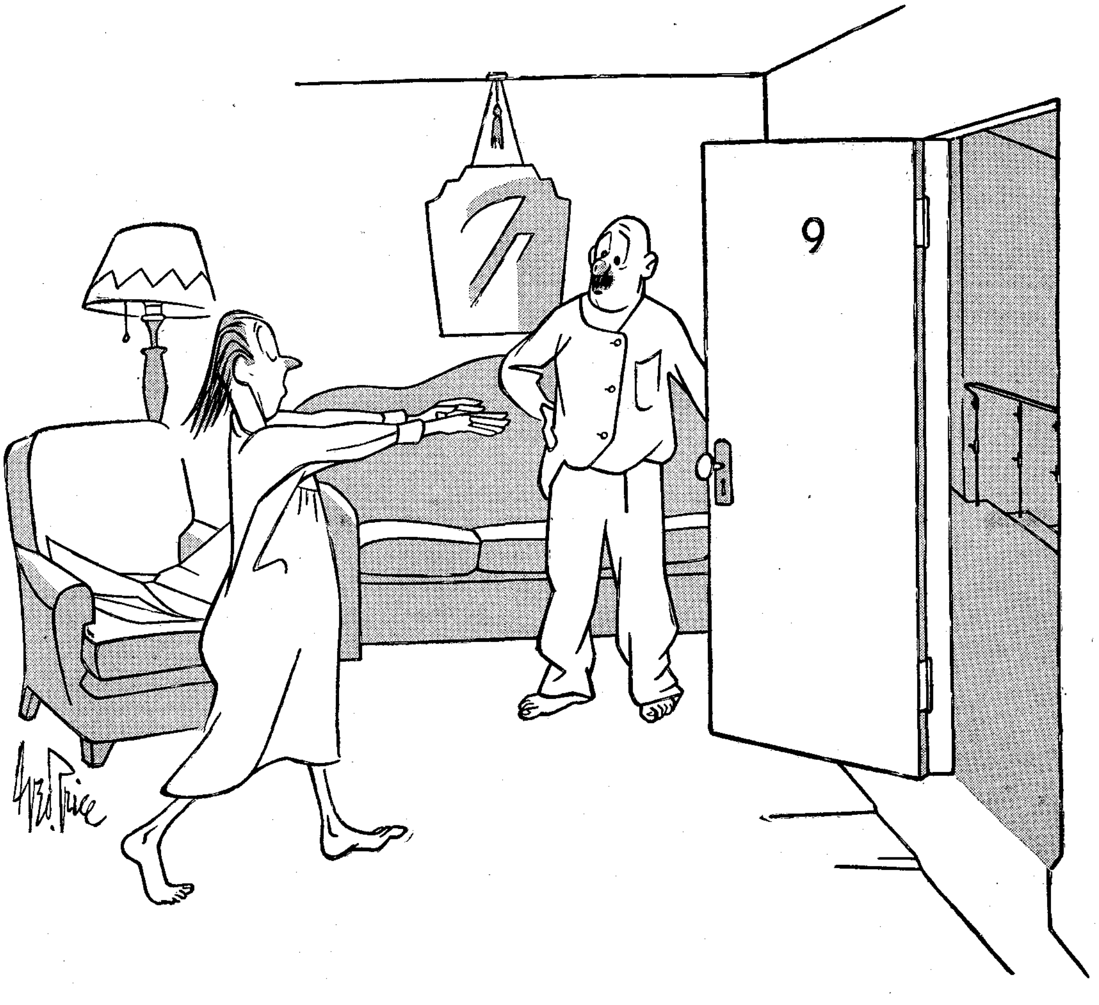
Yet how much does the average music-lover really know about the Bachs? Is there a hint of lip service in our current tributes to them? Does anyone, for instance, know about Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach, the Bach the Bachs would like to forget, and, indeed, have forgotten? I shall not be thanked in some quarters for bringing his name up, yet he deserves mention; he was unique in the annals of the family. First, however, a word about that family.

Johann Sebastian, the principal in the present celebration, was, of course, the composer of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." Johann Sebastian was the brother of Johann Christoph, 1671-1721. Johann Christoph is not to be confused with Johann Christoph Friedrich Bach, 1732-1795, or with Johann Christian Bach, 1735-1782. Johann Christoph was the Ohrdruf Bach, and composed many motets, sarabands, and preludes for the clavier. This Johann Christoph was the grandson of Christoph the Weimar Bach, 1613-1661, and the grandnephew of Johann the Erfurt Bach, 1604-1673. There was also a Johann Christoph Bach, 1642-1703, who was the brother of Johann Michael Bach, 1648-1694. Johann Michael was known as the Eisenach Bach. No, that's not right. It was Johann Christoph who was the Eisenach Bach. Johann Michael was the Gehren Bach. He was the father-in-law of Johann Sebastian Bach and a nephew of Christoph the Weimar Bach, who was the grandfather of Johann Sebastian and the great-grandfather of Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach, Johann Charles Thomas Bach, Johann Friedrich Christian Bach—I mean Johann Christian Friedrich Bach—no, I mean Johann *Christoph* Friedrich Bach. Johann Christoph Bach, the son of Heinrich the Arnstadt Bach, 1615-1692, was the father of Johann Nikolaus Bach, of Jena, 1669-1753. Johann Nikolaus was the nephew of the Johann Michael Bach, of Gehren, who was father-in-law to Johann Sebastian Bach. Thus, Johann Sebastian was a cousin to his own wife. That is, his first wife. He was no kin to his second wife.

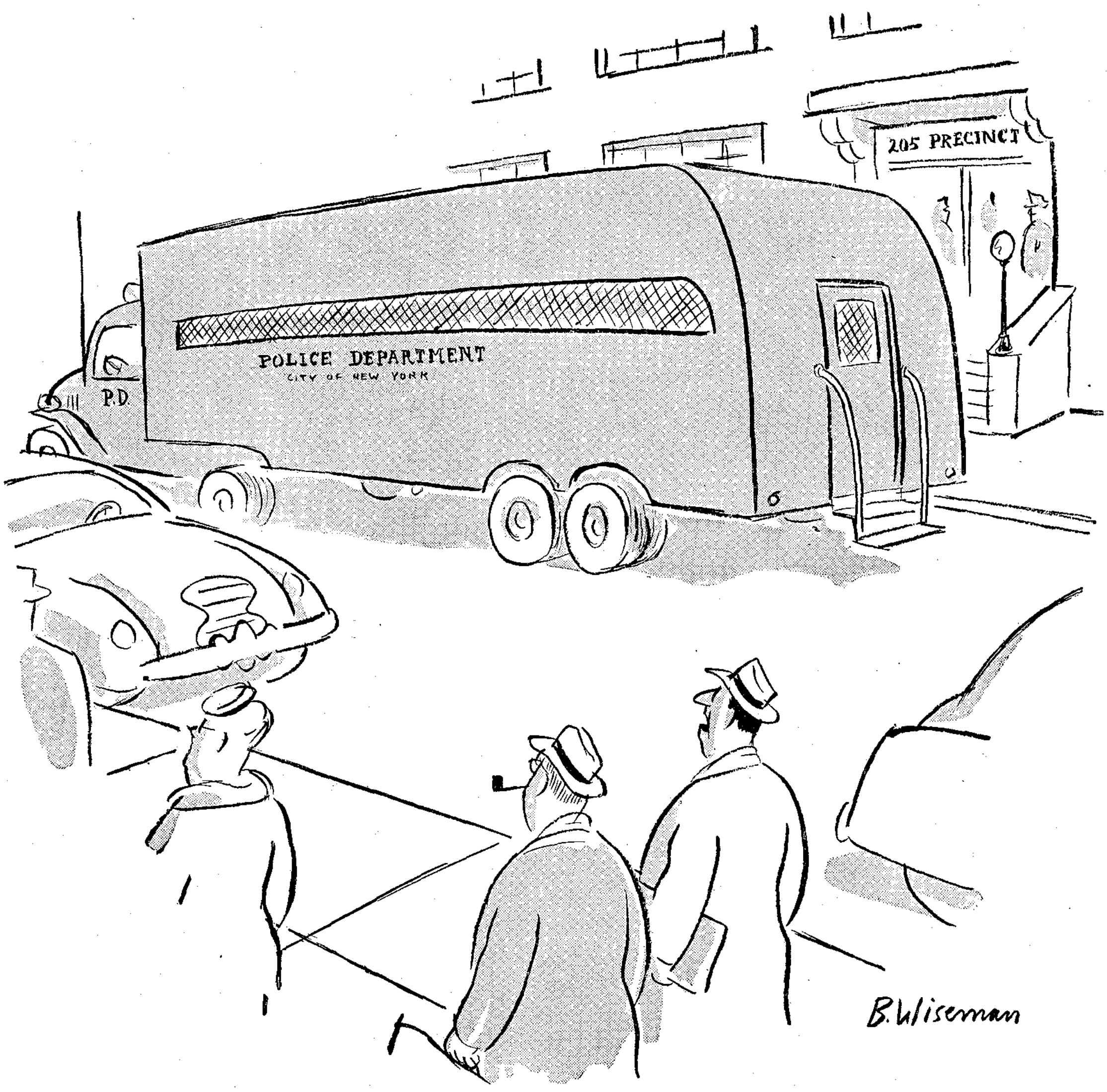
SO much for the family background. Though it has never been mentioned until now, I have reason to believe that Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach, the Forgotten Bach, was one of the many sons of Johann Sebastian Bach, and therefore a great-great-great-grandson of Veit Bach, born circa 1555, who is generally recognized as the founder of the family. Veit Bach played the zither. He had a son named Hans, who was the first Bach to become a professional musician. It seems a far cry from a zither to the Bach oratorio as we know it, and it seems even a farther cry from the Doric simplicity of names like Veit and Hans to the somewhat rococo mazes of Johann Christoph Friedrich and Karl Philipp Emanuel. Yet in accumulating all this nomenclature the Bachs were really only trying to help. As they multiplied, it became increasingly difficult for non-Bach Germans—what there were of them—to tell one Bach from another. (Johann Sebastian alone had twenty children. Well, not quite alone—seven with the help of his first wife and thirteen by courtesy of his second.) The Bachs thought to reduce the confusion by adding more names to each oncoming Bach, but since the names they added were usually Johann or Christoph or Christian or, if they were really in the groove, Friedrich, the result was confusion worse confounded.

At last, the music-loving but baffled Germans gave up trying to identify them by their names and tried associating each with the town where he was court organist.

This plan sounded fine on paper, for there were Bachs at Ohrdruf, Erfurt, Arnstadt, Potsdam, Jena, Bückeburg; in fact, there was scarcely a whistle stop, or organ stop, in



Germany that did not have its own Bach. So what happened? When the Germans called Wilhelm Friedemann the Dresden Bach, because he was organist at Dresden, he moved to Halle. When they called Karl Philipp Emanuel the Berlin Bach, because he was court organist at Berlin, he moved to Hamburg. When they called Johann Christoph the Milan Bach, he went to London to teach Queen Charlotte music, if possible. Did they do this to tease? We cannot know. But it was Johann Sebastian Bach who most effectively upset the plan to tell the Bachs apart by tying them up with cities, for he played at one time or another in Arnstadt, Mühlhausen, Weimar, Köthen, Lüneburg, Leipzig, Weissenfels, and Potsdam. Had I been an eighteenth-century German, I should have been tempted to call him just plain Jack Bach.



"It looks like the new Commissioner really means business."

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SO much for the family background. But first a word as to why the Bachs all lived in different cities. Well, they *had* to. They couldn't all play the organ in the same place at the same time. It was too dangerous to life and limb. They tried it once at a family reunion in Dresden, and the vibrations were so powerful that Dresden china was shattered for blocks around, and the Bachs themselves proved as subject to the laws of physics as the bric-a-brac. A member of the family named Philipp Philipp Philipp Bach, known as the Philipp Bach, was found unconscious in the buttery after the joint family recital. A powerful arpeggio from a toccata had caught him above the left ear, charred his wig, travelled down his waistcoat, ripping it open, melted the gold watch and seals in his smallclothes, ripped the buckles off his shoes, and knocked him out before jumping the length of the chamber to shatter a two-gallon crock filled with buttermilk, which it instantly turned into several pounds of a highly palatable cheese. After that incident, the Bachs gave each other a fairly wide berth.

SO much for the family background. Now for a few revelations about Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach, the Forgotten Bach. By the time a young Bach was two, he had usually toddled instinctively to the well-tempered clavier (a self-respecting Bach wouldn't give an ill-tempered clavier houseroom) and started work on his first motet. When Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach got to be two and a half without even an *aria da capo* to his credit, his father grew concerned. One day, he inveigled Johann to the w.-t. clavier, played a saraband, and asked Johann what it was. The boy did not know. Not only did not know but seemed bored. Not only couldn't tell a saraband but was just as ignorant about fugues, fantasias, preludes, capriccios, and Masses in any key, *a cappella* or otherwise. In some alarm, his father had the boy's hearing tested. It was perfect. He was just tone-deaf—the first male Bach in the history of the clan to be so, unless you consider old Veit, who played the zither, automatically suspect. (I specify male Bachs because the Bachs did not require their women to be musical; "*Kinder, Kuchen, und Keine Kantaten*" was the good old German motto for the Bach *Hausfrauen.*)

Naturally, after the scandalous discovery Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach's position in the family left a good deal to be desired. In fact, he became a kind of male Cinderella, and would soon have become hopelessly mired in inferiority feelings had not his Aunt Sophie taken pity on him and adopted him when he was five. Like most German women of the time, Aunt Sophie, who was one of the famous Froelich triplets of Lübeck, had married a Bach. At the time of her marriage, she had been fond of music, but after the marriage her husband composed fifty-two oratorios. Aunt Sophie used to say it was at about the thirty-ninth that her interest in music began to flag. Her heart went out to poor little Johann, who couldn't tell one note from another.

Tone-Deaf or not, Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach has left his mark on music. Aunt Sophie kept a diary and engaged in a voluminous correspondence. Her children and grandchildren did likewise. All these documents were carefully preserved, and were found in 1945 in an abandoned salt mine near Munich by a nephew of mine, Lieutenant Sacheverell O'Sullivan, of the Army of Occupation. He has entrusted these papers to my care, as a scholar of some repute. It is possible that this priceless literary and musical find should not be mentioned in the same breath with the Boswell Papers unearthed by Colonel Ralph Isham, but it certainly deserves to be mentioned in, let us say, the next breath but one.

From the Salt Mine Papers, I have already established some data that may make musical history. I find that, like all Bachs, Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach had twenty children. These children and their children scattered, in time, to many lands. One letter establishes that a grandson of Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach named John Herman bbach-ffranchott, of Twickenham, England, was the first person to cry "Bravo!" at the end of a musical performance, a happy custom that has been popular ever since, not only among bona-fide music-lovers but with concertgoers who are not quite sure what the concert was about and wish to chuck a bluff. Another grandson, Giovanni Federico di Bacco, lived in Rome and was arrested there in 1831 for applauding at the wrong place during a performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro." A great-grandson was publicly snubbed by Wagner at Bayreuth in 1876 for asking the composer when he was planning to write the second act of "Das Rheingold."

One of Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach's daughters, Ertrud, married a man from Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who was also tone-deaf, and among their descendants no fewer than twenty-two off-key Wagnerian tenors have been counted. More will undoubtedly come to light as my examination of the Salt Mine Papers proceeds.

Gretchen, another daughter, came to America at the end of the nineteenth century and married later into a prominent American family named Jukes, and many of her descendants, all, like herself, tone-deaf, have distinguished themselves musically in this country. A great-grandson, Hans Christoph Jukes, invented the box of that name and composed a series of preludes for it, called "The Well-Tempered Juke Box," on a theme suggested by Dinah Shore. Several of Gretchen's descendants are successful music commentators on the radio, and a round dozen of the more popular disc jockeys owe their success to the talent inherited from the tone-deaf matriarch. Others of that branch have had an important hand in the spread of modern music—I mean the really *modern* modern music—and it is claimed that one of Gretchen's daughters was the first person in the United States to rustle a program throughout an entire concert. I find no verification of this in the Salt Mine Papers, however, and until I do that title must remain with Miss Thoughtful Pumpelly,

YOU CAN BE A REPUBLICAN, I'M A GERONTOCRAT

Oh, "rorty" was a mid-Victorian word
That meant "fine, splendid, jolly,"
And often to me it has reoccurred
In moments melancholy.
For instance, children, I think it rorty
To be with people over forty.

I can't say which, come eventide,
More tedious I find—
Competing with the juvenile stride
Or meeting the juvenile mind.
So I think it rorty, yes, and nifty,
To be with people over fifty.

The pidgin talk the youthful use
Bypasses conversation.
I can't believe the code they choose
Is a means of communication.
Oh, to be with people over sixty,
Despite their tendency to prolixty!

The hours a working parent keeps
Mean less than Latin to them,
Wherefore they disappear in jeeps
Till three and four A.M.
Oh, to be with people you pour a cup for,
Instead of people you have to wait up for!

I've tried to read young mumbling lips
Till I've developed a slant eye,
But all I can read, between the quips,
Is, If I can't, why can't I?
Oh, to be beside a septuagenarian,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien!

They don't know Hagen from Bobby Jones,
They never heard Al Smith,
Even Red Grange is beyond their range,
And Dempsey is a myth.
Oh, golly, to gabble upon the shoulder
Of someone my own age, or even older!

I'm tired of defining hadn't oughts,
And of opposition mulish.
The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,
And, jingo, aren't they foolish!
All which is why, in case you've wondered,
I'd like a companion aged one hunderd.

—Ogden Nash

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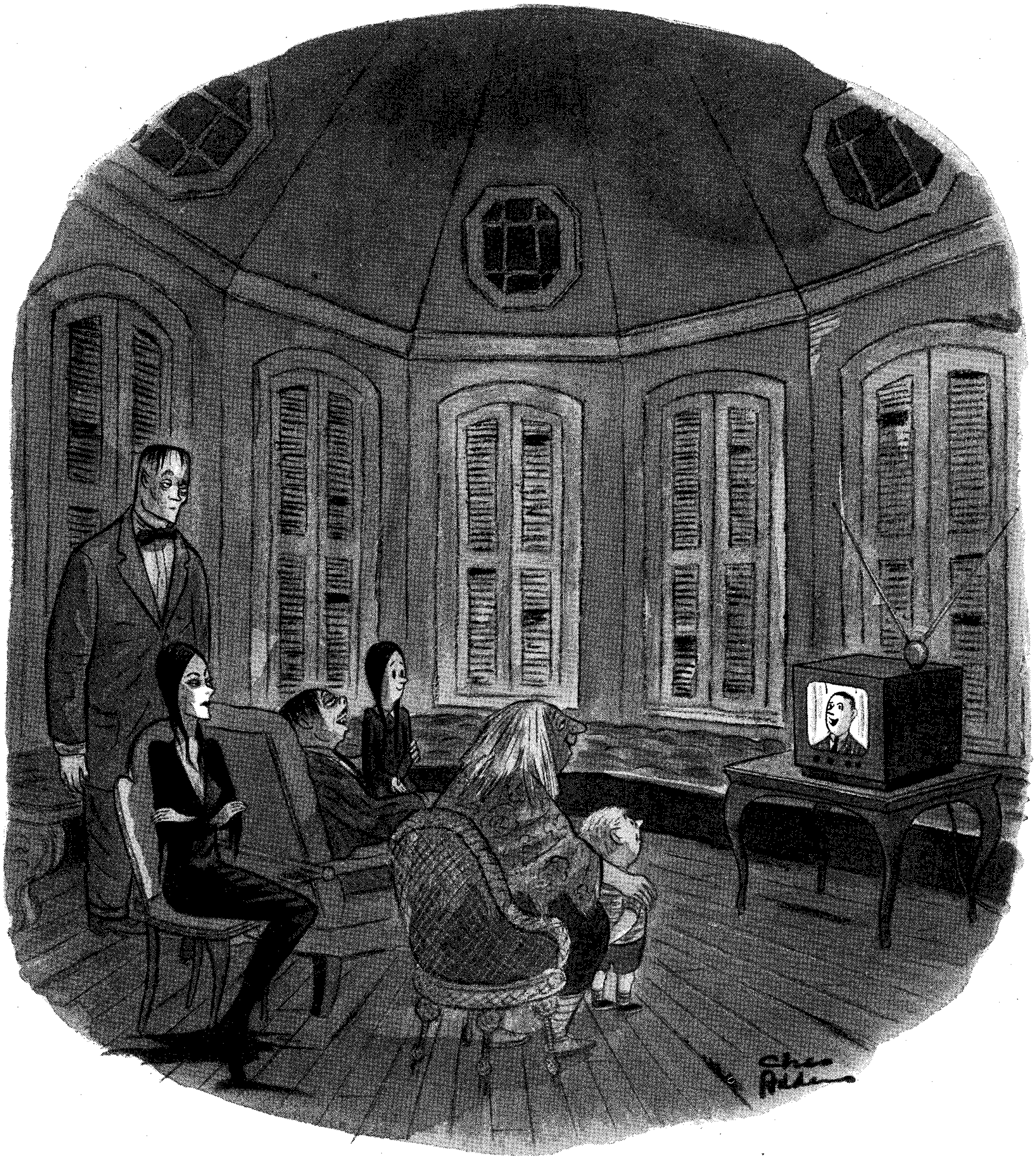


"And now we present 'Mary and Bill,' the story of a family that might be your next-door neighbors, and of their everyday life among everyday people just like yourselves . . ."

• •

who rustled the first program on record through a concert in Boston in 1851. Emerson has described the incident in an indignant letter to Carlyle.

THE foregoing is only the merest outline of what this remarkable, though unrecognized, branch of the Bachs has accomplished in music. I shall tell the whole story in detail and without pulling any punches in my forthcoming biography, "The Forgotten Bach," to be published either 8vo or 4to in 1954, all of it based on the Salt Mine Papers my nephew unearthed.

I know my name will be anathema to all except the most advanced music circles for this attempt to do belated justice to the memory of Johann Wolfgang Hermann Bach, but I like to think that old Johann Sebastian himself would be proud to know that his tone-deaf son had turned out rather like the ugly duckling.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

•

In Paris, it's nothing to have a man slam the door in your face in order to be the first to kiss your hand.—*Atlanta Journal.*

It's nothing until you try to do it.

MR. FRIEDMANN

DURING the years of my adolescence, it always seemed to me that the isolation and insignificance of our North of England village were indicated by the sort of train that took us to the neighboring town. When I was fifteen, I got a job in the office of a woollen mill there, and after that I went up every day by the eight-twenty, which consisted of a couple of shabby coaches pulled by an ancient engine that closely resembled George Stephenson's Rocket. We puffed vaingloriously along six miles of track, stopping at four other hamlets on the way, and sneaked furtively into the remotest corner of the terminal station. The drivers of the huge expresses bound for London or Manchester would look amusedly across the tracks at us, their sooty faces smiling.

But in the main street of the town nobody, I thought, could possibly guess that I was a country girl. I walked with a bold, competitive stride among the crowds of clerks and shopgirls, and sprang fearlessly onto the streetcar that carried me almost to the door of the office. Mill chimneys reared above the rows of gray stone cottages like a forest of branchless trees, the air was full of particles of soot, but I found it all absolutely enchanting, for I wanted above everything to belong to the great world.

The mill was shabby and dirty, with a cobbled road in front and a murky dam behind, but the second-floor office in which I worked seemed to me quite splendid. The walls were painted a bright cream, the floors were covered with glossy brown linoleum, and every single desk was of polished mahogany. The doorknobs, I decided, could easily be mistaken for solid gold. From nine to five, I aimed at being worthy of this superb environment, and, whatever job I was doing, I tried to give an impression of mature dignity bearing the weight of fearful responsibility.

Mr. Clay, the mill's secretary, was in charge of everything and accountable only to the board of directors. He seemed to possess an inexhaustible knowledge of high finance and the cloth trade, but his erudition had not made him in the least proud. He gaily repeated the same jokes every morning, patted the silk-covered shoulders of the two female clerks, and frequently chucked me under the chin. He had the amiability so often found in fat men, and whenever he spoke to us his three chins shook with benevolence. But just before a board meeting, or when one of the directors descended on us, the customary joy faded from his wide face, and he looked gray and old, so I wished the directors would die and leave him in peace. But they didn't.

My fellow-workers, Miss Dawson and Miss Shuttleworth, I took as models. I copied their handwriting and their accents, but the genuine hallmarks of refinement—their languor and their patronizing airs—I found quite inimitable.

"Look, child," pretty Miss Dawson said once. "It isn't necessary to run around as if the place were on fire. You make my head ache. And the way you slam doors . . ."

But though I endeavored to be gentle, the moment I touched an open door it banged with a noise like a small explosion. I knew that physical strength in a female was a misfortune, but mine was uncontrollable. Every time I opened the heavy album of health-insurance cards that I stamped on Fridays, I employed such force that Miss Shuttleworth, whose nerves were even frailer than Miss Dawson's, would shudder. Mr. Clay would laugh and say I was a powerful child, but I knew it was no compliment, and my struggles to achieve a mature and sober elegance were endless.

All day long, Miss Dawson and Miss Shuttleworth typed invoices and letters, or calculated wages. I was in charge of the telephone, the insurance cards, the postage book, and the mailing of samples, but my chief job seemed to consist of searching for the works manager, Mr. Saville. At least six times a day Mr. Clay would pop out of his inner office and say he must see Mr. Saville immediately, and I would run through the great mill, up and down innumerable flights of stone stairs, in and out of the engine room. No matter in what order I made the search, the manager was sure to be in the last place of all. He was a thin, silent, middle-aged man, inclined to melancholy. Miss Shuttleworth, who had a plain, chinless face and was very cultivated, said he was the most intelligent man she had ever met. I believed her, but my own affections were given to Mr. Clay.

DUET for HARPS
R. TAYLOR

THOUGH the mill was fairly prosperous, the board of directors was dissatisfied. A few months after I went there to work, the directors decided that we must go in for more lucrative lines of cloth. New machines arrived in great trucks and were hoisted up to the finishing shop, commercial travellers came with snowy samples of raw wool, I dispatched hundreds of packages containing swatches of our smooth and elegant new cloths. Our new fabrics failed to attract large orders, and Mr. Clay suffered. He tried to be gay, he went on patting the lady clerks and chucking me under the chin, he fed us on chocolate and honeyed words, but sometimes, when he thought he was unobserved, his massive face would sag and he would sigh profoundly. And because I loved him, I, too, felt exasperated and affronted by the ubiquitous demand for cheap Art Serge and unprofitable gray linsey. I didn't see what could be done. But Mr. Clay knew.

"If only we could get at Friedmann," he would say.

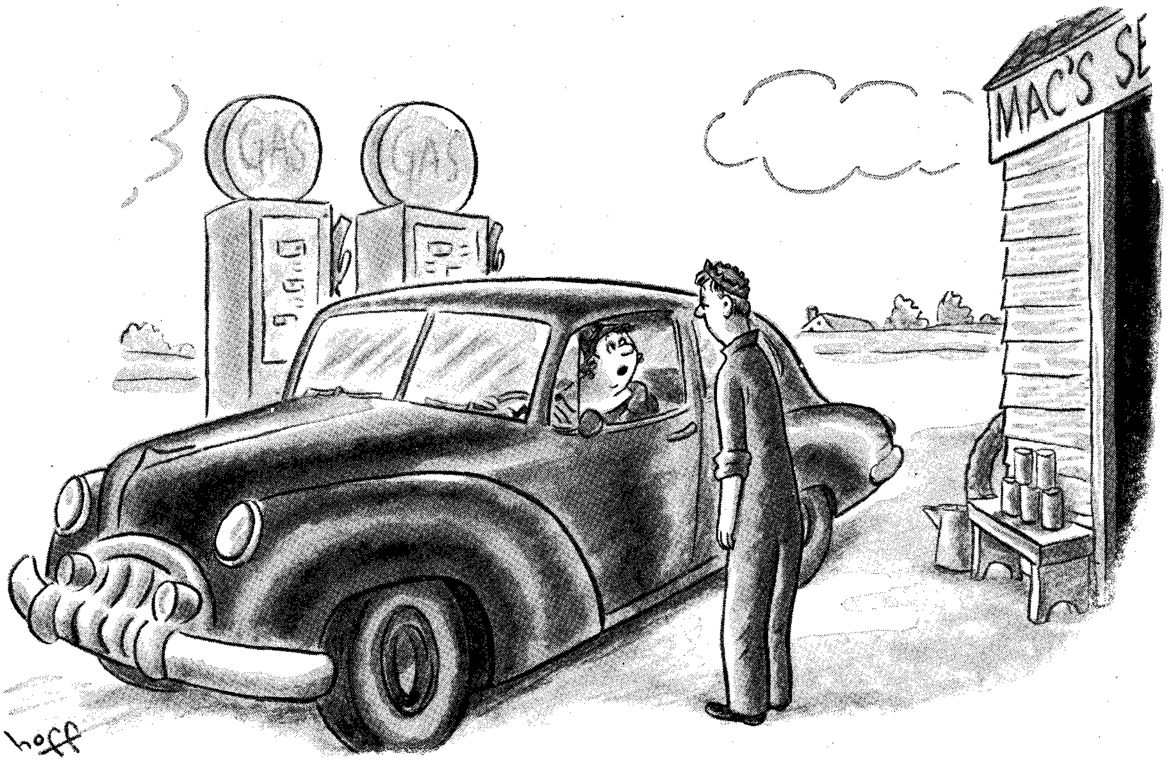
Once, when Mr. Clay had gone off to the finishing shop, I asked the glamorous Miss Dawson who Friedmann was.

"A Jew," she said.

I had never, to my knowledge, set eyes on a Jew, but I had read Shakespeare and the Bible.

"Why does Mr. Clay want to get at him?" I asked.

"Because he's the biggest middleman in the North of England. Buys first-rate stuff and nothing else. If he took up our new lines, we'd be made."



"It went 'grrzlackity, grrzlackity, grrzlackity, bonk.'"

"Well, we could telephone him," I suggested, feeling full of business enterprise.

"Our agent has been after him for two years," Miss Dawson said coldly.

I had seen our agent. He was as lively and aggressive as a wasp, and if he couldn't sting Mr. Friedmann into a response, nobody in our office could manage it. I gave up hope completely.

Then, one day, the telephone rang and a prim feminine voice said, "This is Friedmann and Company. Mr. Clay, please." I switched the call through to the inner office so hastily that I almost cut it off. Two minutes later, Mr. Clay, radiant as a sun lamp, burst into the general office and caught me by the hair.

"Run, child!" he cried. "Fetch Mr. Saville this minute! Tell him Mr. Friedmann's coming tomorrow! Coming here!"

I rushed into the mill and finally located the manager in the engine room. Forgetting my terror of the engine, I ran along the narrow wooden platform beside it, clutched Mr. Saville, who was conferring with the engineer, and shouted the news above the clangor of the piston rods. All he said was "Look where you're going or you'll fall over the guardrail." Realizing my danger, remembering that the engine was always waiting for a victim and would prefer me to anybody else, I edged my way along the platform and sidled out of the door.

All next morning, Mr. Clay was restless, and his kind, enormous face was pathetically anxious. He frequently conferred with Mr. Saville, and the foreman of the finishing shop kept bringing in samples and taking them away again.

"When Mr. Friedmann comes, bring in tea," Mr. Clay said to me. "And here's some money—buy something to eat."

"Buy what?" I asked anxiously.

"Oh, buns, cake, anything!" cried Mr. Clay in exasperation.

I wondered what sort of cake Mr. Friedmann would like. Shylock had said, "Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons." That was clear enough. I liked coconut buns beyond anything, so I decided Mr. Friedmann would like them, too.

AT three o'clock, I was looking out of the window and saw a taxicab stop in front of the street door. There was neither an office nor a receptionist on the first floor. It was one of my jobs to run down and show visitors up, and I was at the foot of the stairs this time before the bell rang. When I opened the door I was sharply disappointed, for Mr. Friedmann wore neither a beard nor a robe. I had expected Solomon in all his splendor, and here was a little, wrinkled old man in an English overcoat that seemed too big for him, and a bowler hat that seemed too small. I soon recovered from the shock his conventional appearance gave me, and led him up the stairs and through the general office to Mr. Clay's sanctum. Mr. Clay, a mountain of affable flesh, rose from his chair and held out his hand.

"Delighted to see you," Mr. Clay said. He was, too.

Later, when I took in the tea tray, Mr. Friedmann was sitting at a long table, expertly feeling rolls of cloth with his tiny fingers, and Mr. Clay was nervously watching him. Mr. Saville was also there. He seemed unconcerned, but then he never had to face the board of directors.

"Tea," I said, and then, dreadfully, a coconut bun fell off the tray and rolled under the table. Mr. Clay, who always stood by me when I was in trouble, smiled kindly and told me to put the tray down. I found an empty corner of the table for my burden.

"This is our little country girl," Mr. Clay said. "Lives on a hilltop with a lot of shepherds and sheep."

I turned to Mr. Clay in angry astonishment. Whenever the typists tried to tease me, he came to my defense, yet now he was making fun of me to amuse Mr. Friedmann.

"There are no shepherds," I said

IN THE ELEGY SEASON

Haze, char, and the weather of All Souls':
A giant absence mopes upon the trees:
Leaves cast in casual potpourris
Whisper their scents from pits and cellar-holes.

Or brewed in gullies, steeped in wells, they spend
In chilly steam their last aromas, yield
From shallow hells a revenance of field
And orchard air. And now the envious mind

Which could not hold the summer in my head
While bounded by that blazing circumstance
Parades these barrens in a golden trance,
Remembering the wealthy season dead,

And by an autumn inspiration makes
A summer all its own. Green boughs arise
Through all the boundless backward of the eyes,
And the soul bathes in warm conceptual lakes.

Less proud than this, my body leans an ear
Past cold and colder weather after wings'
Soft commotion, the sudden race of springs,
The goddess' tread heard on the dayward stair,

Longs for the brush of the freighted air, for smells
Of grass and cordial lilac, for the sight
Of green leaves building into the light
And azure water hoisting out of wells.

—Richard Wilbur

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hotly. "They're farmers. And most of the people work in mills, just as they do here."

Mr. Friedmann looked at me, and his soft, brown eyes seemed to be smiling. "How do you amuse yourselves in the country when you aren't working?" he asked. I noticed that he had a delicate lisp.

"Oh, we have lots of exciting things," I told him. "*Conversaziones*, and balls, and jumble sales, and— and there's the Big Sing every year. That's wonderful."

"Who sings?" asked Mr. Friedmann.

"Why, nearly everybody. The Church folk, the Wesleyans, the Methodists—they all join together to form one big choir and sing on the village green on Sing Sunday. My aunt's one of the sopranos."

Mr. Clay gave a little cough.

"What do they sing?" inquired Mr. Friedmann.

"Oratorio," I replied, and then, fearing that a cloth merchant might not have heard the word, "You know, the 'Messiah,' 'Israel in Egypt'—all those things of Handel."

"And what are they singing this year?" Mr. Friedmann asked.

" 'Elijah,' " I said. "They've just started practicing this week."

" 'Elijah,' " Mr. Friedmann echoed. "And did Handel write that, too?"

"No, Mendelssohn," I answered promptly. "Our vicar says he's the greatest composer since Handel."

Mr. Friedmann seemed impressed, though he said nothing more. He nodded several times, smiling softly to himself.

Mr. Clay now gave me a look that said we had discussed "Elijah" long enough, so I excused myself and left.

The conference was over half an hour later. Little Mr. Friedmann came over to my desk on his way out and held out his hand.

"Goodbye," he said. "I shall telephone you sometime to see how 'Elijah's' getting on," and out he went, escorted by Mr. Clay.

The taxi went off with a hoot, and Mr. Clay came puffing up the stairs.

"Five hundred pieces!" he said. He chucked me under the chin and gave me a squeeze. "Tell your aunt to keep on at 'Elijah.' "

AFTER that, the prim-voiced secretary telephoned about twice a week, and Mr. Friedmann frequently talked to me before asking for Mr. Clay. He would merely ask how I was, or how the rehearsals for the Big Sing were going, but I found it charming, and Mr. Clay said it was jolly nice of the old chap—you'd never think a Jew would care about such things. One day, after Mr. Clay had been talking on the telephone for a while, I heard the slam of the inner door and looked up to see him standing beside me.

"Well, I never!" he said, wiping the sweat off his face with a handkerchief. "Mr. Friedmann's coming to see about a new order on Wednesday and wants to take you out to lunch, child. I don't know what to do. I said I'd ask you and telephone back."

He looked very disturbed. Though he jocularly patted all three of us impartially several times a day, he had a high sense of propriety.

"He'll probably adopt you," Miss Dawson said, letting a sneer spoil her lovely face. "And marry you when you grow up. How'd you like that?"

"I believe they fast for two weeks at Easter," Miss Shuttleworth commented. "Can you imagine the poor child going without food for a fortnight?"

I conquered my indignation and asked Mr. Clay to say yes.

"Well, there's no harm in the old chap," Mr. Clay said, though he looked doubtful about it. "Telephone his secretary and say you'll go."

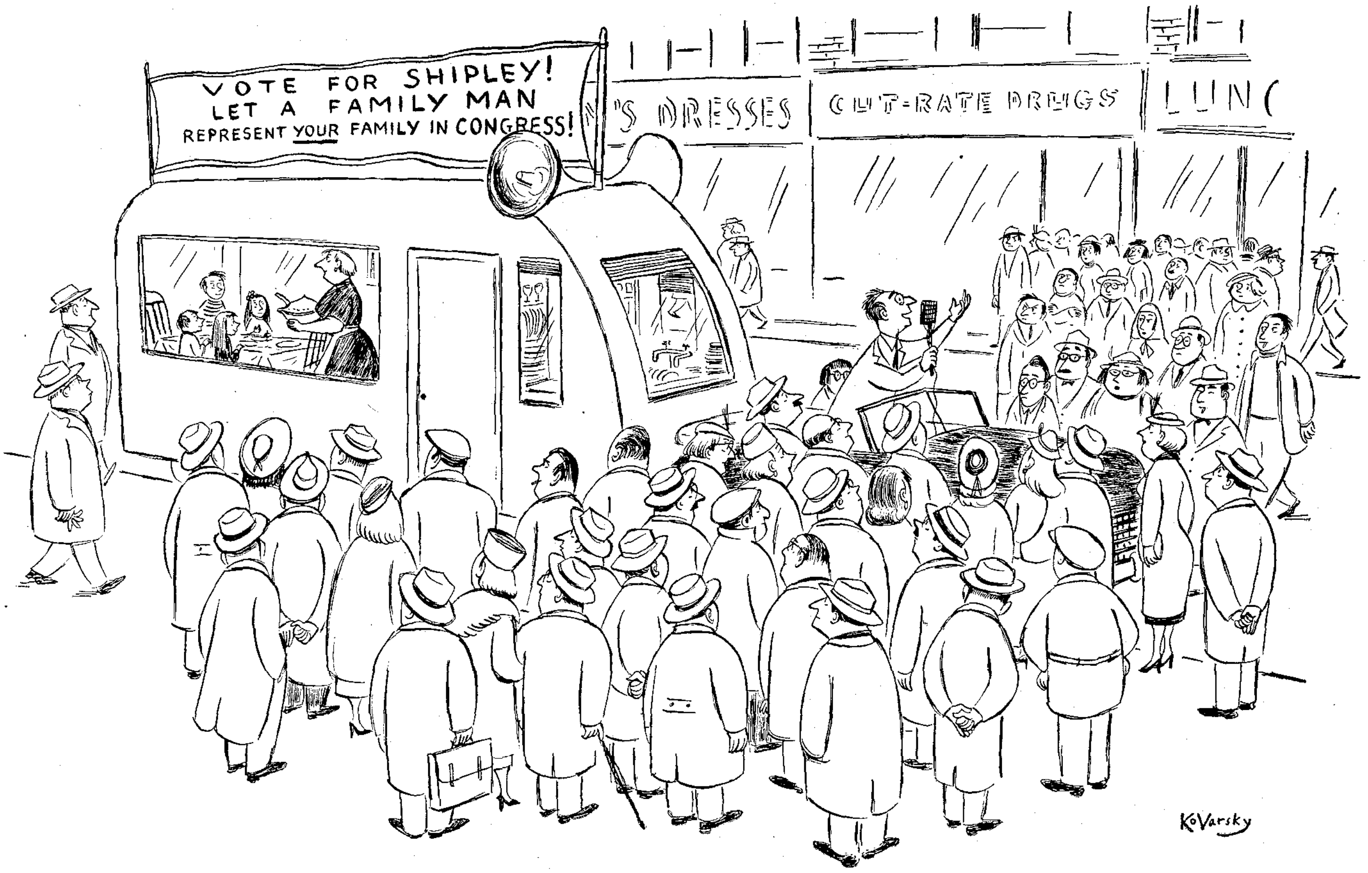
When Mr. Friedmann arrived on the following Wednesday, Mr. Clay's moonlike face was creased with anxiety.

"Better take her to some quiet little place," he said with false heartiness.

"Young ladies don't like quiet places," Mr. Friedmann said tartly. "My secretary booked a table at the Golden Fleece."

I stepped into the taxi, and hoped that Mr. Friedmann would be impressed by my blue Sunday coat and my brown suède shoes.

The Golden Fleece was the biggest hotel in the town. We walked up the wide, shallow steps, and a green-and-gold doorman ushered us into the foyer. A page studded with gilt buttons took Mr. Friedmann's hat and coat. Wonder-struck, I crossed the wide expanse



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of carpet, between pots of laurel and rows of tropical palms, and felt as if I were treading the flowery plains of Heaven.

The dining room glittered with mirrors. Our table, under a tall window imposingly draped with fine net, was so cluttered up with cutlery that my stomach ached with apprehension.

"Will you have a glass of sherry first?" Mr. Friedmann smiled at me with his eyes. "Are you allowed it at your age?"

I was allowed a glass of port at Christmas, so I presumed I could drink sherry.

Mr. Friedmann ordered sherry for us both. When it came, he lifted his glass and said, "Your health!" I had not tasted sherry before, and found it even more stimulating than port.

When we started eating, I quite forgot my anxiety about the cutlery and began telling Mr. Friedmann my ambitions. He approved of them all, and said it was absolutely essential for me to go to a university, if only to find out there was nothing in it. There was only one discordant note in our delightful harmony, and that was the relationship between Mr. Friedmann and our waiter. Mr. Friedmann spoke quite sharply to him, and the waiter gave cold and supercilious answers. I decided that this was the way waiters always behaved, until, watching him in attendance at the next table, I saw the solemn face flare into gaiety at a joke made by a man with a toothbrush mustache. Clearly, it was Mr. Friedmann who chilled the waiter, and yet, when we had drunk our coffee and Mr. Friedmann had paid the enormous check, he threw onto the plate a heap of silver that equalled half my week's salary. I expected a liberal obeisance from the waiter, but his unwinking gaze never left the tablecloth as he scooped up the coins.

"Well, we'll have to go back to the grindstone," Mr. Friedmann said. "It's nearly three o'clock."

I said I ought to have been back at work at half past one, but there would be no trouble when I returned, since I had been with him.

"And what makes you think that?" Mr. Friedmann asked.

"Why," I said, "we've had all sorts of people coming—buyers as well as travellers—but I never had to fetch buns till the day you came. That's why I was awkward and dropped one. It was good of you not to mind." I felt so grateful and affectionate that I took Mr. Friedmann's dry hand and squeezed it. He smiled.

"Let me give you a word of advice," he said. "When you start lunching out regularly, don't drink sherry."

"What ought I to drink, then?" I asked, for I knew I had much to learn about deportment.

"Water," Mr. Friedmann said. "Are we ready?"

Going out of the Golden Fleece was easy. I thought nothing of the carpets, the palms, and the mirrors; even the gold-buttoned doorman had become insignificant. High life was simple; you merely had to copy those who were born to it.

The doorman whistled for a taxi and bowed us into it as though Mr. Friedmann were royalty. But the face above the braided collar was as stiff as the face of a corpse.

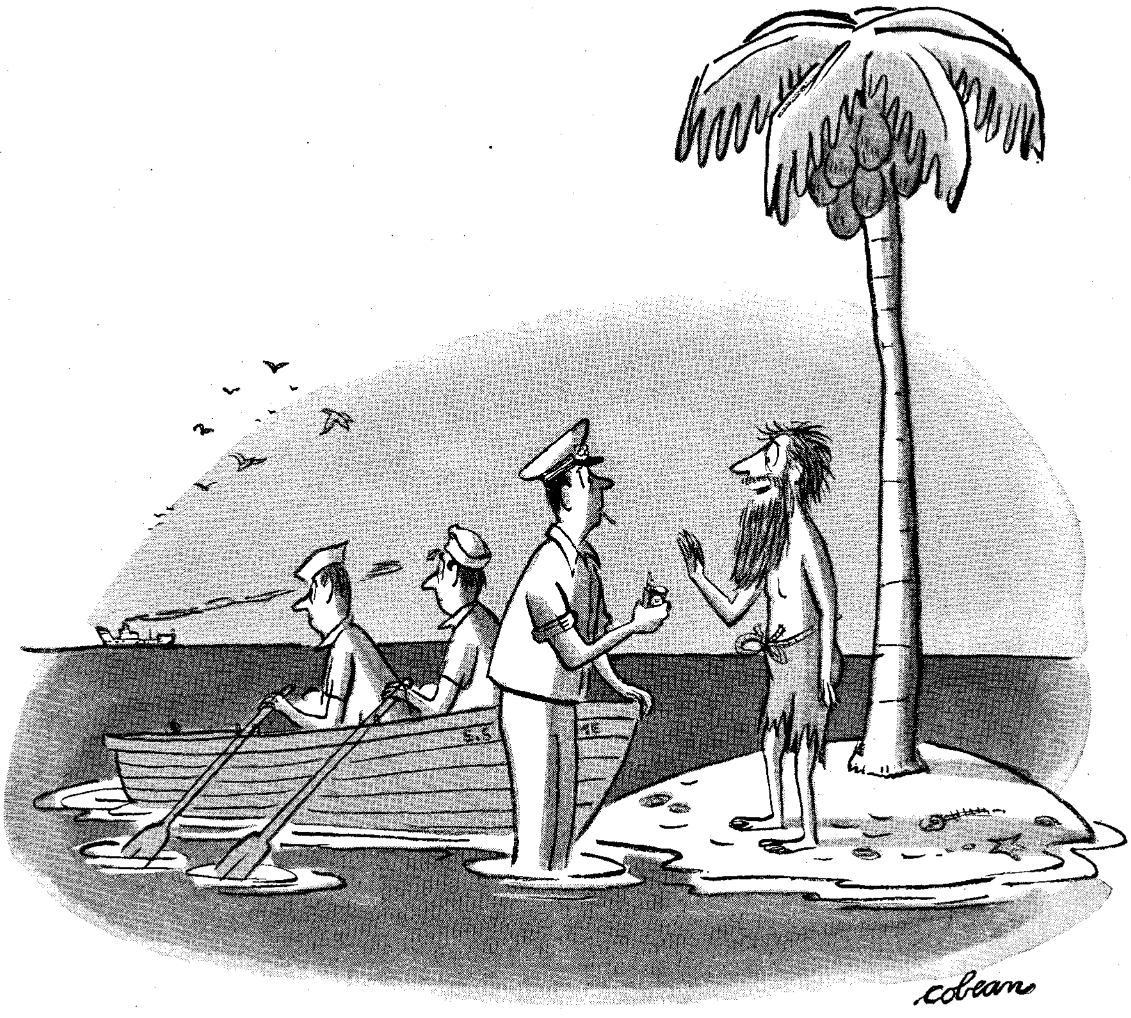
"You see," Mr. Friedmann said, leaning back against the dark cushions, "there's nothing difficult about it."

I looked at him, astonished. How could he have known what I was thinking?

"Another five years," Mr. Friedmann went on, "and you'll be ready for Buckingham Palace. There's only one thing to remember—never let anybody see you're afraid."

"I wasn't afraid after the first minute," I boasted.

"That was the sherry." Mr. Friedmann laughed. "I take back my ad-



"No, thanks. I've given them up."

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vice. You can have a glass of sherry now and then, but only one."

"I should never have more than one," I assured him. "My grandfather drank too much, Mother says, and it was so dreadful that she signed the Temperance Pledge when she was eight."

"That's definitely too early," Mr. Friedmann declared. "Always think a long time before you sign anything."

THE taxi stopped in the dim and cobbled street outside the mill and we got out. I tried to think how I could repay Mr. Friedmann for his kindness.

"Mr. Friedmann," I said, as we came to the foot of the stairs. "Someday I'll take *you* out to lunch. At the Golden Fleece, too."

"In polite society," Mr. Friedmann said with his charming lisp, "the gentleman always takes the lady to lunch. But I do hope you'll accompany me again sometime."

I said I should be delighted. I held his hand as we climbed the stairs, but at the top I remembered decorum and relinquished it. Mr. Friedmann gave me a brief twinkle of a smile and went into Mr. Clay's office.

As soon as he was inside, Miss Shuttleworth screwed her plain face into an expression of cordiality and asked if I'd had a nice time.

"Beautiful!" I said.

"Dear me!" murmured Miss Dawson.

When Mr. Friedmann finally left, he said goodbye to me briefly, without any leave-taking smile. I was deeply disappointed. We had been such friends and now, suddenly, we were strangers again. I thought I must have said something improper, and wondered miserably what it could have been. Then I remembered his frigid manner toward the waiter and decided that the presence of strangers was the reason for his chilly farewell.

Whenever Mr. Friedmann telephoned our office after that, he always talked to me before he asked for Mr. Clay, and once he forgot Mr. Clay altogether and switched off without asking me to put the call through. Miss Dawson said it was a pity he wasn't forty years younger, and Miss Shuttleworth remarked that there was no accounting for tastes.

ONE Friday, when I heard the prim secretary say, "This is Friedmann and Company," I waited for the pleasant, familiar lisp, but it was a harsh, bullying voice that inquired for Mr. Clay. Five minutes later, Mr. Clay came out of his inner sanctum, and his face was worried.

"We're going to lose the Friedmann account," he said to Mr. Saville, who was dictating a letter to Miss Dawson. "That was Friedmann's nephew. The old chap's dying."

"Have they just found it out?" Mr. Saville asked, frowning. "Always looked to me as if he had cancer." Miss Dawson took advantage of the interruption to fish in her bag for her mirror and scrutinize her face.

"According to the nephew, he's known it quite a while," Mr. Clay said. "But he kept on doing business as long as he could stand on his feet. That's a Jew all over—neither chick nor child to leave his money to, yet he keeps on working to the finish. They'd do business from their coffins if they could."

"And what's the nephew got to say to us?" Mr. Saville inquired.

"He's grumbling about the last delivery of pieces—wants an excuse to cancel the orders we've already got on our books. Dirty piece of work, I call it."

Nobody said anything. I started to add up a column in the postage book, but I couldn't see the figures.

Mr. Clay's hand fell gently on my shoulder. "I'm sorry, child," he said.

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

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"The Fire Department gives a feeling of security to the town and its surrounding communities that cannot be measured in dollars and cents," one citizen stated. However, the exact evaluation in figures is $30,000.00.—*Weston* (*W. Va.*) *Democrat.*

Forget it!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HITLER'S PHOTOGRAPHER

WHEN I was in Munich not long ago, I drove out to the Ungererstrasse camp for political prisoners to visit a friend of Adolf Hitler's, a photographer named Heinrich Hoffmann. For twenty-five years, from shortly after the founding of the Nazi Party, in 1919, until a few months before its collapse, Hoffmann was an intimate of the Führer, listening to him, travelling with him, and taking pictures of him. Hoffmann was as constant, devoted, indefatigable, and unthinking a follower as any Hitler ever had, and he made a fortune out of it. He started with little more than a camera, and by 1945 he was worth several million dollars, owning five estates, a publishing house for photograph books, several studios and photographic-equipment stores, the world's most extensive photographic archives, and a large collection of those nineteenth-century German paintings that, like the pegged reichsmark, were worth far more inside Germany than anywhere else. Among his numerous employees was Eva Braun, a young salesgirl. He introduced her to Hitler in 1929, and thus became godfather to one of the stodgiest romances of all time.

It was pretty much through the lenses of Hoffmann's cameras that the world saw Hitler. In all, Hoffmann took about ten thousand photographs of him. They have been printed in almost every conceivable form—in newspapers and magazines, on postage stamps, as portraits suitable for framing, and as placards as big as the side of a house. He compiled a number of best-selling picture books, including "The Face of the Führer," "Hitler as No One Knows Him," and "Hitler in His Everyday Life." He also put out a lucrative series of travel books, with such Rover Boy titles as "Hitler in His Mountains," "Hitler in His Homeland," "Hitler in Bohemia," and "Hitler in Italy."

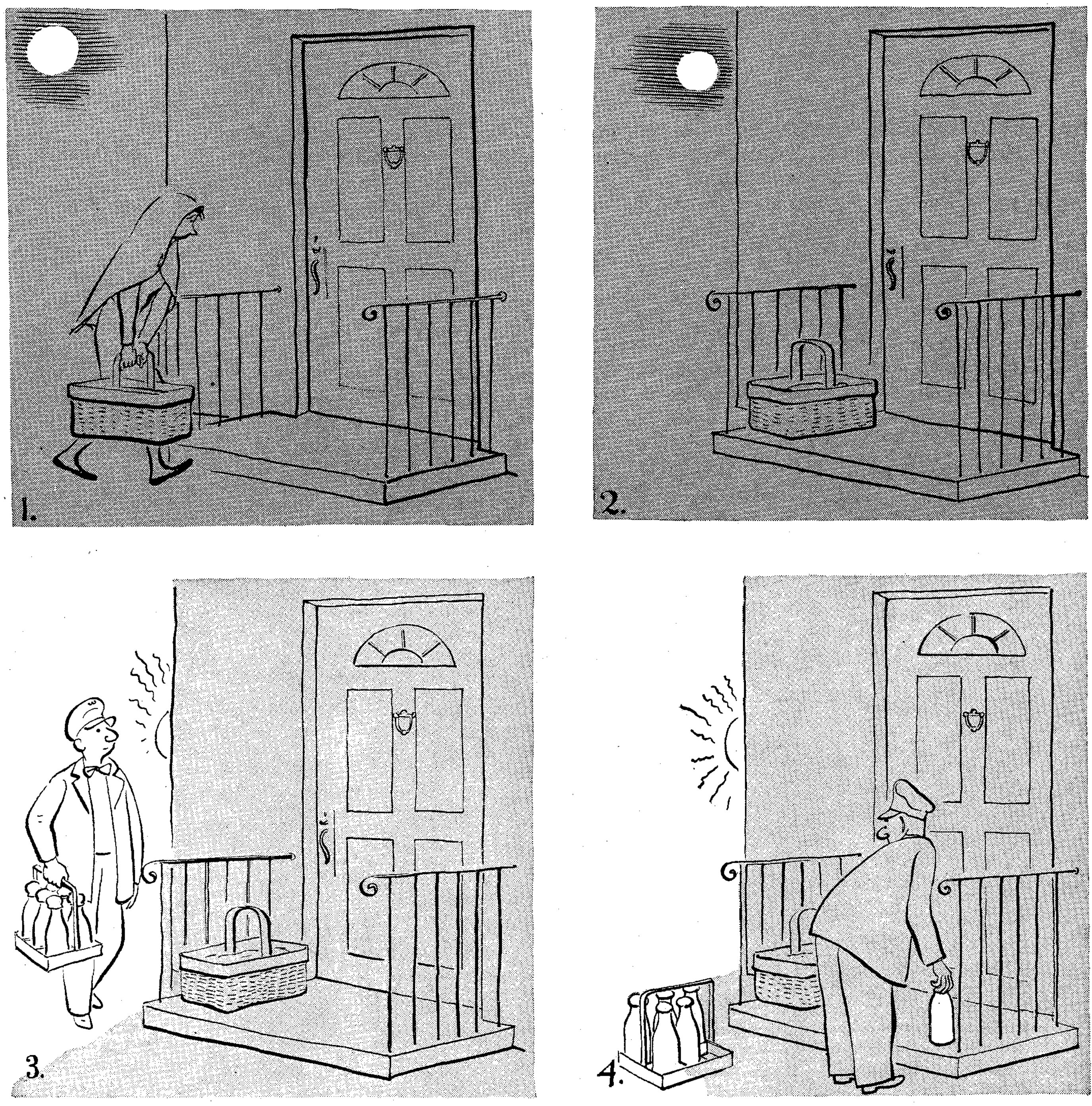
It was a dismal Sunday morning when I made my trip to see Hoffmann. The streets, still wet from rain the night before, were almost empty. American cars glided by occasionally, looking fantastically luxurious and powerful against the decrepitude of the background. I turned into the Ungererstrasse, continued along it about a mile, passing a landscaped outdoor swimming pool, a cemetery, and a big vacant lot, and then came to the prison camp. It consisted of a row of eight or nine temporary barracks in the middle of a dirt yard enclosed by a ten-foot barbed-wire fence. At each of the four corners was a watchtower, on tall wooden stilts, and there was a guardhouse at the entrance. At the time of my visit, the camp held a hundred and forty-five political prisoners, all men, about a third of whom had been sentenced under the denazification law and were serving out their terms. The others were awaiting trial or were being held as "security threats." Hoffmann was one of those who had been tried. All his assets except three thousand marks had been confiscated, and he had been given the maximum sentence—ten years.

A security inspector in the guardhouse looked at my pass and turned me over to a guard, who led me across the yard to the first barracks and introduced me to the acting commandant of the camp. The officer put down the score of a concerto he was studying and took me into a small, bleak room, which contained only a desk and two chairs. "I'll get Hoffmann for you right away," he said. I sat down behind the desk and waited about twenty minutes. Finally there was a knock at the door, and before I could say "Come in," Hoffmann came in, full tilt. A short, hunched man in his middle sixties, he was dressed in dark-gray trousers and a khaki G.I. sweater. He began to talk as soon as his face appeared in the doorway, speaking German with a strong Bavarian accent. "The guards didn't know where to look for me; that's why you've been kept waiting," he said. "This camp doesn't have a very good system for keeping track of its prisoners." He drew up the other chair and sat down. His face, thrust forward, hung over the desk like a low moon over a back-yard fence. He has a large, pocked, reddish nose, shrewd eyes behind bifocals, and a rather rodentlike mouth. I told him I had come to hear some of his recollections of Hitler.

"Yes, it's true," he began abruptly. "I knew Hitler for twenty-five years, was with him more times than I can count, received him frequently at my house, drank tea with him till all hours of the night, accompanied him practically everywhere, and photographed him thousands of times. But to say that I had a monopoly on him is utter nonsense." Since it hadn't occurred to me to make such a charge, I didn't say anything. "I never held any high state or Party office, you know. I never wanted to," Hoffmann went on. Then, with an intimate smile, he added, "I'll tell you why. Say I'd had some rank—*S.S. Sturmbannführer* or something like that—I wouldn't have had as many privileges. I couldn't have sat at table with generals. I couldn't have said what was on my mind to Hitler. He would have said [Hoffmann adopted Hitler's voice and manner], 'Who gave you permission to come to me? Go to your immediate superior with your troubles!' Some of the others were annoyed at the easy way I got on with Hitler. Goebbels, for instance. He and Göring and the others were always most respectful toward him. They had to be, because they were officials—subordinates. Once, not long after Hitler came into power, Goebbels called me to his office. 'Hoffmann,' he said, 'times have changed. The Führer is now the chief of the German state. No more of your Bavarian flippancy. From now on, you are to refer to him as *Mein Führer*.' I replied that that would be as Hitler wished. So I went to Hitler and asked him, 'How do you want me to address you now?,' and he said, 'The same as ever—as Herr Hitler.' It was handy for him to have a friend who was a photographer. Once—in 1938, it was—we were coming back to Berlin from Wilhelmshaven, where we had attended a burial ceremony for some of our Marines who were killed in the Spanish Civil War. Hitler's train smashed into a bus in the middle of the night, and twenty people were killed. I jumped out of the train, half dressed, and took flash photographs that proved the accident was the bus driver's fault. Hitler was very pleased and said it was a good thing I'd come along."

HITLER was not an easy person to photograph, Hoffmann said. No photographer could tell him how to pose. When he wanted his photograph taken, his secretary would tell the photographer when and where to be, and he was expected to have everything ready and waiting when Hitler got there. "Hitler would stride in, take his stance in front of the camera—you know, head stiff, chin drawn in, hand on his hip," Hoffmann said. "Everybody knows the pose. He had only three public poses: one hand on one hip, a hand on each hip, and arms folded. Then he would announce, 'I am ready. Take my photograph.' And no photographer would have dared to suggest, 'My Führer, the public is bored with that pose. Would you be so kind as to try another?' " Hoffmann laughed loudly at the very idea. "Earlier, he *had* had another pose—holding his riding whip in both hands—but he gave it up after Streicher, who also carried a whip, made a fool of himself by attacking an editor with it. Even I never tried to tell him how to pose, of course. But I always had my camera with me, even when I was just paying a social call. I'd watch him till I saw something I liked. Then I'd call out, 'There! Hold it! Just like that!'

"One day in March, 1938, in Berlin, Hitler said, 'Hoffmann, how would you like to drive down to Munich with me?' I knew there was no use asking why he was taking the trip, because he never discussed his plans with me or with anyone he didn't have to. He could be very secretive. I said I would like to go and asked how long we'd be staying. 'Take a change of clothes with you,' he said. 'We might be gone a few days.' 'Shall I take my camera along?' I asked. I always carried it, but I asked anyway. 'Might as well,' he said. 'You might run into something worth photographing.' When we got to Munich, Hitler said, 'Let's drive on through the Bavarian countryside, perhaps even as far as Simbach. Are you willing, Hoffmann?' 'Of course, Herr Hitler,' I said. We got to Simbach. It's a small town right on the Austrian border, on the Inn River. Across the river is the town of Braunau, where Hitler was born. All of a sudden, he said, 'Hoffmann, I have a strong desire to visit my home town.' 'But that's impossible, Herr Hitler!' I said. 'It's in Austria!' Hitler smiled. We took the road to the border. All at once, we were passing a column of troops. The barrier at the bridge was being raised. We were driving across



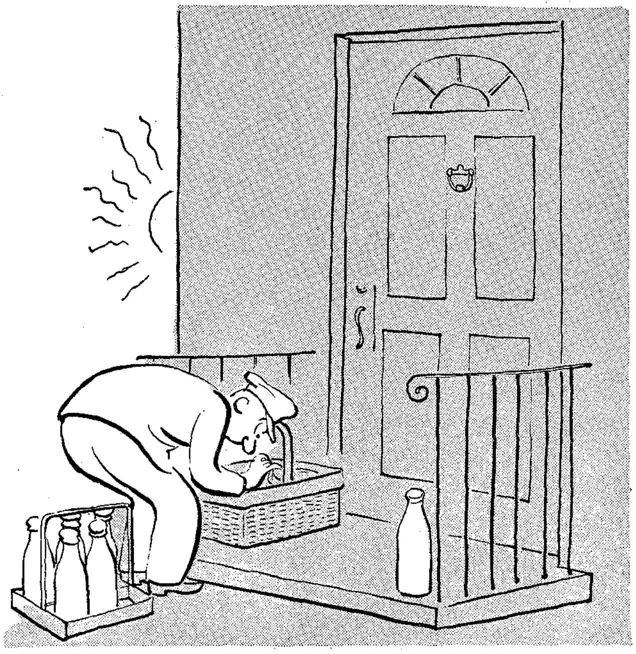
the bridge. A girl was handing him a bunch of flowers. And he looked at me and said, 'Well, Hoffmann, have you nothing to say?' And then, right then, I took one of my most famous pictures of him—the one with the spires of Braunau in the background. It was made into a postage stamp to commemorate Hitler's fiftieth birthday. It was the Anschluss with Austria."

Hoffmann made it all sound like a gentle folk tale. His account of Hitler's entry into Paris in 1940 had the same quality. One would never have guessed that a war was on. As he told it, the visit was simply that of a sightseeing tourist in something of a hurry: "One day, Hitler said, 'Hoffmann, how would you like to come to Paris with me? I haven't much time. I just want to visit Napoleon's Tomb, the Sacré-Cœur, and the Opera House. The rest doesn't interest me much.' I accepted the invitation and we went. On the way home, Hitler said, 'I am happy to have fulfilled the dream of my youth.' "

"HERE'S something they'd pay thousands for," Hoffmann said. "But they won't get it. Hoffmann keeps his word." He had taken out his wallet, and with a flourish like that of a conjurer producing a palmed card, he held out a snapshot. I looked at it. It had been taken at a banquet. In the foreground, two persons were facing each other, their champagne glasses touching in a toast. One was Hoffmann, dressed in evening clothes. The other was Joseph Stalin, wearing the uniform of a marshal of the Soviet Union. Just behind Stalin, Molotov's face was visible, grinning broadly. It was a curious photograph. Stalin seemed to be radiating good will toward Hoffmann; he was smiling benevolently and his head was inclined amiably, as if he were wholly and sincerely concerned with the toast he was extending with his right hand. His left hand—the one nearer the camera—was expressing something completely different. It was motioning in an admonitory way, and the movement had caused a blur on the film. "He was waving away the photographer, a German, one of my colleagues," Hoffmann explained. I studied the photograph, fascinated by the contradiction of Stalin's hands. It was a fine example of the everyday duplicity of diplomacy, framed, in this instance, within the monumental duplicity of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. "I had just offered Hitler's personal greetings to Stalin, and an invitation to be Hitler's personal guest in Berlin," Hoffmann went on, "and Stalin had just answered with compliments to Hitler. As I was leaving, I took the film from the camera and offered it to Stalin, but he graciously declined it. Whereupon I declared to him, 'I give you my word that this picture will not be printed.' And it never has been."

It seemed incredible that Hoffmann could have played such a role. I asked him if he hadn't gone to Moscow merely as a photographer. "That, of course," he answered. "Always that. But I had another mission, too. I was Hitler's personal emissary to Stalin. Since I held no government office, the greetings I brought could have a more personal character than any transmitted through the Foreign Office—by Ribbentrop, say. And then there was something else. Hitler was curious about Stalin and wanted my impression of him. He couldn't get anything intelligent from the Foreign Office. Ribbentrop had filled it with a bunch of stooges as stupid as himself, if that was possible. 'Go to Moscow, Hoffmann,' Hitler said. 'See Stalin. Talk to him. And bring me back a report.' " (Whenever Hoffmann quoted Hitler, his body puffed up a little and he seemed to swagger. He clenched his jaw, bulged his eyes, and made his voice harsh and constricted. He spoke in staccato phrases, and each phrase was accompanied by a gesture, always the same—a chopping stroke with the open hand. It was a vivid re-creation.) "As soon as I got back to Berlin," Hoffmann continued, "I hurried over to see Hitler and gave him my report. I told him," he said, leaning forward even farther and spacing his words significantly, "that Stalin made a good impression, that he seemed healthy, that he had a high forehead, was agile and lively, and had clever—almost cunning—eyes." Hoffmann sat back in his chair. What I had heard, apparently, was his special report on Stalin in its entirety.

The door opened. The acting commandant looked in at Hoffmann and announced, "A visitor to see you." "Ah, it must be Erna!" said Hoffmann. "She said she was coming today." The officer stepped back, and a woman walked in. We stood up, and Hoffmann introduced me to his wife. She is in her early forties, has red hair about the color of a chow's, and pale-blue eyes, set in a rather flat face. Her features are mobile and her manner is animated. She was wearing pearl-and-diamond earrings and a light-brown tailored suit. By pres-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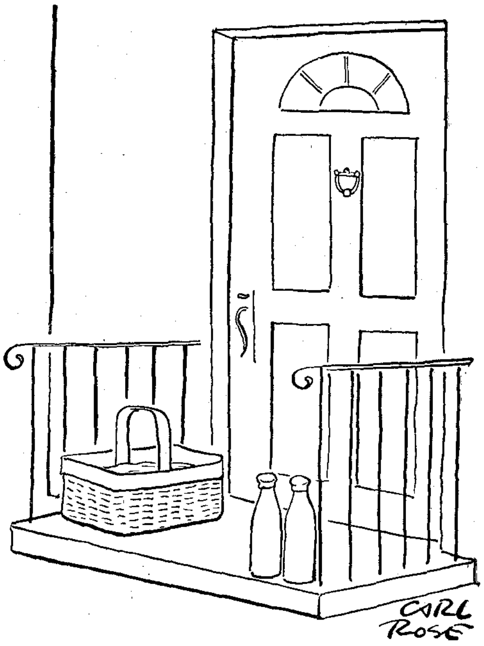
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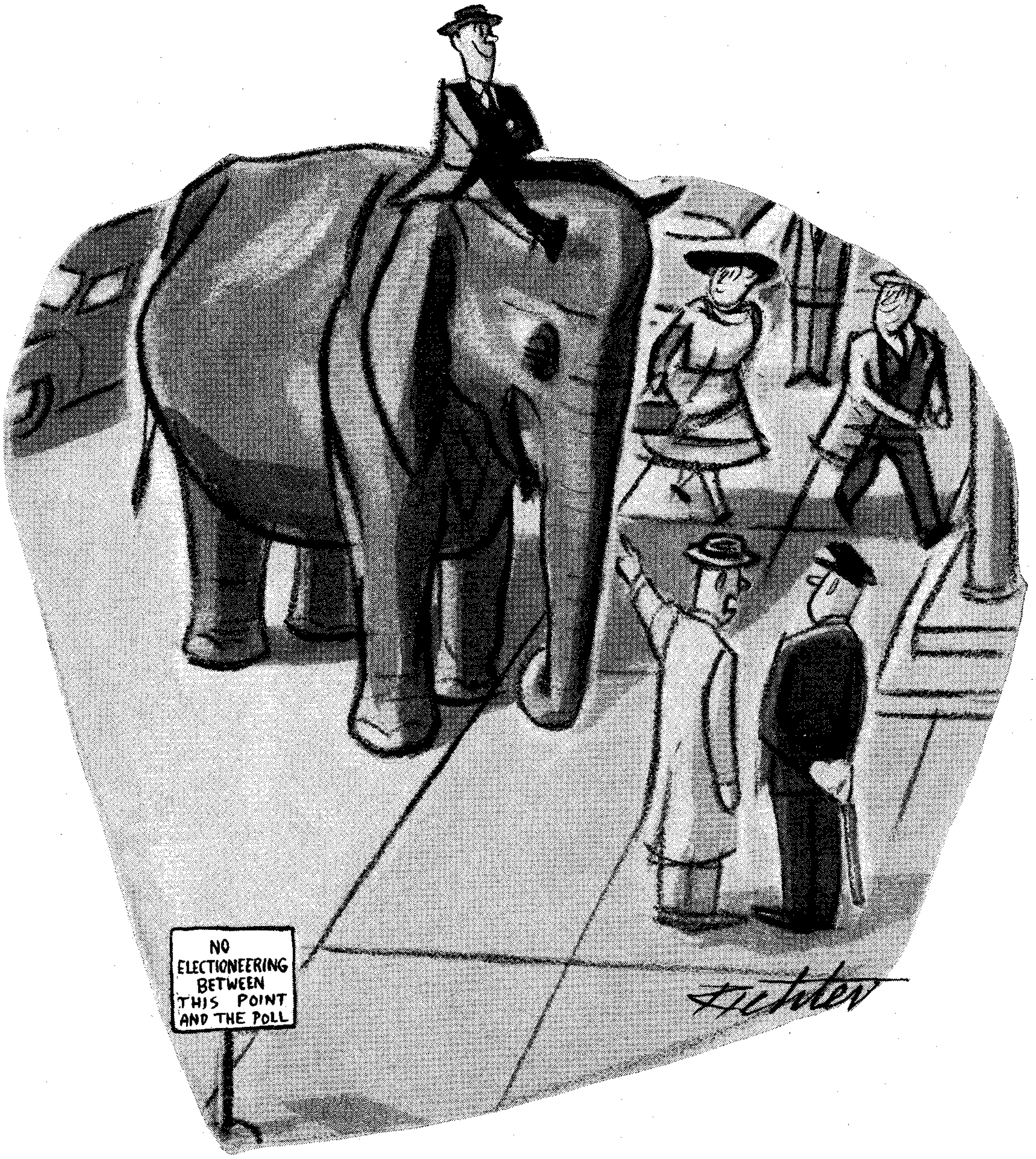
ent German standards, she was very smartly dressed. After an exchange of amenities, she told me that she had nearly been an American. Her father, Adolf Groebke, a well-known *Kammersänger*, had been offered a long-term contract with the Met in 1912, she said, but because he was already under contract in Germany, he had reluctantly declined. "Just think," she said. "If he had accepted, I would have been in America and would have escaped all this. What a shame!"

"Why, Erna!" Hoffmann exclaimed, stretching out his arms. "In that case, you wouldn't have known *me!*" A somewhat embarrassing silence followed. Hoffmann dropped his arms. "The commander told me it was time for your lunch, Heinrich," Frau Hoffmann finally said. "The sun's come out, so why don't you go to the mess hall and get your plate, and this gentleman and I will wait for you in the yard."


NO ELECTIONEERING BETWEEN THIS POINT AND THE POLL
Richter

"And I say he is electioneering!"

• •

OUTSIDE, Frau Hoffmann seated herself on a bench with her back against the barracks, and I sat on a box, while Hoffmann went to the mess hall. He returned with a plate of stew and sat down beside his wife. "It's a good thing you've both eaten," he remarked. (I hadn't.) "There's not much food here. At first, they supported this denazification program in Bavaria with the eight million marks they confiscated from me, but since the currency reform, the Ministry just doesn't have the money to buy enough food for us." He rapidly cleared his plate, put it on the ground, and settled back. "And now," he said to me, "it's time that I told you a little about my own life. I am an interesting person in my own right, you know."

Hoffmann, I learned, was born in 1885, in Fürth, a suburb of Nuremberg. His father had acquired the title of Court Photographer to His Majesty the King of Bavaria. "It didn't mean anything special," Hoffmann said, "but it was an honor, even if my father did have to pay the treasury of Bavaria a tidy sum to get it." Young Hoffmann took his first commercial photograph at the age of twelve. "Guess who the subject was," he said. "Colonel Cody! There's a book title for you—'From Buffalo Bill to Adolf Hitler'! Colonel Cody was on tour with his Wild West troupe. I had only the most primitive camera—the shutter was two pieces of wood operated by a rubber band. But the picture came out fine. There he sat on his white horse, all dressed up, with his big hat and his lasso. I sold several copies to my school friends—the Wild West was all the rage in Germany then—and I made a few pfennigs. That was when I decided to make photography my career." At the age of twenty, Hoffmann went to England to work in a studio there. "I liked England very much. I could have been happy if I'd stayed there," he said. "And I would have come to the top, just as I did in Germany. I've been accused of being nothing but a parasite of Hitler's. That's not true. I didn't need Hitler. I would have found the great ones wherever I was—Lloyd George or someone like that—and made just as big a fortune." Six years later, in 1911, Hoffmann returned to Munich and set up a portrait studio, and also established connections with the newspapers as a part-time news photographer. Shortly thereafter, he scored what he described as "the first really brilliant achievement of my career." This was the photographing of Caruso—a difficult assignment, he said, because Caruso supposedly had a contract that forbade his being photo-

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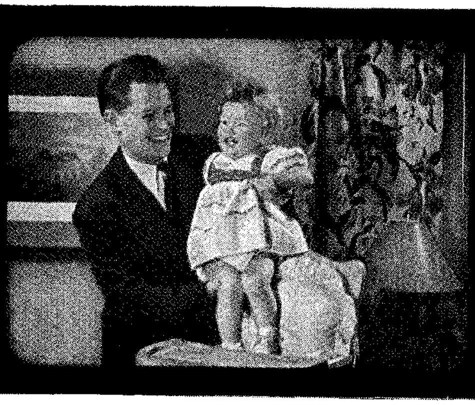

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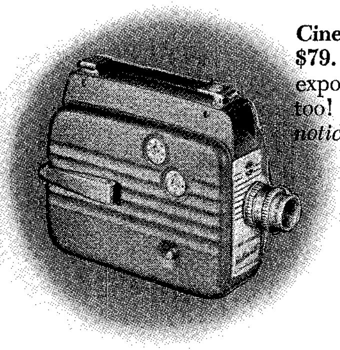

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graphed while on tour. The newspaper that had given Hoffmann the assignment printed the picture on the front page and paid him four hundred marks. By selling copies, he made an additional two thousand marks.

Hoffmann's and Hitler's lives first crossed in Munich in 1914, on the day war was declared. Neither was aware of the fact, but it was recorded on Hoffmann's camera plate. He had gone to the Odeonsplatz to join the huge crowd celebrating the outbreak of war and had taken a picture of the throng from a window overlooking the square. Fifteen years later, Hitler was visiting Hoffmann in his Munich studio, talking and idly glancing through the photographs lying about, and he came upon this crowd shot. "Hitler got excited right away and began to ask me about it," Hoffmann told me. "When had I taken it, where had I been standing, and so on. It turned out that he had been in the crowd that day. We went over the picture with a magnifying glass and, sure enough, we found him standing there, his arms at his side, his head raised, singing with all his heart. I drew a circle around Hitler, enlarged the picture, and reissued it." I had seen the picture several times, and it is indeed a memorable one: Hitler, lost in the crowd, a young man of twenty-five, with a wispy, undefined face, is at one of the turning points of his life. Up to that moment, he has been an utter failure—kicked out of art school for lack of talent, an alien in Germany, living as a bum, consumed by ambition but without any aims. One can sense from the photograph that the coming of war has given his life meaning and direction for the first time. I told Hoffmann that I remembered the picture well. "You have seen it, eh?" he said. He sighed with satisfaction. "*There* I made money."

Hoffmann saw service as an aerial photographer during that war, and after the armistice returned to Munich. The Socialists had seized power there and were being besieged by Bavarian Right Wing mobs and by the Army. Hoffmann took a lot of pictures of the fighting and got out a book, which he called "One Year of Revolution in Bavaria." "It was neither for the revolution nor against it," he said. "It had a good sale." In 1920, still before he had met Hitler formally, Hoffmann joined the Nazi Party. He was member No. 57. Today he seems uncertain whether it is more to his advantage to describe himself as having been a sincere Nazi, a cynical opportunist, or a journalist with a duty to history. Within the space of a few minutes, he gave me several different reasons for joining the Party. "I was for any movement that might save Germany from catastrophe," he said. Then, "After all, that was where the real money was to be made. By the time Hitler came to power, he had become the best-advertised product in the world. I would have been a fool not to take advantage of it. Indeed, I often think of myself as basically an American type—enterprising, full of ideas for making money, always on the spot where big news is happening, not satisfied with anything but the best."

"That's what I've always said," Frau Hoffmann remarked. "Heinrich is a real American type."

"I saw that this party was going to make history," he said a moment later. "As a journalist, it was my duty to be on the spot. So I joined the Party. When you go to a funeral, you don't wear a white suit—you dress like a mourner. And I had to act like a Nazi to photograph the Nazis."

In the early twenties, Hoffmann said, American newspapers were beginning to ask for photographs of Hitler. His name had come into prominence because of his activities in Bavaria, but as far as was known, no photographs of him existed, and he refused to have one taken. Hoffmann began trailing him with his camera. On one occasion, he thought his opportunity had come. He saw Hitler entering his publisher's building in Munich. Hoffmann stationed himself in a doorway across the way, his camera ready. After a long while, Hitler emerged. Hoffmann aimed his camera, but just as he did so, his arms were pinioned by two men, who held him till Hitler had got into his car. As the car drove away, Hitler saluted Hoffmann ironically. Some weeks later, Hoffmann met Hitler for the first time, at the wedding of Hermann Esser, one of the early Party members and a friend of both men. Hoffmann, as his wedding present, took a picture of the bride and groom. "Hitler came up to me and asked, 'Haven't I seen you somewhere?' " Hoffmann said. "I told him he certainly had—that I was the cameraman his strong-arm boys had grabbed hold of in the doorway. Hitler apologized and asked if he could do anything to square things. 'Just stand there and pose for your portrait,' I answered." This Hitler declined to do, although, according to Hoffmann, Hitler's manner throughout the conversation was most pleasant. "There's a reason why I cannot allow my picture to

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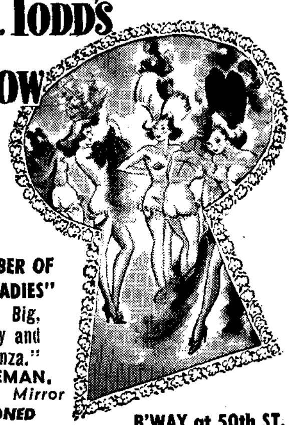

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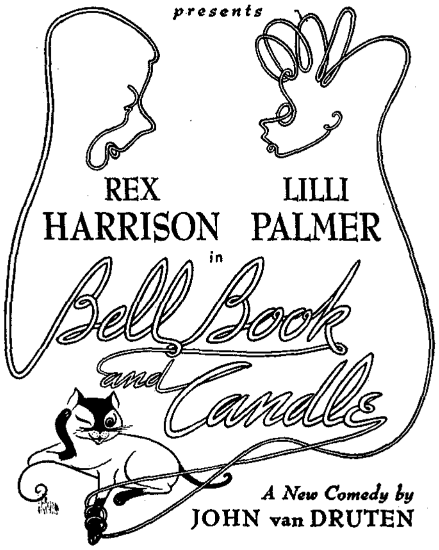
be taken at present," Hitler explained. "But if the time ever comes when I can, you will be the photographer." About two years later, he came to Hoffmann's studio for his first portrait study. Hitler's biographers have said that early in his career he had a camera phobia, occasioned by a pathological fear for his life. Hoffmann has another story. As he tells it, Hitler had been negotiating with an American news syndicate that had offered him a lot of money for his photograph, but he was holding out for double the amount. "Then some cheap photographer managed to snap a picture of him on the street and sold it abroad, so the negotiations were broken off," Hoffmann said. "After that, there was no reason for Hitler to hide his face."

Subsequently, Hoffmann continued, he and Hitler became good friends. Hoffmann by then had married, and Hitler visited the Hoffmanns often at their Munich home, praised Frau Hoffmann's spaghetti with tomato sauce, and teased their cat, a creature named Ignatz von Bogenhausen and called Nazi for short. "For a long time, our place was about the *only* private house in which he was a regular guest," Hoffmann told me. "The atmosphere was lively and bohemian. All sorts of people—artists, musicians, doctors, actors—dropped in, and there were always arguments going on, which Hitler would jump right into. In those days, before he came to power, it was possible to argue with him and disagree with him, even about politics, as my wife frequently did. You couldn't change his mind, but at least you could argue with him. Later on, of course, it was almost impossible to even mention a subject that was disagreeable to him, but then he was a wonderful conversationalist. He never read a novel that I know of, but he used to plow through history and technical books. He could talk for hours about the Ice Age, or architecture, or bees and bee society, or marine technology—in fact, technologies of any sort. It was fascinating. He never drove or serviced a car, but he was a great theoretical automobilist. He once won a bet from a director of the Mercedes factory as to the r.p.m. figure of one of their motors."

IN 1937, Hoffmann received a title. The Haus der Deutschen Kunst, or House of German Art, designed from sketches made by Hitler himself, had just been built in Munich to provide a setting for a large annual exhibit of what Hitler called "healthy German art." The committee originally appointed to



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select the works of art consisted of fourteen eminent artists, but they kept disagreeing, and Hitler dismissed them. He then named Hoffmann the sole arbiter, on the ground that he was not a painter and so could be impartial, adding that if Hoffmann ever had any doubt about a painting he should come directly to Hitler. So Hoffmann, the photographer, was placed in charge of the art exhibit that was to be Germany's answer to such "sick decadents" as Picasso, Matisse, and Cézanne. To give his selections an air of authority, the Nazi Party accorded him the title of Professor. He told me his aim had been simply to choose pictures that were "artistically painted" and at the same time "healthy, positive, and National Socialistic in content." The place of honor in every exhibit usually went to a new portrait of the Führer. Next came portraits of other Nazi leaders, then patriotic subjects, and finally miscellaneous themes. The painting that gave Hoffmann more doubt than any other was the celebrated "Leda and the Swan," by Paul Padua. "The technique was unbelievably perfect," he said, "but I was rather troubled by the vividness of the detail, so I took the picture to Hitler. He studied it and pronounced it healthy, so it was hung. It created a great scandal."

Frau Hoffmann smiled. "The boys and girls who came to the exhibit spent all their time in front of that one picture, giggling," she said.

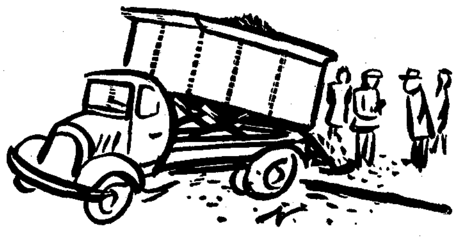
"The trouble was that the nude was wearing an armband," Hoffmann said. "Also, the fingernails were painted red. A nude must be as in nature. If you add anything, you get pornography. Don't get the notion, though, that I'm a prude."

"No, Heinrich certainly isn't," Frau Hoffmann said. "We ourselves had a marvellous collection of pornography. Some of the world's finest items of that sort—drawings by the Englishman Rowlandson, and many others."

"Not *pornography*, Erna," Hoffmann interposed. "*Erotica*."

"It doesn't matter," Frau Hoffmann said.

"Yes, it does," he retorted. "Pornography is cheap stuff—like those post-



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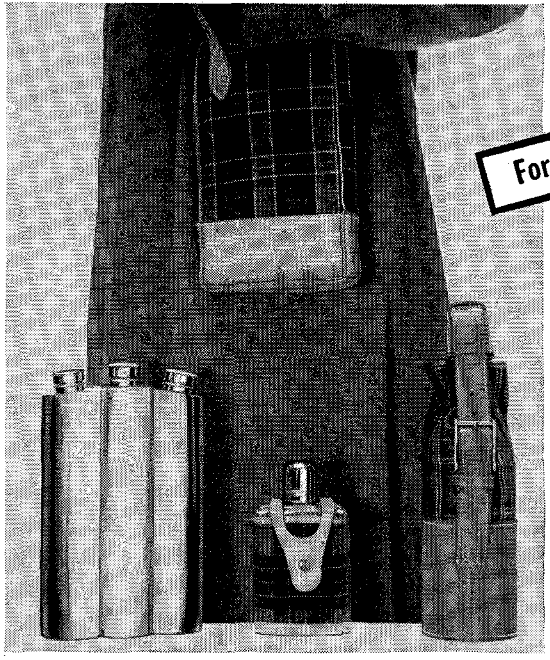

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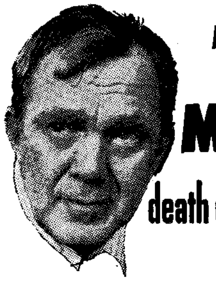

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"Well, our collection certainly wasn't cheap," she said cheerfully.

HOFFMANN stood up and said, "You people amuse each other for a moment. If I don't get this plate back to the mess hall, I'll be in trouble." He bustled off. Frau Hoffmann sighed and settled back against the barracks wall. "This sunshine feels good," she said. "You know, I find it very restful in here. That's odd, isn't it? But out there"—she waved a languid hand at the surrounding ruins, which the barbed wire seemed to be keeping at bay—"life is just one long, bitter struggle. Everybody's at each other's throat. It's as if we'd all turned cannibal overnight." She shook her head and laughed. "*Ach*, what we women have to put up with! The best years of our lives have gone into this dreadful mess. When it's finally over, we won't be worth looking at. Crow's-feet and wrinkles make a man more interesting, but they've never helped a woman's looks." She laughed again, but with an undertone that made me perfectly aware that she regarded it as no laughing matter. "Hitler! That's all we talked about then, and all we talk about now. I was always opposed to his political ideas and never hesitated to tell him so. As a matter of fact, I was finally banished from his presence because I couldn't keep my mouth shut. That was about 1939, and it was mainly Martin Bormann's doing. My husband was told he must never again bring me with him when he visited the Führer. But in the early days, I must admit, I found Hitler very attractive. He could be most charming, especially to women. I always used to say there were two sides to his nature—in private he was the gallant Austrian, in public the harsh Prussian."

Hoffmann came back, looking perky and carrying a tray on which were a teapot, three metal cups, and a box of cookies. "The fellow in the mess hall gave me a break," he said as he poured out the tea and passed around the cookies. Tasting the tea prompted him to remark that it was Hitler's favorite beverage. "He drank no alcohol at all, you know," he said. "Once, I persuaded him to try a glass of wine, but he kept saying it was too sour and putting more sugar in it. He doted on tea, though, and he always liked to have a little tea party at the end of the day's work. In the early years of the war—1939, 1940—the parties were around one o'clock in the morning, and as the war went on, they got even later." I gathered that Hitler required company—people on whom he could expend his pent-up energies. The people who served this purpose best, apparently, were nonentities, who offered no competition and whose personalities made no demands upon him. There would be one or two secretaries, one or two adjutants, occasionally a young attaché, and now and then one of Hitler's two physicians, Dr. Brandt and Dr. Morell. Hoffmann let me know that he was there frequently, too. In Berlin, with the R.A.F. buzzing around overhead, the parties were usually held in the Reichs Chancellery air-raid shelter, fifty feet underground. At the Eastern Front, they were held in the air-raid shelter of Hitler's headquarters at Rastenburg. The shelter under the Chancellery was about eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long, and soundproof. It was simply furnished with a large, round oak table, some sturdy chairs, a couple of pictures, and a mat on the floor. Hoffmann was describing it to me with knowledgeable care when he suddenly broke off to exclaim, "Now, *that* was an example of stupid propaganda!"

"What was?" I asked.

"That story the Americans circulated about Hitler's getting so furious that he would fall on the floor and chew the rug."

"Oh, he would never have done that," Frau Hoffmann said. "He was much too afraid of germs."

The conversation at the tea parties was usually nonpolitical, Hoffmann continued. A guest might mention a train wreck and Hitler would discourse on train wrecks, citing all the major ones in German history—where they had occurred, the number of dead, the speed at which the trains had been travelling, and so on. The guests took care not to rattle their cups distractingly during these lectures and sat with their eyes glued on him, though at that hour it often took a tremendous effort to stay awake. When the air raids began to get really serious, Hitler often talked about architecture. Night after night, he would describe the gigantic memorials, opera houses, hospitals, and housing developments that he would erect after the war. The explosions overhead reached the ears of Hitler and his audience only faintly. The tireless, hypnotic voice of the Führer filled the room, droning on and on, expounding the fabulous promises in minute detail. After an hour and a half or two hours of this, Hoffmann said, Hitler would go to bed, read and

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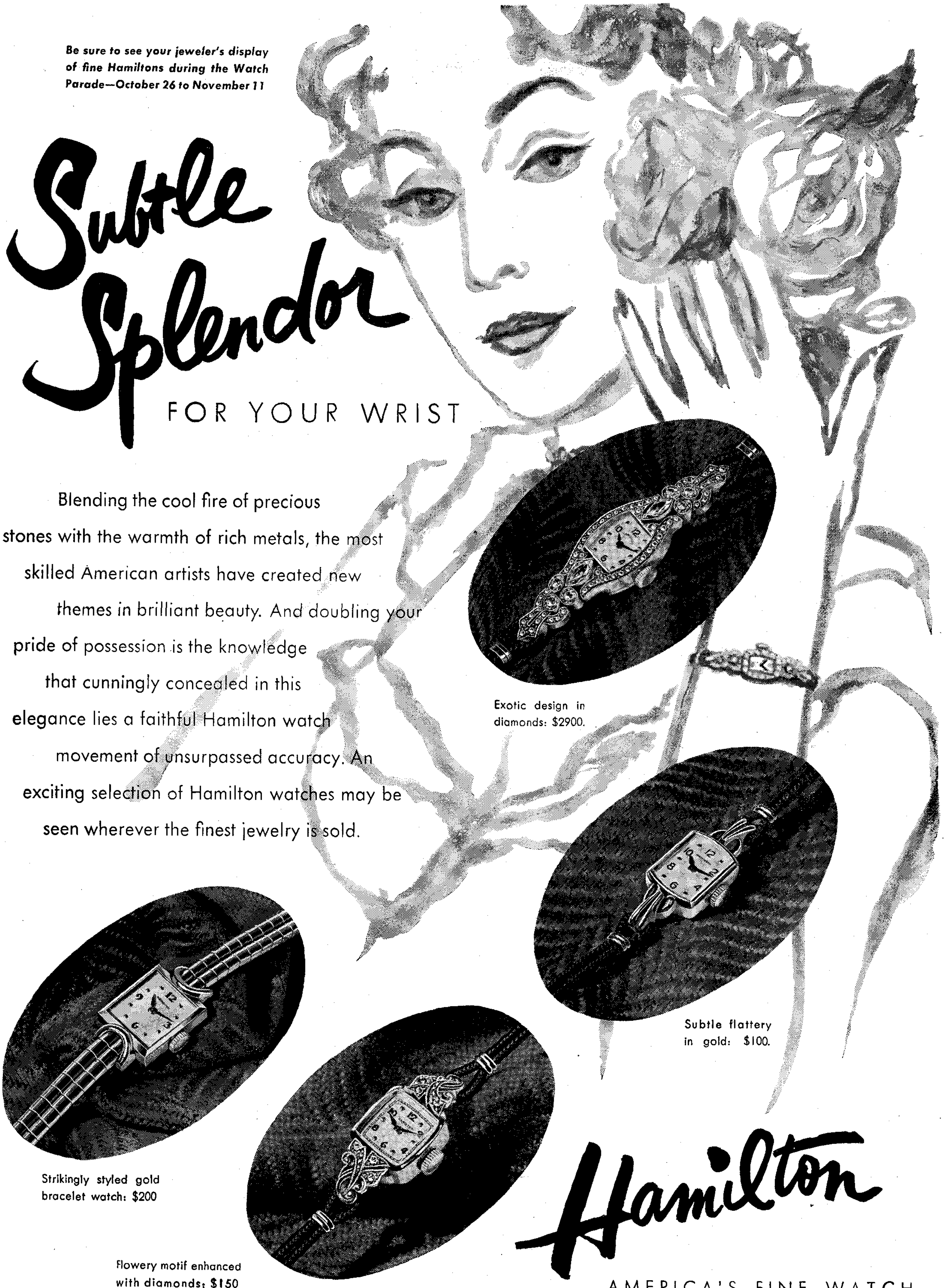

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brood awhile, and finally fall asleep. He was often awake and out of bed by eight o'clock to receive his morning injections of stimulants from Dr. Morell.

"BY the way," Hoffmann said, beaming at me, "I must congratulate you. You are the first American reporter who has spoken with me for more than five minutes without wanting to hear all about Eva Braun."

"Well, since you mention it, what *is* the lowdown on Eva Braun?" I asked.

Hoffmann threw up his hands. "There isn't any! Everybody expects a sensation. The sensation about Eva Braun is that there *was* no sensation. That was no real affair."

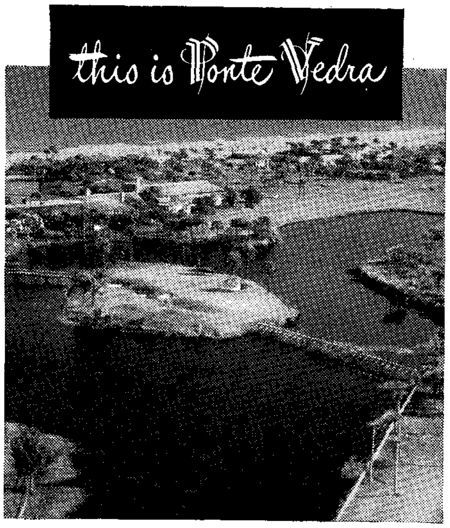
"Oh, come now, Heinrich," said Frau Hoffmann.

"Well, *I* ought to know, Erna. I was with them both often enough. I had the room next to hers at Berchtesgaden, didn't I, and—"

"Granted that Hitler was not strongly erotic, I still think you're underrating him," Frau Hoffmann interrupted. They went on at some length, arguing what was apparently a well-worn topic.

"At any rate," Hoffmann concluded, turning to me, "it was no great romance—at least, not on Hitler's side." He sketched the history of the liaison from the introduction of Hitler and Eva in Hoffmann's shop in 1929. Eva, then a girl of about eighteen, had for some time been fascinated by what she had heard of Hitler, and Hitler was flattered. " 'The little girl is in love with me, Hoffmann,' he used to say to me. 'What can I do?' " Hoffmann recalled. "And once he said, 'She threatens to kill herself for love, Hoffmann. I must take care of her.' " Hitler began inviting Eva and her sister to Berchtesgaden and giving her presents. Gradually she attached herself to him. "At my trial, I was accused of having influenced Hitler through my connection with Eva Braun," Hoffmann said. "My God, the poor girl never had much influence on him herself!"

"She never really tried," said Frau Hoffmann. "She was too simple. A nice, simple little girl. Later on, it's true, she tried to act the *grande dame* now and then, but you couldn't be offended with her, because she was just too ridiculous. Hitler liked to have lots of pretty young things around him, but he was afraid of intelligent women. Not long after he had come into power, he and I were having tea at the Brown House, and I said to him, 'Why don't you get yourself a nice girl friend?' I knew there was no use talking to



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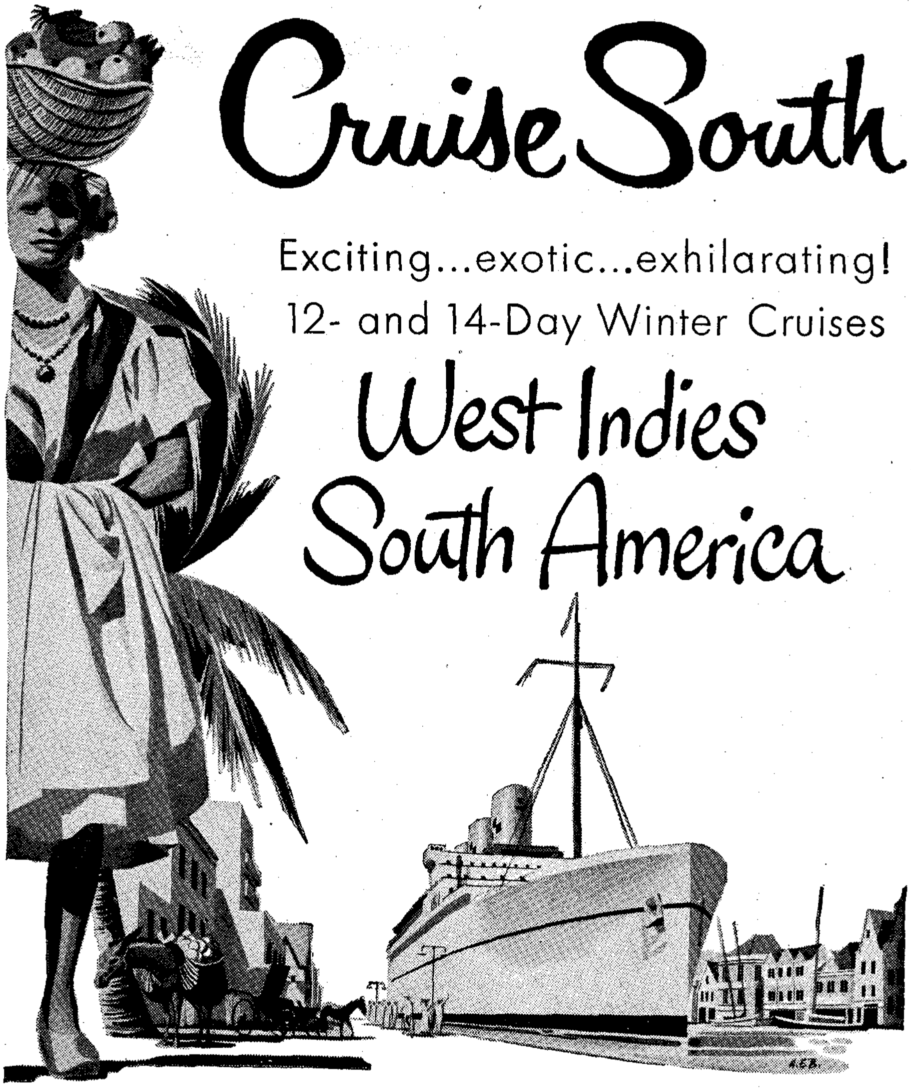
him about a wife, because he had said often enough that he would never marry."

"He used to call Mussolini a *Dummkopf* because he let himself be photographed on the beach in his bathing suit, surrounded by his wife and *bambini*," put in Hoffmann.

"He knew that he would make a woman unhappy," Frau Hoffmann went on. "He knew he had no time for a woman. So when I was talking to him that day in the Brown House, he said, 'Perhaps I will. But I don't want any Pompadour. If I do get anyone, it will be some pretty little girl, not some political bluestocking.' "

Eva Braun evidently filled this bill quite well. She was pretty in an undistinguished way, vivacious, affectionate, and unintellectual, and she made few demands on him. For several years after she met Hitler, she continued to work in Hoffmann's establishment. She showed up regularly for work except when Hitler was at his headquarters at Berchtesgaden; then she would take a leave of absence for a week or two to visit him. Eventually she quit Hoffmann, but in 1943, when a law was passed requiring all women under forty-five to register for work, Hitler asked Hoffmann to take her on again, and he did, as a secretary in his office. She was paid about three hundred marks a month and kept the job until early in 1945, when she left to join Hitler in Berlin. And that, said Hoffmann, was the last he saw of Eva Braun.

THERE was silence for a moment, and Hoffmann's gaze travelled along the barbed-wire fence surrounding the enclosure. Mine did, too, and I thought of something else I wanted to ask him. "The concentration camps—" I started to say, but Hoffmann broke in sharply. "Hitler would have been just as surprised as I was—as we all were—to learn what went on in the concentration camps," he said. "Oh, he knew there *were* concentration camps, but he didn't know the details. He didn't want to know. He issued an order and he expected it to be carried out, and that was the last he wanted to hear of it. The trouble was everything got stricter all down the line. Everybody was trying to out-Hitler Hitler. He gave too much power to his underlings. To my mind, that was the main thing that was wrong with the Nazi system." He subsided for an instant, and then suddenly declared, "Hitler was no anti-Semite!" The words rang out oddly, apparently even to Hoffmann's



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ears. “That is to say,” he amended, “he was no violent Jew-hater, like Streicher or Dinter. Hitler's anti-Semitism was a matter of principle; he wanted to solve the Jewish problem by law, not by force. You may not know it, but one of the paintings Hitler had in his bedroom was by a Jew, a painter named Max Löwith, and Hitler was perfectly well aware that he was a Jew.” I asked Hoffmann if he had read what Hitler had written about Jews in “Mein Kampf.” “Would you believe it?” he said with a bright, artless smile. “I never read that book. Hitler knew I hadn't read it, because I told him so. He said, ‘Hoffmann, *you* don't *need* to read it.’ ”

“Don't forget to tell about all the people you once helped,” said Frau Hoffmann in a patient, encouraging tone.

“Yes, that's an important aspect of my demand for a new trial,” Hoffmann said. “I helped many people, Jews and others, who were in distress. I can prove it. I was accused at my trial of having had influence on Hitler; if I did have any, it was influence for good, not evil. For example, a young art student—his name was Feuerle—was condemned to death because he had had something to do with some anti-war leaflets. The boy's mother begged me to intercede. I couldn't just walk in to Hitler and say, ‘See here, this is an injustice! Let this man go at once!’ I had to use psychology and tactics. If Hitler suspected I was asking a favor, all would be lost. At last, I had an idea. I got together a portfolio of the boy's paintings and drawings and took them with me the next time I went up to Berlin. When I arrived at the air-raid shelter for tea that night, I had the good luck to find Hitler alone. ‘Well, Hoffmann,’ he said, ‘what's new in Munich? What's that you've got under your arm—a portfolio?’

“ ‘Some things by a young artist,’ I told him. ‘Would you care to see them?’

“ ‘Of course,’ he said. So he looked at them, and he liked each one better than the last. ‘Excellent,’ he said. ‘This man has a future. And they claim there's no young blood, no coming generation! How old is the artist?’

“ ‘Twenty-one.’

“ ‘So young? Does he need a scholarship?’

“ ‘I think he could have used one, but not any more.’

“ ‘Why not?’

“ ‘Because he has been sentenced to death.’

“ ‘On what charge?’

“Now, here,” Hoffmann said to me,

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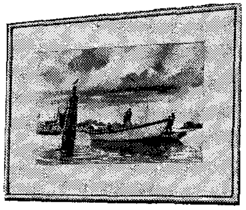

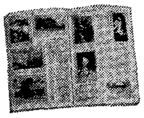

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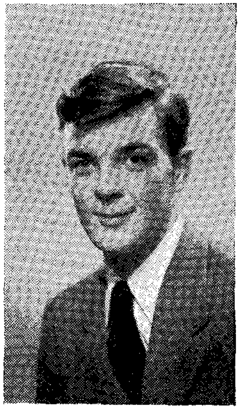

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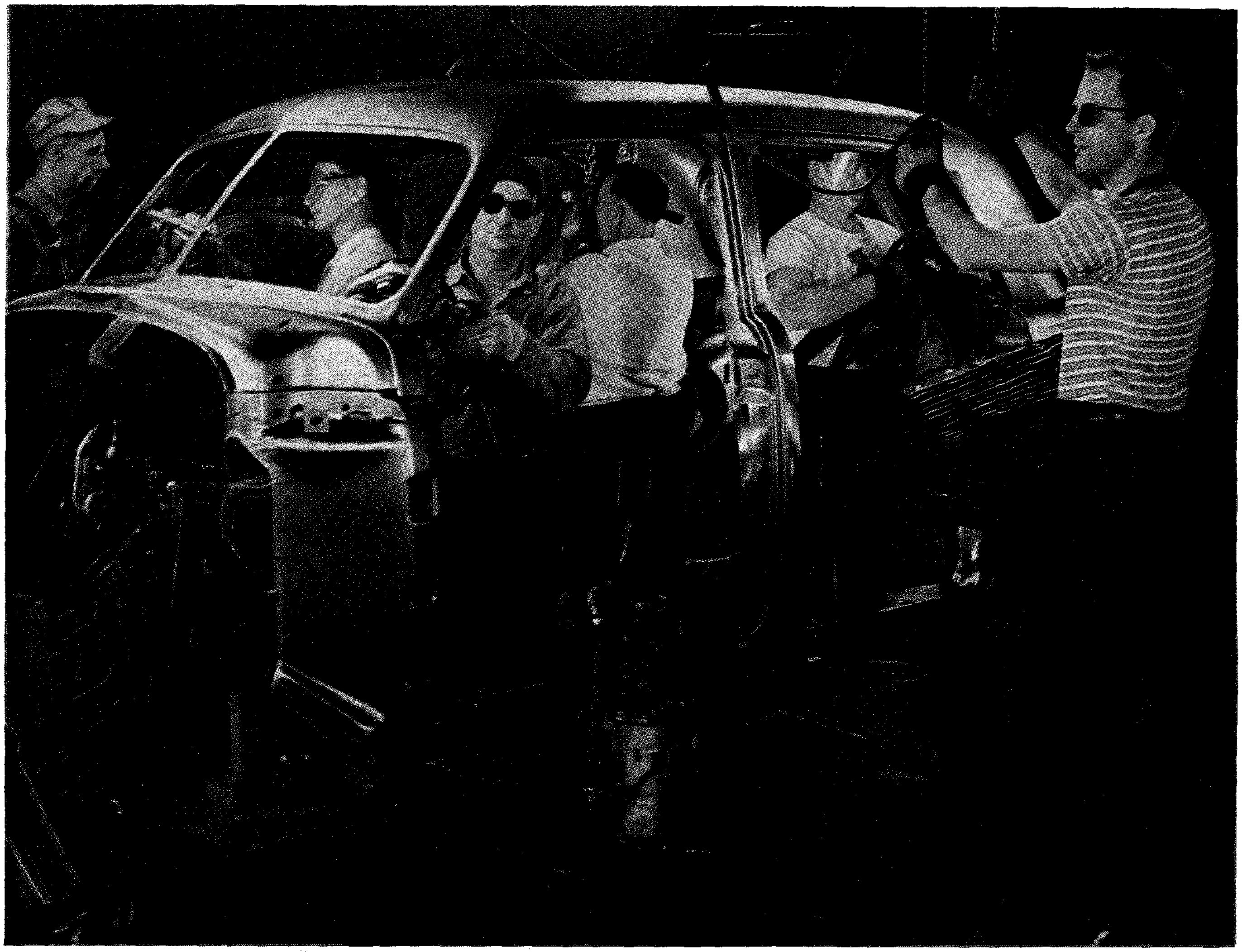

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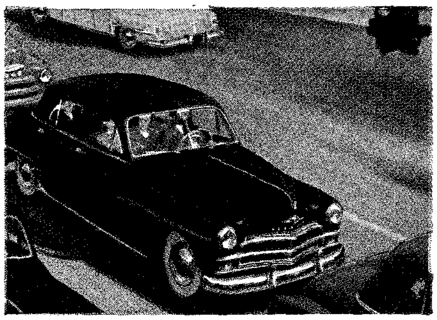

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"I delivered my master stroke. I replied, 'Because he has insulted you.' Hitler got furious. He banged the table with his fist. 'That's impossible! Nobody is sentenced to death for that. He must have been involved in high treason.'

" 'Well,' I said carefully, 'I don't know much about the affair. Here's what the boy's mother says in a letter she wrote me.' He took the letter and read it. Then he paced back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back. 'All right,' he said finally. 'Now tell me what else is happening in Munich.' And he never mentioned the boy again. A few days later, though, I heard from the mother that her son had been released." Hoffmann glowed with triumph.

I asked how the young man had progressed with his painting, and Hoffmann's expression went blank. "I don't know," he said. "Matter of fact, I think I heard later on that he'd been killed somewhere on the Eastern Front. He was released on condition that he join the Army. That was it."

I asked another question about the young artist, but Hoffmann didn't seem to hear me. He had lost interest. He started enumerating the testimonials he had collected from grateful Jews he had aided.

"Oh, I meant to tell you," Frau Hoffmann said to him, digging into her handbag. "A letter came from Julius. I have it here."

"That's fine," said Hoffmann. "I'll send it to my lawyer."

I have seen a great many such testimonial letters. Among Germans, they are called Persil letters, after a leading brand of soap. Almost every German brought before a denazification tribunal collected them, and they are still sought by former Nazis trying to get out of prison. Some tribunals have been known to acquit a defendant on the strength of them, and others refuse to admit them at all. Some admit them but regard

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them as evidence against, rather than for, a defendant, on the ground that they prove that the defendant must indeed have had power and influence during the Nazi regime.

Frau Hoffmann handed the letter to her husband, and his face brightened. He skimmed through it and handed it to me. It was from one Kurt Julius, in Hanover. It told whoever might be concerned that Heinrich Hoffmann had helped the undersigned maintain ownership of his photographic shop during the Third Reich. "There, now," Hoffmann said. "Because I was near to Hitler, I could do some good. Could I have done half that much good if I'd opposed the Nazi Party?" Then he gave a start. "Let me see that letter again," he said, and took it from my hands. He reread it hastily and then looked up with an expression of exasperation. "He forgot to write that he is a Jew!" he said, and slapped the letter angrily. "If that isn't sheer stupidity! It's *no* good to me; it's absolutely useless. Can you imagine the fool forgetting to put down that he is a Jew?"

IT was clearly time for me to go, but I wanted to ask Hoffmann about his final days with Hitler. I said I had heard that he had lost favor before the end and suggested that he tell me about his fall from grace. "That was Martin Bormann's doing!" he cried. "Bormann was the devil who brought Germany to ruin! By 1944, he had Hitler completely isolated from the German people. Everything passed through Bormann. And that was the reason Bormann hated me. He knew I wasn't afraid to tell Hitler what was happening, that nothing could prevent me from telling Hitler the truth about the whole situation. So when I came down with a skin infection late in 1944, Bormann and Morell told Hitler I had paratyphoid B, and that on no account was I to visit the Führer's headquarters." Hoffmann, however, went to Vienna and got a doctor's certificate giving him a clean bill of health, and early in 1945 went back to Berlin. "I went right to the shelter under the Chancellery," he said. "When I walked into the room, Hitler drew back. 'Stay away from me, Hoffmann!' he shouted. 'You've got paratyphoid B! You'll infect me!' 'No, I haven't, Herr Hitler,' I said, and produced the doctor's certificate. But it was no use trying to get anything across to him, for by that time he was a broken man. He was bent and gray, and he trembled all the time. What a change had come over him in

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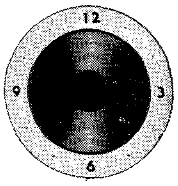

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just the few months since I had seen him! So I left, and that was the last time I ever saw him."

I got up to leave. "Wait just a moment, if you please," Hoffmann said, and hurried off to his barracks. He returned with a souvenir for me—a wooden crocodile that one of the other prisoners had carved. It was a realistic toy, with a ferociously gaping red mouth. On its belly Hoffmann had written the date of his imprisonment and the words "Heinrich Hoffmann, Concentration Camp Victim of Democracy."

—Bernard Taper

•

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Amateur literature has to appeal to the shame and injustice of people to get a buck. In the main it is whipped by economic and social circumstance, and made imbecile and cowardly. The *grand opera* idea of American publishing has built up an immense crowd of cowed and stupid chattels of literary utterance—it is 'cutting' nearly all the folk who try to write!

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Don't you think you should spend a dollar on this pioneering caravan striking out across the Konklaved desert?—*Adv. in the New Republic.*

Yes, if we can just get this camel to kneel down.

•

WHAT TRIB MAN D'YA READ?

He abstained from alcohol and tobacco and his strongest expletive was "my gracious."—*Harold Rosenthal on Connie Mack in the Herald Tribune, October 19th.*

"Dammitohell!" Connie exploded.—*Red Smith in the same paper, same day.*

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THE THEATRE

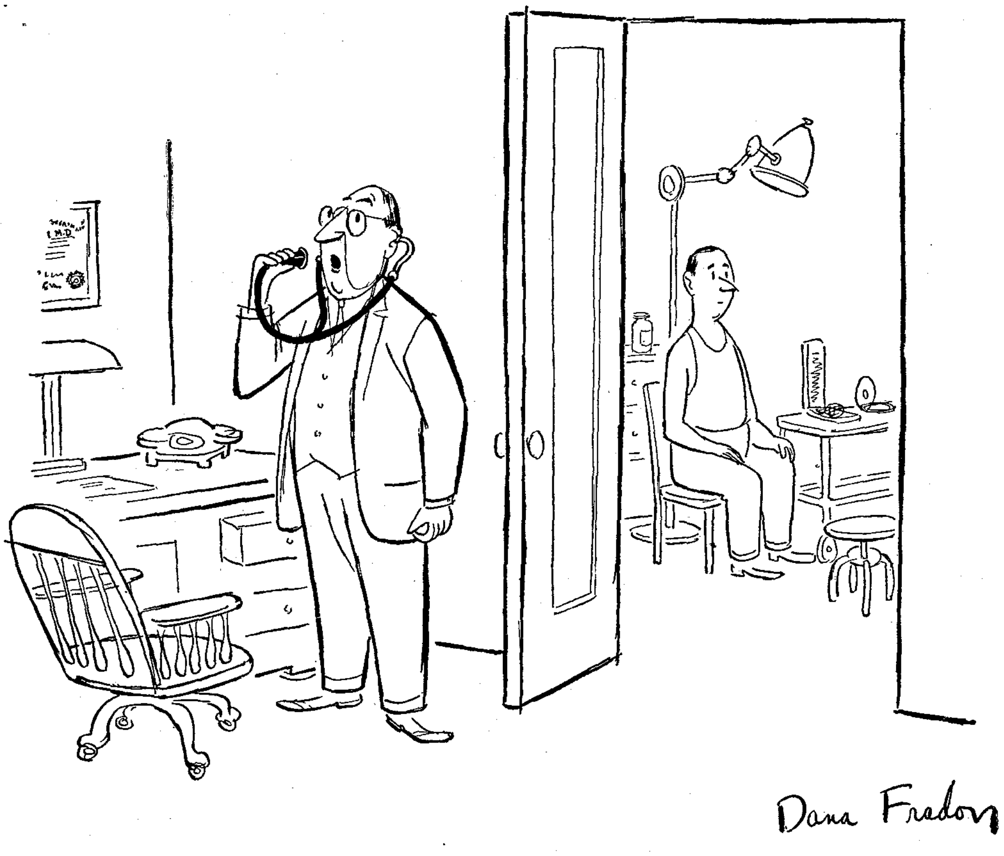
BRITISH BANKRUPTS AND AMERICAN LUNATICS

WHEN Frederick Lonsdale concentrates on the fashionable bickering, the exchange of polished, if somewhat exhausted, epigrams, that goes on among the members of a family of impoverished British aristocrats, his play called "The Day After Tomorrow," at the Booth, is reasonably entertaining. Reconstructed from the fragmentary notes on the cover of my program, the lines don't really sound like much—"Nobody cares about a duke except another duke," "If I'd been a nobody, he couldn't have been more offensive," and, referring to an amiable bishop, "What a loss to religion it was when he became a clergyman"—but they are stylishly delivered, and they contain at least the germ of true wit, as distinguished from the gagman's disreputable art. Unfortunately, however, rather less than half of Mr. Lonsdale's play is devoted to this semi-elegant conversation. The rest is concerned with a fairly sinister little love affair, involving the noblest of the disinherited and a predatory American heiress and having, on the whole, much the same quality as a serial in a magazine edited for female pinheads.

The hero of this anecdote, Gerard (pronounced "Jerd"), is a younger brother of the Duke of Bristol. He is an earnest young man and, while his miserable relatives have collapsed helplessly in the face of catastrophe, he has found probably the first happiness of his life in the operation of a small farm. In an attempt to save their bodies as well as their souls, he offers them various positions, ranging from cook to handyman, in his establishment, and they are debating this proposition with some horror when the rich young American turns up with her father, a manufacturer of washing machines but still a gentleman in the finest sense of the word, since he permits himself to be robbed at bridge rather than offend his hosts by offering them frank charity. The Americans' stay at the ducal residence is protracted by a mysterious illness, characterized chiefly by pains in the head and feet, that afflicts the daughter, and, naturally enough, love springs up between Jerd and the lovely invalid. This match was clearly made in Heaven, but such is the young man's lofty integrity that he feels unable to propose marriage to a girl so majestically heeled, and there is also the matter of his dogged attachment to the soil, which makes him reluctant to leave it for a life of shameful ease. In what may well be one of the longest and most irritating scenes of its kind ever written, the couple find themselves fog-bound in a remote cottage, where the heroine ultimately succeeds in seducing her companion. This more or less clears up the physical aspects of their dilemma, but the financial and sociological problem remains, and it takes Mr. Lonsdale a good half hour and a considerable amount of low theatrical cunning to straighten that out. The lady, it appears, is going to surrender herself to agriculture for six months, properly chaperoned by her fiancé's relatives, and then make up her mind whether she can bear it for the rest of her life. This struck me as a bleak and unsatisfactory compromise at best, but at least it serves to get the curtain down, a praiseworthy accomplishment under the circumstances.

Melville Cooper, entrusted with most of the author's brightest lines, takes full advantage of them, and his performance is very winning in an odd, somnambulistic way. Bramwell Fletcher, Jack Watling, John Merivale, Valerie Cossart, Noel Leslie, Monica Lang, and Madeleine Clive also have some funny material, and they handle it briskly. The task set Beatrice Pearson and Ralph Michael, as the farm-crossed lovers, and Richard Gordon, as the American millionaire, seems, however, a bit beyond their powers, and I'm sorry to say that their work just depressed me in the end. Mr. Lonsdale has directed his own piece, in what I can't help feeling is a rather dispirited manner, and Edward Gilbert has designed the sets, which made no very strong impression on me one way or the other.

LIKE "The Madwoman of Chaillot," "The Curious Savage," by John Patrick, deals with the triumph of the virtuous but addled over the wicked but sane. It is true that Mr. Patrick's heroine is not actually a lunatic but simply an eccentric who likes to express her



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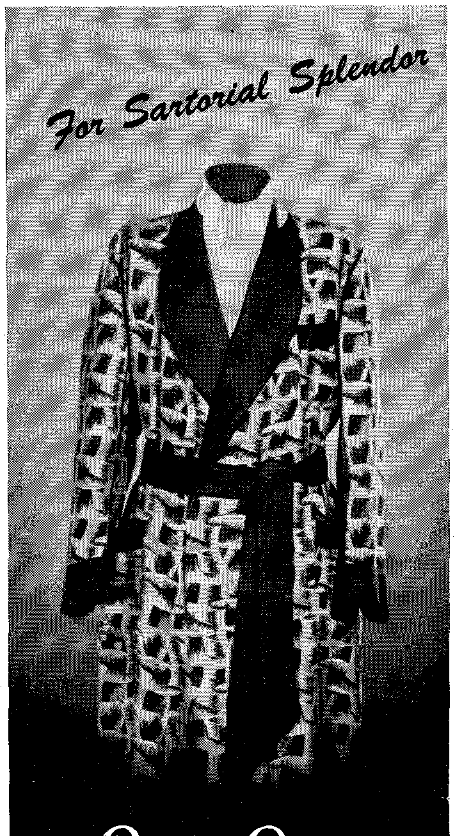
discontent with dull normality by wearing bizarre clothes, dyeing her hair blue, carrying a one-eyed Teddy bear, and establishing a ten-million-dollar foundation for the benefit of people with similarly whimsical dispositions. The basic idea, however, is the same, and the real difference between the two plays is that while M. Giraudoux wrote a high, fantastic satire, Mr. Patrick, as far as I can see, has contributed nothing but a tenuous and ramshackle little comedy, combining the obvious and conceivably rather painful humors of idiocy with moral or inspirational passages that I'm afraid are almost equally taxing. The title, incidentally, refers only to the name of the principal character, a Mrs. Ethel Savage, and not, poetically, to some strange quality, something searching and barbaric, in her nature. This discovery was my first small letdown of the evening, but it was by no means my last.

The action of "The Curious Savage," as you probably know, takes place in an insane asylum called The Cloisters. It is stated that the patients who appear on the stage are just about ready to be discharged as cured, but they are still a fairly unbalanced bunch, if not especially picturesque. Fairy May, for instance, is a plain girl who can't get through even a morning of her life unless somebody tells her he loves her; Florence is inseparable from a doll she imagines to be her dead child; Hannibal, a statistician who has lost his job to a machine, now dreams that he is a great violinist; Jeffrey, a victim of combat fatigue, is under the delusion that his face is hideously scarred; and Mrs. Paddy, a woman with a mania for turning off lights, hasn't spoken for twenty years except to list the things she hates. With the possible exception of the last, it is hard to see how any of these cases can be regarded as exactly comic, but the author is of a different opinion, and his jokes about the oddity of their behavior are profuse, repetitive, and just a trifle grim.

The plot has to do with the entrance into this retreat of an elderly lady, the aforementioned Mrs. Savage, whose three scheming stepchildren—a senator, a judge, and a divorcée—have arranged to have her committed so that they can get their hands on her fortune. As you might expect, she succeeds in thwarting them in the end, with the assistance of her demented friends, and the curtain falls on a scene of distinguished bathos when the heroine, reluctantly abandoning the asylum for the harsh realities of life, has a brief, poignant vision of all



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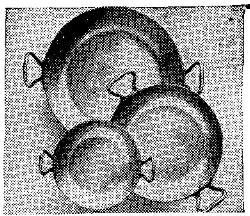

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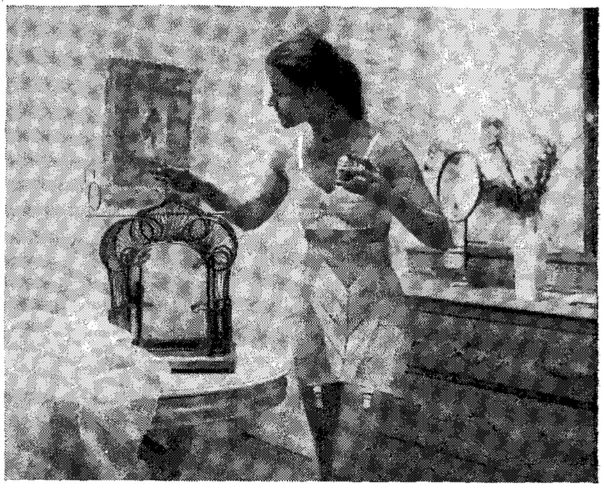

What a buy! Satin elastic coming and going..."Veil of Youth" sides...featherlight hipbones to the top of its high waist. Pink or white with touches of blue. Le Gant #613. The bra: pink, black or white nylon taffeta and marquisette. #2299.

Thrifty nifties! *(Left)* All "Veil of Youth." White with blue trim. Le Gant #705. (Matching girdle #704.) Bra is white lace and broadcloth strapless #2083. *(Right)* Satin front and back, "Veil of Youth" sides. Pink, black or white. Le Gant #724. (Matching pantie #725.) White satin bra #2227.

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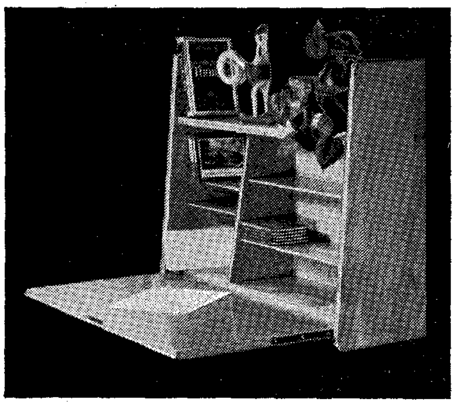

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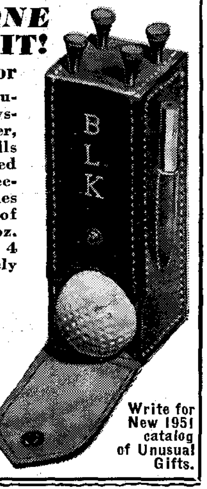

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the inmates safe and happy in a crazy dream world of their own.

The quality of Mr. Patrick's wit may be gathered from such remarks as "Why shouldn't there be fireflies at the windows? This is the bughouse, isn't it?" and "Hell hath no music like the sound of a woman playing second fiddle." The quality of his more serious thought is too intricate for precise quotation, but it is on approximately the same level. The quality of the whole performance may be gathered from the fact that on leaving the Martin Beck Theatre I was strongly tempted to send a telegram of congratulation to Miss Patricia Collinge, who fastidiously disengaged herself from the leading role during rehearsals in Boston.

Except for Lillian Gish, who manages somehow to bring a scatterbrained charm to the part of Mrs. Savage, and Gladys Henson, who is funny now and then as Mrs. Paddy, the actors are defeated by the peculiarity of the script, and I think the same thing might be said of Peter Glenville, who has directed the eleven members of the cast as if they were a football team.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

While having offered The *Who Knows* Idea a "lift" is no doubt the most worthwhile return that attaches to giving the Editors the cooperation they ask, we can, to at least in some degree reciprocate for your helpfulness, make the new Second Edition available to you, as a "Where's What?" advisor, under the considerable (20%) subscription preferential we customarily tender to those asked in the course of the compilative routine to check and supply entry data. . . .

Of course, should knowers as well as sources occur to you as useful *Who Knows—And What* listings, we'd appreciate your suggesting them, too—there's a space on the memo form especially for them, as a matter of fact. And it goes without the saying that your name will in no way be used in connection with your suggestions.—*Letter from the A. N. Marquis Company.*

Go ahead and use it—we like mystery games.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hartford Courant*]

LOS ANGELES (AP)—J. R. McLean, Union Pacific Railroad telegrapher, had a hunch last night. So he's alive today.

The streamliner City of Los Angeles was coming by his station in suburban Pico. He could have stayed at his desk, but he went outside to flag down traffic. He didn't have to. But he thought he should.

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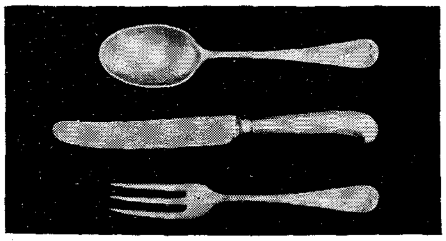

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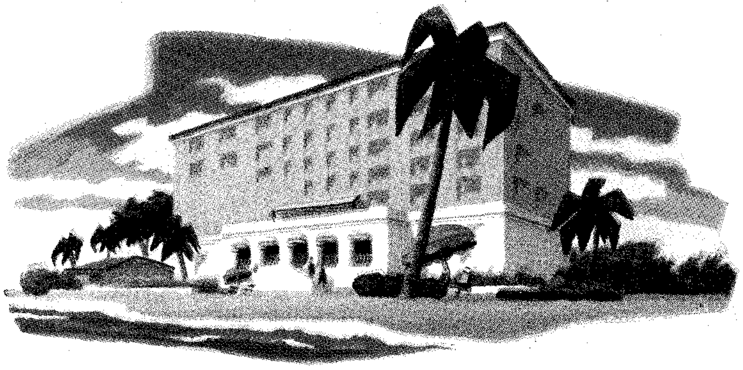

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

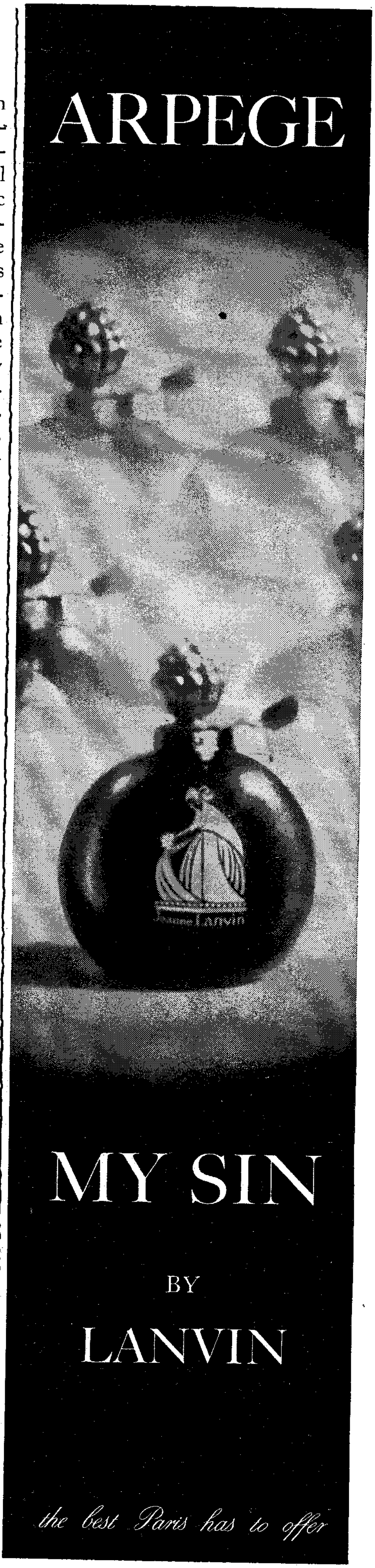
Operation Bootstrap

NOW that United States military riding teams are a thing of the past, this country, for the first time, is being represented in international competition at the National Horse Show, at Madison Square Garden, by an amateur team of six civilians, two of whom are women. The thought of competing against these noncombatant innocents so dismayed Colonel Humberto Mariles, the Mexican Army's renowned cavalryman, that he isn't riding this year at the Garden but is instead directing a team of young Mexican militarists, who, he says, "need the experience." Moreover, the Colonel has gallantly included on the team a woman rider—his sister-in-law, Lieutenant Eva Valdés, who won her bars doing Army secretarial work. The clan Mariles could put on a first-class horse show without outside help. In a recent exhibition at Mexico City, the Colonel and his wife; Lieutenant Valdés and her brother, Captain Alberto Valdés; and the Colonel's son Humberto, Jr., aged nine, and daughter Vicky, aged seven, made up a sizable caravan that rode, single file, over an array of high fences. Vicky, who has been riding since she was three and riding jumpers since she was five, so delighted President Miguel Alemán that he sent her to the National Horse Show "as a good-will ambassador."

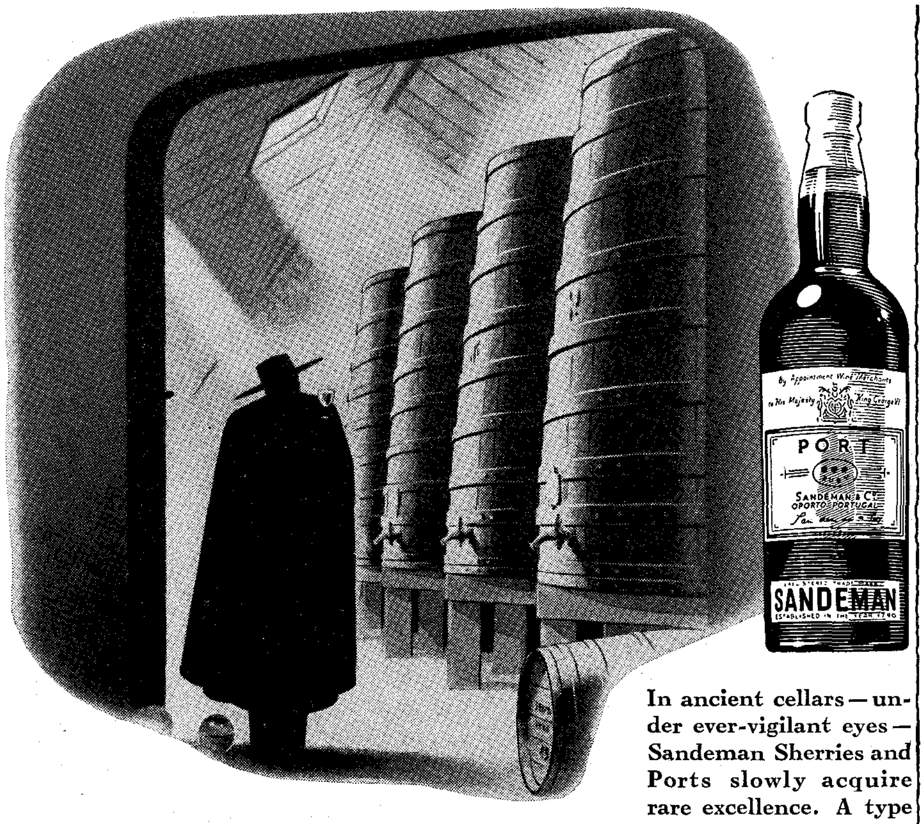
The English, Canadians, Chileans, and Irish are also represented, at least in part, by civilians. The Irish Army team had to borrow Hugh Wiley, a young Maryland rider, from the United States squad after Captain W. B. Mullins, of the Irish team, broke a leg during a practice ride in Pennsylvania. Wiley is riding on both the American and the Irish teams. The other members of the United States team, which is sponsored by the International Equestrian Competition Corporation, of New York, a private agency recently established to organize the outfit, and headed by Colonel John W. Wofford, are Miss Norma Mathews, Mrs. Carol Durand, Arthur McCashin, Robert Fraser, and Norman Brinker. The members were selected in nation-wide elimination contests, the final of which was run off, not long ago, at the Army reservation in Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, where the judges were such well-known Olympic veterans as Generals Guy V. Henry, William B. Bradford, and Charles B. Lyman. Colonel Wofford, one of our ablest Olympic riders and a shrewd and tactful manager, is the non-riding captain. The members of the team, riding horses either owned by themselves or borrowed, have spent, to date, some sixteen thousand dollars, all raised, since the Army no longer picks up the check, by private subscription. Most of the contributions have been of the five- and ten-dollar variety. Colonel Wofford estimates that two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be needed to send a team to the Helsinki Olympics in 1952. A number of organizations are raising funds to keep the team going, and Army men, some of whom are helping, call the drive Operation Bootstrap.

In events involving a combination of three riders, Colonel Wofford uses the highly experienced McCashin and Miss Mathews and Mrs. Durand. Miss Mathews, who is twenty-seven and owns a small ranch near Sacramento, California, rides a nine-year-old chestnut-and-white pinto named Country Boy. He was lent to her by Al Lauer, a former Pacific Coast motorcycle champion who has switched to horses. Mrs. Durand, who is thirty-two, is the wife of a Kansas City insurance man and the mother of a five-month-old boy; she has won numerous riding championships in the Middle West. She was a Red Cross worker in Burma during the war, and gained considerable attention out there when she went hunting for deer one night with some G.I.s, saw a pair of green eyes in the jungle, shot at them, and killed a tiger. She attended Smith for a while and occasionally sculptures horses. Fraser and Brinker are both nineteen, and are both college students—Brinker at the University of New Mexico and Fraser at Montana State. Fraser, by the way, is a welterweight Golden Gloves boxer, and hopes to visit Boston in March for the A.A.U. championships. Last year, his sister, Carol, was Miss Montana in the Miss America Pageant, at Atlantic City. Each girl in the Pageant had to demonstrate some talent, as well as display pulchritude, so Miss Fraser took a horse of hers along and rode him. The Pageant officials found that it was more expensive to feed a horse than a beauty, and have since banned animals from any part in the contest.

—T. O'R.



BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE



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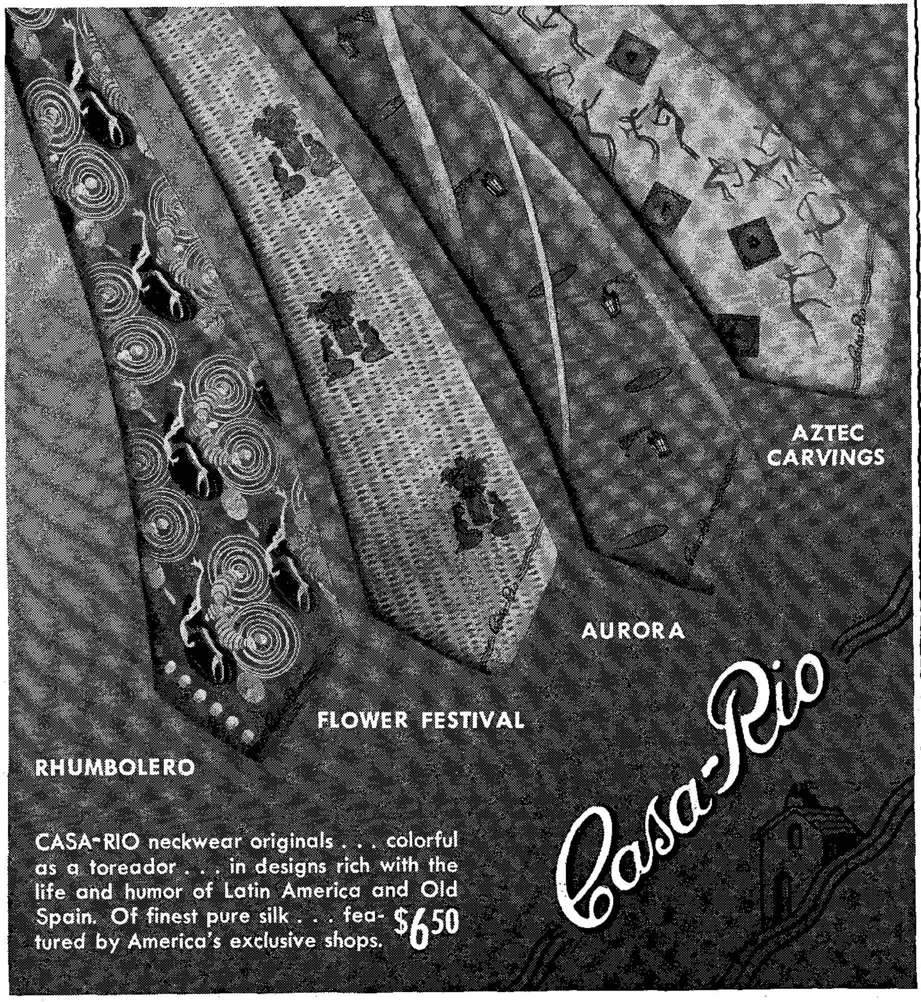

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OF ALL THINGS

UNBIASSED observers believe that the G.O.P. will make a gain of a few seats in both houses of Congress, but not enough to win control. The Party's position as a militant minority would seem to be secure.

•

Only the election returns can tell us how much damage our Governor suffered from the publication of the embarrassing Hanley letter. His opponent, Walter A. Lynch, holds the extreme view that Dewey is heading for oblivion as fast as his clay feet can carry him.

•

It is assumed that General Eisenhower will become the supreme commander of the unified forces of Western Europe. One gets the impression that Ike would rather be that than President.

•

Congressmen are justifiably indignant at the prospect of being called back to work right after the election. They understood that they were to be given two months off for good behavior.

•

The Daughters of the American Revolution is among those organizations that oppose the display of United Nations flags on New York schoolhouses. These patriotic ladies point out that the U.N. is badly infested with foreigners.

•

The government of Czechoslovakia is gloating over a bumper potato crop. That is its ringing answer to the Yankee imperialist bugmongers.

•

It is good news that there is a fine apple crop this year. Everybody will eat plenty of this healthful fruit, if the American Medical Association doesn't object.

•

The F.B.I. invites the public to send in facts about subversive activities, but it says it is not interested in anybody's opinions. A person who differs with you on the issues of the day may not have been bought by Moscow gold.

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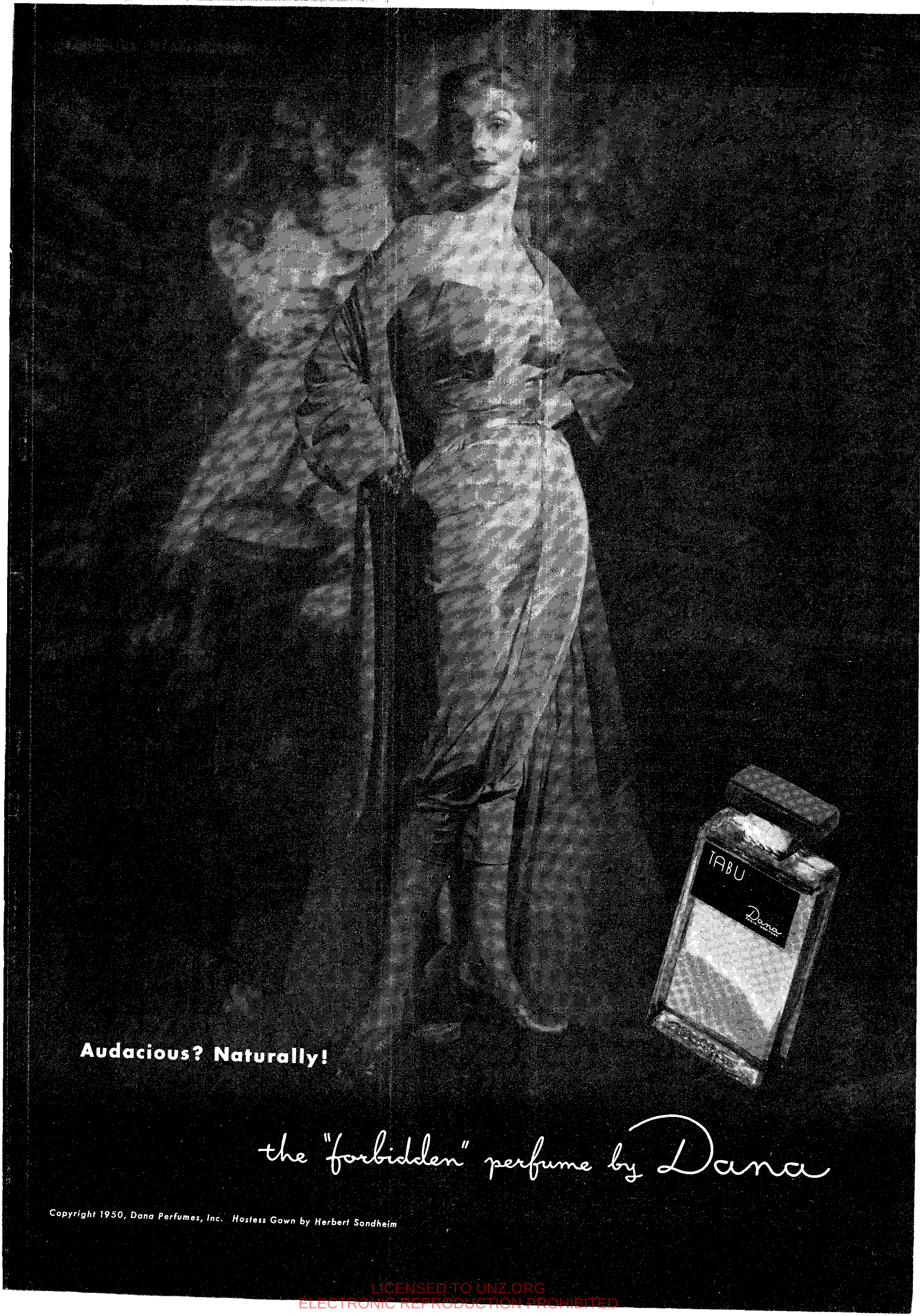
The transmission of the Voice of America from Wayne, New Jersey, has run into unexpected trouble. Local housewives make the grave charge that this powerful program jams Kate Smith.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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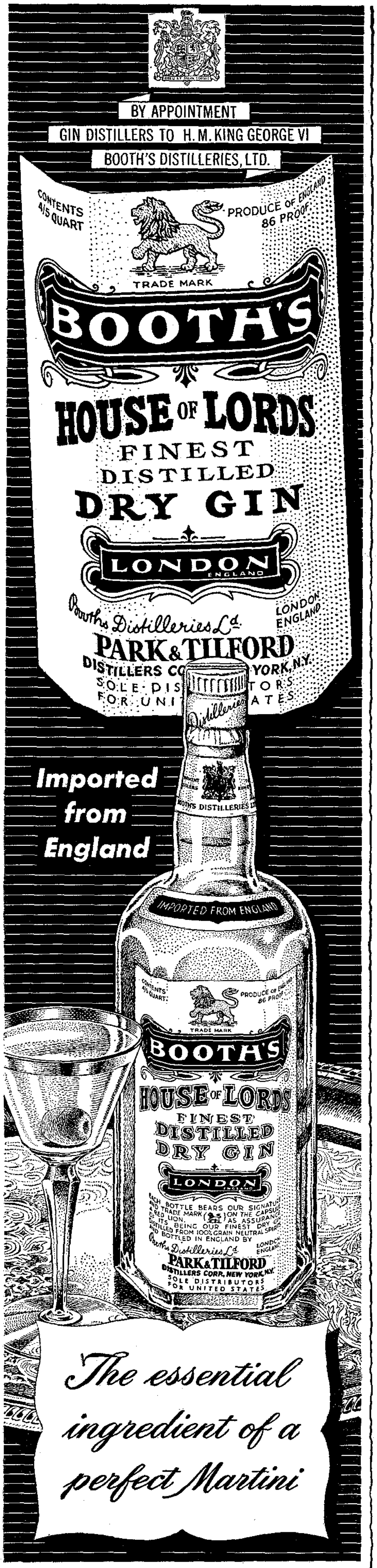

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Lady from Spain

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES, a lyric soprano from Spain, made her American début on Tuesday night of last week at Carnegie Hall. She is a marvellous singer. Her voice is one of the most melodious I have heard in a long while, and she has excellent control of it. In fact, I don't remember a false or unpleasing note during the whole evening. An interesting thing about her voice is its dark, solid quality in the lower half of its range; the other night she sounded pleasantly like a mezzo-soprano a good deal of the time. She began with a recitative and aria (the Messenger's) from Monteverdi's "Orpheus," and delivered it with fine feeling. Next, she gave a winning presentation of Scarlatti's "Le Violette," a charming little song. That was followed by Handel's "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre," from "Joshua," and I was struck by the sureness of her voice as it darted over the quick notes. From that point until the intermission, she did songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Richard Strauss, and she was uncommonly good to listen to; Strauss's "Morgen," for example, was a gem of subdued, lovely singing. There was no doubt, though, that Señorita de los Angeles grew easier and more radiant in the second part of her program, which, with the exceptions of the "Kaddisch," from Ravel's "Deux Mélodies Hébraïques," and Respighi's "Stornellatrice," was entirely Spanish, made up of pieces by Nin, Granados, de Falla, and Turina. Her audience was so appreciative of her handling of de Falla's "Jota" that she had to repeat it before they would let her sing anything else. After her scheduled program, and two encores, she came out with a guitar, sat down on the piano bench, and, accompanying herself in flamenco style, ran off a rhythmic Spanish number with all the casual assurance of an old night-club hand.

Her voice was such a perfect thing, so pure and exquisitely used, that, in a way, it didn't matter much what she sang, just as long as she kept those tones in the air. Her accompanist, Paul Berl, gave her splendid support. Señorita de los Angeles, by the way, is short, plump, young, and pretty, and she will be with the Metropolitan Opera later in the season.

THE night before, another extraordinary singer, a dramatic soprano named Eileen Farrell, who has been in radio about ten years, made her début at Carnegie Hall. (Unfortunately, I missed the first, and heavier, part of her program, because I was in Town Hall, listening to Thomas Scherman's Little Orchestra Society worrying Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 1 along. The sounds were so rough that I couldn't take it, and I got out of there as fast as I could with decency, and arrived at Carnegie Hall during the intermission.) When the house lights dimmed for the latter half of her performance, Miss Farrell, a very large young woman, appeared on the stage in black velvet, and sang, with a commanding voice and superb artistry, the subtle, wavering "Chants de Terre et de Ciel," by the contemporary French composer Olivier Messiaen. After that, she did some pieces by modern American writers; the one I enjoyed most was Samuel Barber's tender "Sleep Now." For an encore, she offered Verdi's grand aria "Pace, pace, mio Dio!" That revealed just how big and rich her voice is and gave me an idea of how impressive the first half of her recital must have been, when she was singing an aria from Beethoven's "Fidelio," one from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," and several pieces by Brahms.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM brought his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, a British ensemble of over ninety musicians, to Carnegie Hall last Friday evening and presented a substantial, well-played concert. The orchestra is a fine one, admirably disciplined and acutely sensitive to the direction of its leader. The program was conventional but varied, and Sir Thomas exacted precise musicianship throughout. After opening with robust performances of national anthems, ours and his, Sir Thomas launched the concert proper with a powerful reading of the overture "Le Corsaire," by Berlioz. Mozart's Symphony No. 41 and Sibelius's "Tapiola" came next, and, after the intermission, Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, followed by the "Dance of the Seven Veils," from Strauss's "Salome." These compositions were conducted and played with a genuine realization of the particular nature of each. About the only fault I could find with the playing was that the orchestra seemed to be overtrained, so the music was a little stiff here and there. This is a mild objection, though, and the flaw really didn't mar my enjoyment of what was, on the whole, a rewarding concert. The elderly Sir Thomas was a delight to watch, bulkily graceful in conducting his men and beautifully poised in his detachment from but polite acknowledgment of the audience's applause. One thing he did rather startled me, and I still am not sure whether he was fooling. After the exertion of conducting Beethoven and taking bows for it, he stepped gingerly up onto the podium and, lifting an ordinary program from the stand in front of him, held it nearsightedly up to his face for an instant, as if he didn't know what was coming next. Then he put it down and sailed into the orgiastic Strauss piece.

A Pianist named Sascha Gorodnitzki gave a recital at Carnegie Hall in the middle of last week and did a fairly good job of playing Brahms' long, intricate, and entertaining string of "Variations on a Theme of Paganini." However, he banged hell out of the piano as, with his right foot shoving down on the loud pedal, he blurred Beethoven's Sonata Opus 37 and Liszt's florid Polonaise in E Major. He missed several notes in them, too. His treatment of Haydn's Andante con Variazioni in F Minor and a couple of Chopin pieces—the Ballade in A Flat Major and the Nocturne in B Flat Minor—though less vehement, was still exaggerated, and they were spoiled for me.

—Douglas Watt

•

For Sale—Purebred Half Labrador, half German short-hair dogs. 10 weeks old. Nick Weber, Five Acre Tract.—*Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise.*

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•

"The Esso Service Station of Life" will be the sermon subject of the Rev. A. Corbin Kiser, pastor of the Springfield Advent Christian church at 7:30 p.m. tomorrow.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Journal.*

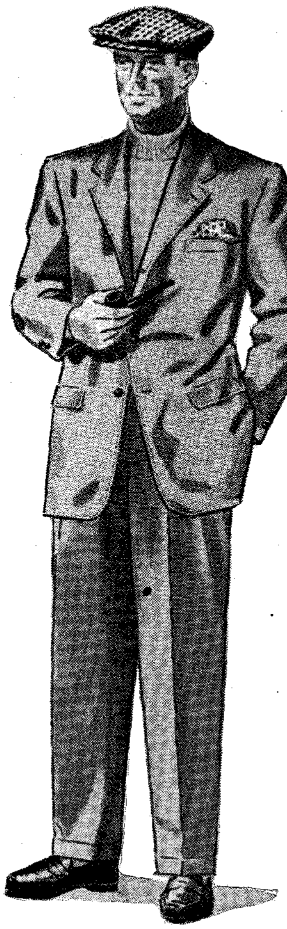
Do you mind wiping off life's windshield?

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WAR WITH ITSELF

[*From the announcement of an essay contest conducted by the American Bar Association*]

Clearness and brevity of expression and absence of iteration or undue prolixity will be taken into favorable consideration.



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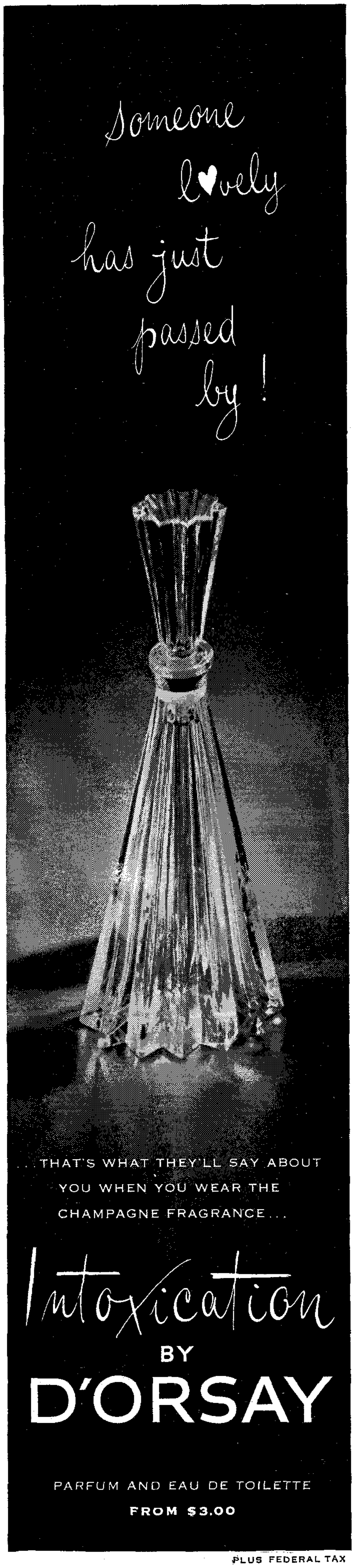


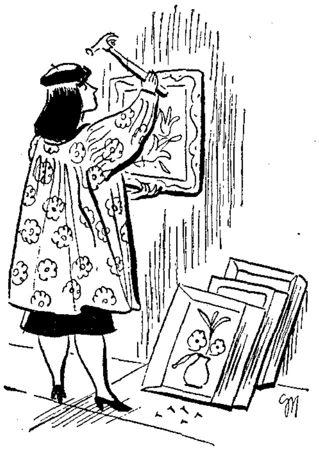
AUTUMN ON THE HARLEM

EVERY fall, I build a ship. I don't literally build one, but I relive the building of the ship I was on in the Navy. This is because the smells, the colors, and the sharpness of autumn take me back to, of all places, the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation yards in Morris Heights, the Bronx, and I hear the riveters' hammers and smell the hot steel and feel the same subdued excitement I felt in the fall of 1943.

I went to Consolidated in the middle of September and gave my orders to a girl in the yard office. She looked at the orders, then at me, and said, "There were a couple of others for the PC 1208 here, but they've left. Do you want to see your ship?"

I said yes, and we went out through the yards, which vibrated with the noise of hammers, buzz saws, riveting guns, and drills. To one side were the building ways, on which were the frameworks of two other PCs; my ship had already been launched. "PC" (Patrol Craft) is the designation for a particular class of submarine chaser. The ships are a hundred and seventy-three feet long, or a little shorter than a north-south city block, and at their widest point they are twenty-three feet across. Duty on a PC can be described only as like living in a washing machine.

The girl and I walked past the ways, then between two buildings and onto a small dock, and I saw the ship. The sides had been painted a light blue-gray, and "PC 1208" was painted on the bow in white, but the deck and parts of the superstructure were unpainted and had a rusty glint in the afternoon sun. The deck was cluttered with planking and tools and electric wires and hose lines, and what little I could see of the inside was black and hollow-looking. The only personal part of the ship was the bow, with the numerals on it, and I looked carefully at it for any flaws, but saw none. A couple of workmen were aboard, welding and puttering around in a desultory fashion. At another dock, farther down, was the ship launched previous to mine—the 1207—and she looked new and shiny and complete and was swarming with workmen and Navy personnel, but to me she seemed remote and uninteresting.

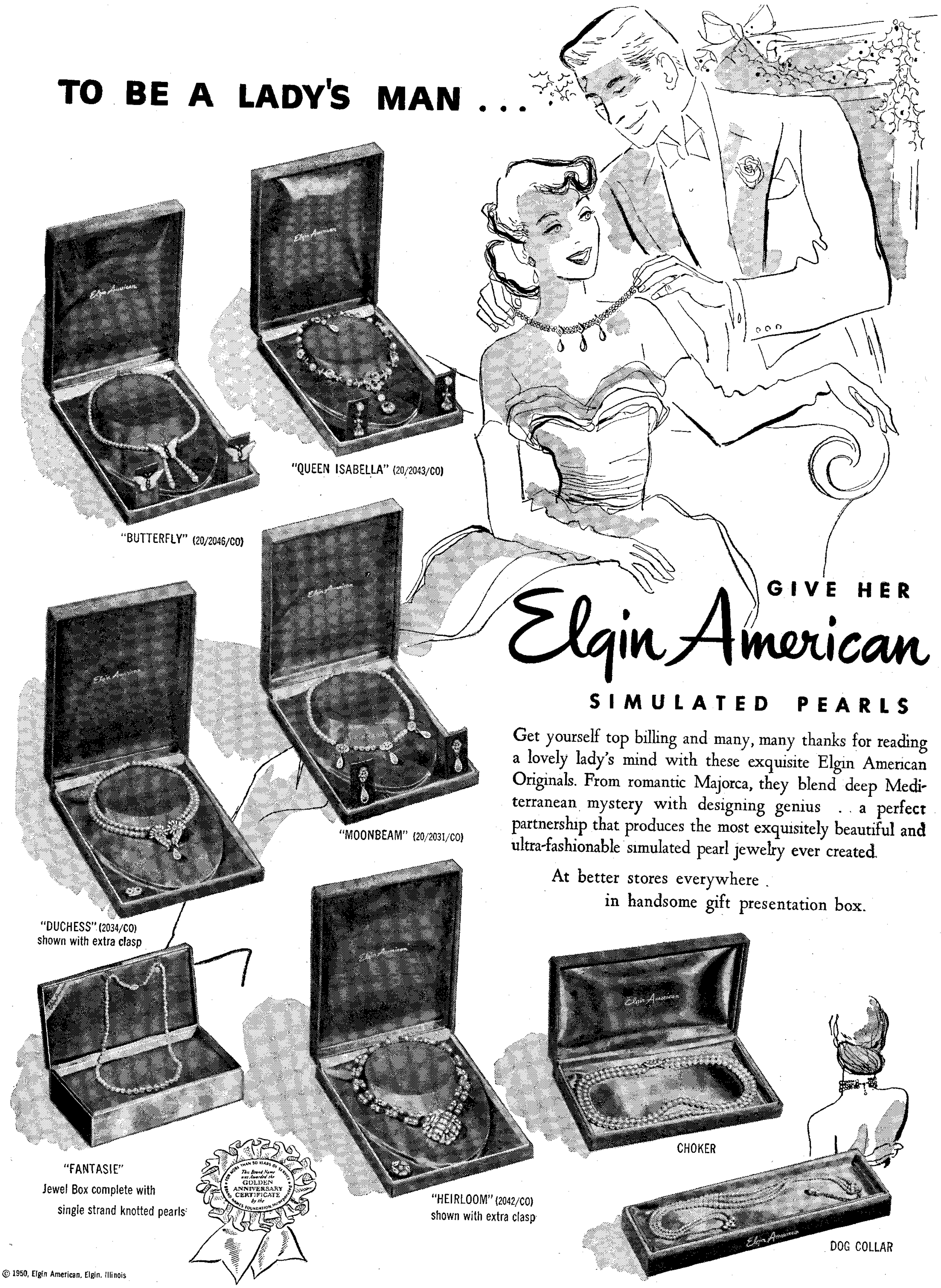


Across the Harlem River, high on a hill, was a group of buildings I took to be a school or college, or something of the sort, and the trees around it were still green. But the air was so clear I could see that the green was getting dull, and there were patches of brown on some of the trees. A slight chill hung over the gray and oily river, but to me it was a welcome chill. I had spent the summer in anti-submarine-warfare schools in Miami and Key West, and I yearned for a good, stinging cold snap. After more than three months of palm trees, I felt a real affection for any tree that changed color and lost its leaves, and the mere thought of an honest-to-God autumn was exciting.

I WENT back to Consolidated the next morning and met two of the ship's officers who had shown up. One was the captain, a short, dark, beetle-browed lieutenant who had been a Crane-valve salesman before the war, and the other was a baby-faced ensign, just out of Yale, who was to be gunnery officer. I was a lieutenant and was to be executive officer. We shook hands and eyed one another speculatively; then, after some aimless small talk, we decided to go aboard the ship and look around. We went through the noisy yards and onto the dock, filed across a wooden gangway (the captain went first), and were aboard. The ship was dead and motionless, like a part of the dock, and we walked gingerly across the decks, stepping over tools and planking and piles of meaningless steel that were yet to be assembled. We looked into the deckhouse and in the rusty gloom could see only the blinding blue light of a welder's torch, and we smelled the hot, metallic smell of the welding. The workman paid no attention to us, and we turned away and continued our tour of the deck. The air was warm, but a breeze was blowing down the river, and after a while we went back into the office.

There wasn't much to do that first day. There were two officers still to come, none of the crew had arrived, and about all we had to work with was a list showing the various items that would eventually be sent to us. It was

TO BE A LADY'S MAN . . .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a massive list, and we riffled through it in a semi-stunned way and then went back downtown. The ensign was staying at the Yale Club; he bought us a drink there and toasted the ship, and after that drink the captain and I left him and went to a saloon. The captain lived with his family on Long Island and I had borrowed a friend's apartment in Manhattan, so after a couple of drinks in the saloon he came up to my place and we had another drink and wondered how the ensign was going to turn out. We decided that all we could do was hope for the best, and on that we had a final drink and the captain set out for Long Island.

A SHIP assembles itself slowly, so slowly that there is no noticeable day-to-day change. The actual building is only a small part of this assembly; from all over the country come tools, spare parts, pieces of machinery, books, furniture, navigational equipment, pamphlets, instructions, typewriters, crockery, cooking utensils, armament, and, of course, the crew. Everything has to be checked off as it arrives, and after the two other officers showed up, the three of us spent most of our time going over the allowance list—pile upon pile of mimeographed forms—marking down what had come and what was still needed, and making weekly "progress reports" to the Navy Department. The inanimate material was kept in a storeroom in one of the yard sheds, and as the weeks passed the number of crates marked "PC 1208" grew until they had to be piled one on top of the other. The members of the crew arrived just as impersonally; they went direct from wherever they had come to the receiving barracks in Brooklyn, and every now and then we would be notified that five seamen and one motor machinist's mate, third class, for instance, were at the receiving barracks awaiting further orders. Their names were unfamiliar, and in some cases unpronounceable, and we officers didn't see them until enough had arrived so that we could start sending them to short training courses at nearby Navy schools or getting the more experienced ones out to the yards to help us. Perhaps "nearby" isn't the exact word; we sent one group of engineers to a two weeks' course on diesel engines out in Ohio someplace. Most of the schools, however, were around New York.

One day, when twenty of our sixty-one men had arrived, I went out to the receiving barracks and had the duty officer call them together. I gave

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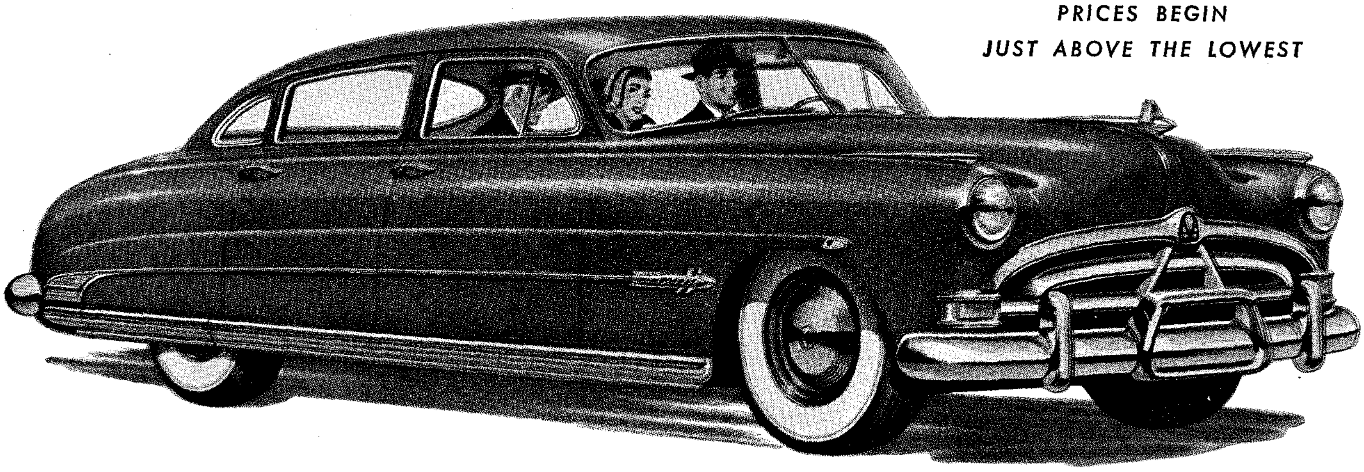

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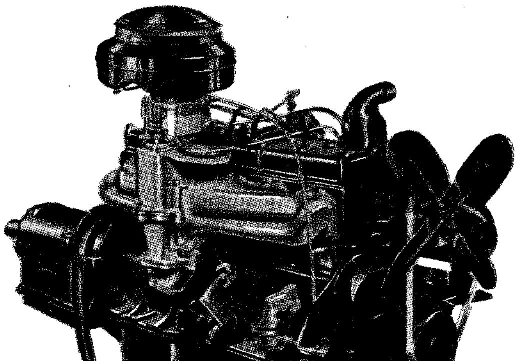

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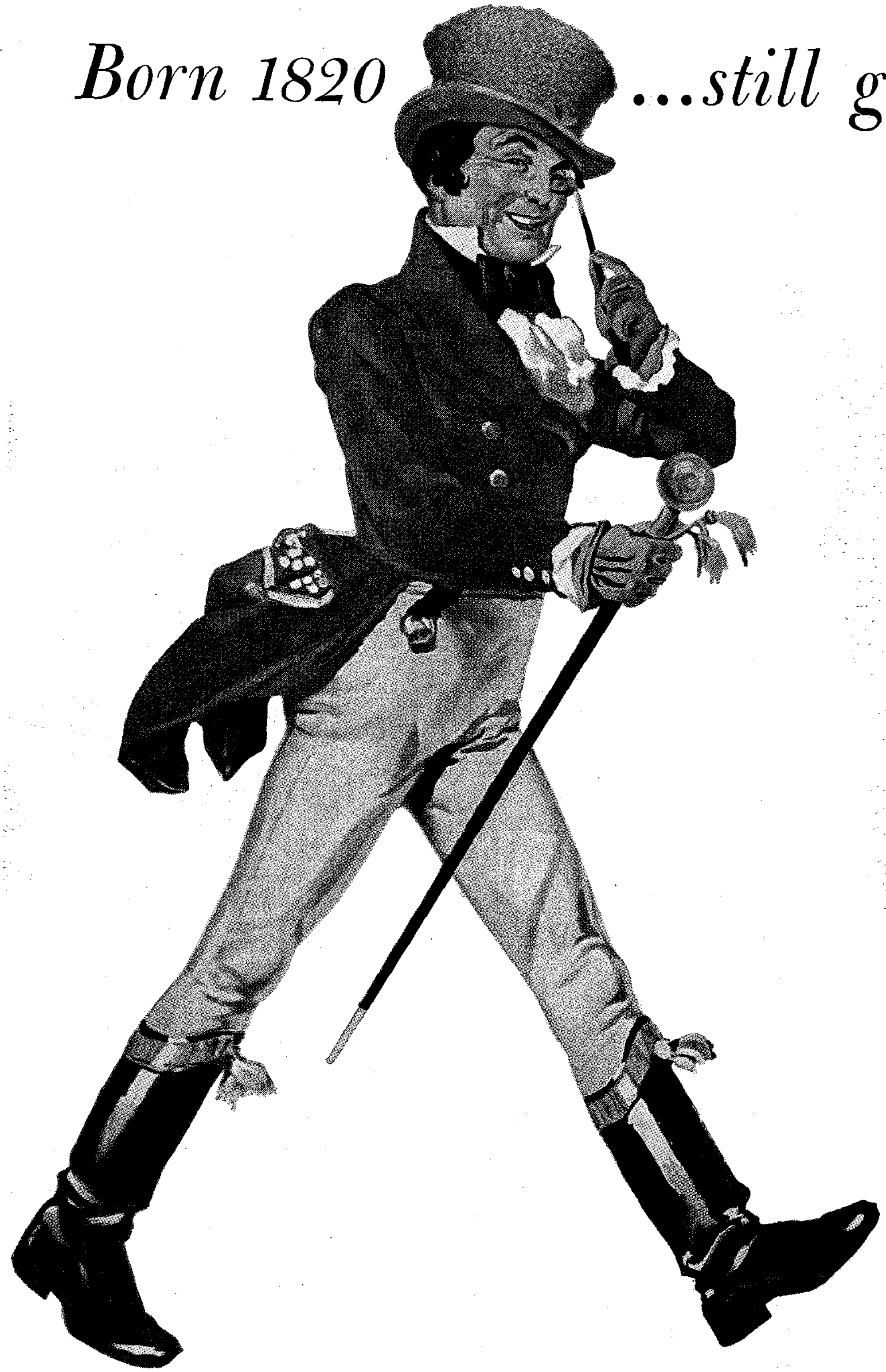

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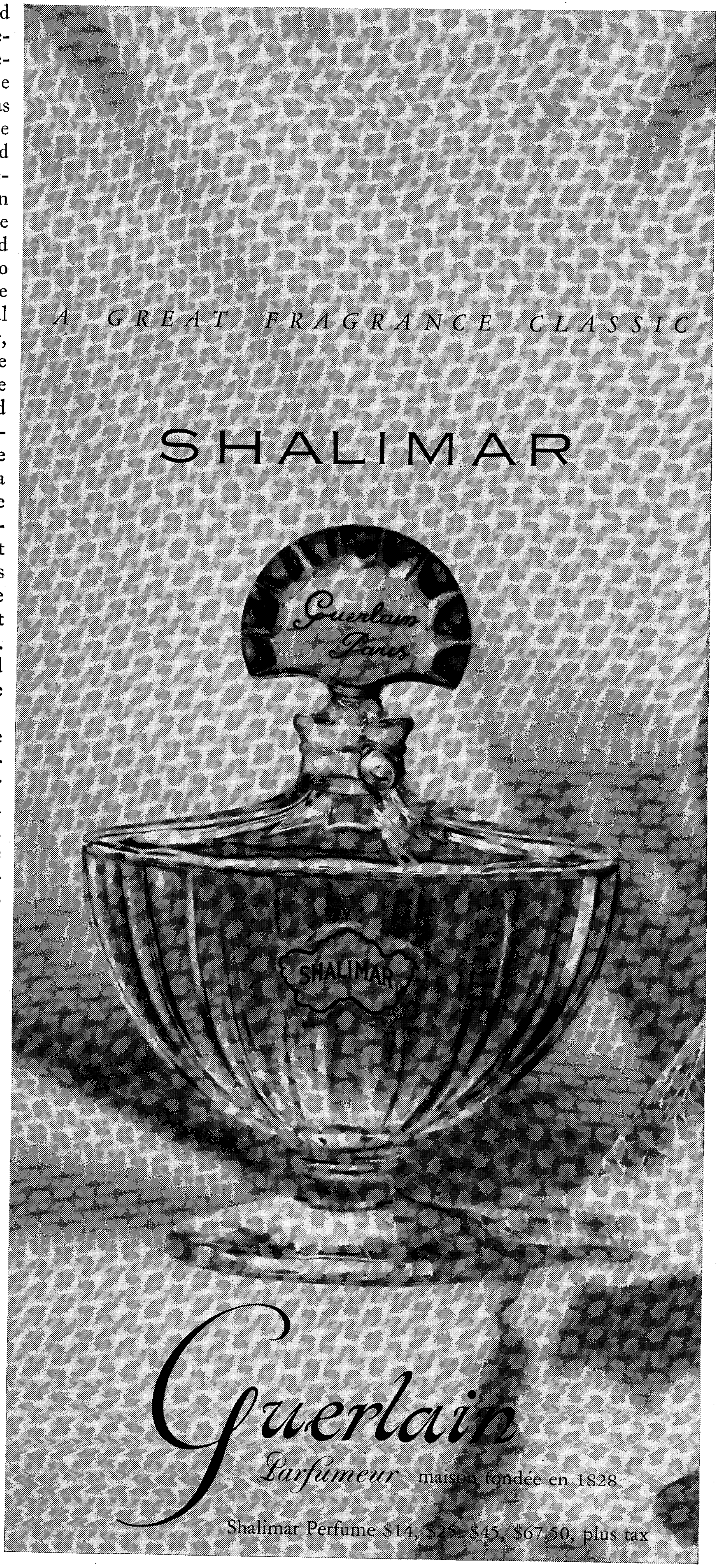
each man a form, which I had had mimeographed at the yards, and requested that he fill it out, stating his previous experience, his hobbies, and, if he was a non-rated man, what rate he was going to try for. This was to help me in making out the watch list, and I had put in the question about hobbies because that is about all you have to go on when a man has no previous experience or training of any kind. If you found out, for instance, that a man liked to play with electricity, you could make him a telephone talker at General Quarters, or if he was fond of hunting, you could put him on a gun crew. The answers I got on the questionnaires were less than helpful; the hobbies included such items as "Fooling around," "Dancing," "Whittling," and "Girls." Of the twenty men, only four had been to sea before. One man had seen action in the South Pacific, but my momentary elation was dampened when I found out that he had been in the Navy two years and was still a seaman, second class; he had never had the six months without a court-martial required for promotion. I went back to Consolidated and filed the questionnaires under "P-16," the filing number for personnel.

We usually worked at the yard office from about nine-thirty until five Mondays through Fridays and until one or two on Saturdays. The office was warm and smelled of varnish and steam heat, and when we went out to look at the ship, we had to put on sweaters or overcoats or raincoats. We watched the installation of the machinery and the slow development of the ship's internal workings, so that we knew where everything was, and what it was for, and what it connected with.

Around the middle of October, the wind on the river became sharp and cold, and the trees at the school across the river turned brilliant red, orange, and yellow, and then their leaves began to thin out. The shadows in the building yards grew longer each day, until even at noon the feeling was that of a bright, cold late afternoon. Sometimes the wind would whip up little waves on the river, and, standing on the ship, you could almost imagine yourself at sea, but there was still the dead, the inanimate, feeling about the ship that kept it from being more than a loosely attached part of the building yards. For lunch, we would walk a few blocks up a hill to some restaurant or cafeteria, and sometimes on the way we would see children playing football in the street, and if we worked late Saturdays, we occasionally heard snatches of



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broadcasts of football games as we passed parked taxis, and these small, nostalgic signs of fall were in sharp contrast to our apparently endless clerical work in the hot, crowded office.

Each afternoon, when we left, it was darker. Once, as we trudged up the hill to the subway, we saw a bonfire in the street, and in the flickering light of it were crowds of children in ragged costumes. It wasn't until the children started begging from us that we realized it was Halloween.

Occasionally, we were able to get away from the office for a day or so. There was a two-day firefighting course at the Navy Yard, and the officers and enlisted men went in small groups to this, going through the unpleasant business of putting out oil fires with only rain clothes for protection. The fires were set in a brick-and-steel building, into which you walked, carrying a hose, on a catwalk over the burning oil, and after two days of doing that, the office routine seemed pleasant and peaceful. Our ensign from Yale, incidentally, saved a man who fell off the catwalk into the fire, and the captain and I didn't worry much about him after that.

One of the most tedious jobs, aside from checking the spare parts, was correcting the navigational charts. Five portfolios of these were issued to the ship, charts that had been printed a year or so earlier. In addition, there came a number of issues of a monthly bulletin called *Notice to Mariners*, which listed, among other things, all the changes in buoys, lighthouses, channels, and whatnot that had taken place, and these had to be gone through in detail and noted on the charts. I got a signalman and a quartermaster from the receiving barracks and put them to work, and it took them about two weeks, working eight hours a day. They didn't mind the work, however, because it took them away from the even duller duty they had been given at the receiving barracks. The fact that they hadn't corrected the charts accurately didn't become apparent until much later.

THEN, one day, the 1207 left and our ship was moved up to the fitting-out dock. It was a cold, cloudless day, the sky was a brilliant blue, and the school buildings across the river were bright orange in the sunlight, brighter now than the trees surrounding them. The hands of the workmen were purple with the cold as they tugged at the hawsers, and every now and then

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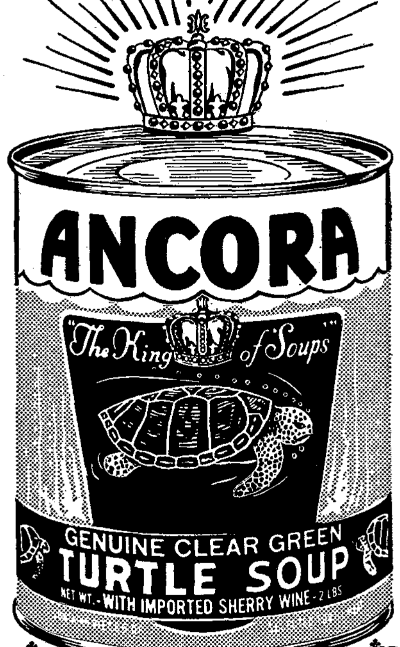

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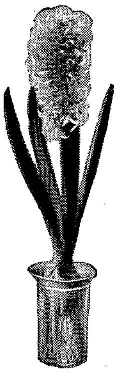

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the wind would flick a little icy spray onto the dock. The ship seemed suddenly to grow and take on a new shine; the deckhouse and bridge were freshly painted and gleaming, and the clutter had been removed from the decks. The next day, the inside finishing trim was painted—some of it white and some of it light green—and in the pilothouse the first of the instruments were installed.

The crew, from being names on a smudged list, began to be recognizable as individuals. Androlewicz was a short, chunky, blond quartermaster with big eyes; Favors a lanky, hawk-nosed signalman, who spoke slowly and with a Midwest accent; Nuttall a taciturn, small-mouthed motor machinist's mate; Van Meter a hard, cocky boatswain's mate, who wore his hat forward almost to the bridge of his nose. These men had all had previous duty, and we hoped they would set good examples for the inexperienced men. Some did, and some didn't.

Other men became identifiable as we brought them, for one reason or another, to the yards. At night they returned to the receiving barracks, the officers scattered into the city, and the ship stayed tied to the dock. One of the last men to arrive was the one we needed the most—Donahue, the yeoman. We had been typing all the letters and reports ourselves, and from their appearance it was obvious we needed a yeoman, but the Bureau of Personnel took its own majestic time about ordering Yeoman Donahue to our ship. One of the first letters he typed was a frantically dictated plea for a gunner's mate. We rated a first- and a third-class gunner's mate, and all we got then was a third, whose experience with ordnance was limited to a .22 rifle of his cousin's. (It was several months before we got a gunner's mate, first, and then the Bureau sent us three. The best one was an Indian, who came aboard at Key West.)

Then, almost suddenly, everything was ready. As in a model-construction set, all the parts were available and needed only assembling. The storeroom was overflowing with crates of spare parts and accessories; these were loaded aboard and stowed away. The allowance lists were a mass of pencil checks, with only a few items still to come, and the roster from the receiving barracks showed that a full crew—numerically, at least—was waiting there. My watch list, which gave each man's duties under way, during a fire, after a collision, with a man overboard, at Gen-

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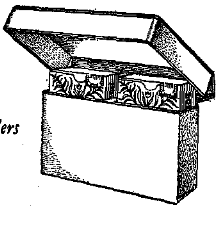

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eral Quarters, and when abandoning ship, had been changed so often that it was almost illegible, but at least it was complete for the time being. The last gadgets and fittings and trimmings were installed on the ship, and with a yard crew operating it we made a couple of test runs up the Hudson and in Long Island Sound. Then, one raw, gray afternoon in November, the officers and a few enlisted men went aboard and the yard crew headed us down the river for the Navy Yard. The trees across the river were bare, and the wind that swept over the water bit into our clothing and made our teeth chatter. As we slid away from the dock, a few of the yard workers waved to us, and we took our hands from our pockets long enough to wave briefly back at them. At various points along the river, small boys waved at us and cheered, but by then we were too cold to respond. This was the cold snap I had been yearning for, and I wished only that I were better dressed for it. We had not yet drawn our winter clothing, known in Navy parlance as foul-weather gear, and we were quite uncomfortable. The idea of going below decks never occurred to us.

We were commissioned at the Navy Yard on Thanksgiving Day. The crew was brought up in trucks, and as they filed aboard, their sea bags on their shoulders, the faces of many of them wore a set, blank look that concealed nervousness or excitement. When the time came for the commissioning ceremony, the crew was mustered at quarters on the afterdeck, a few friends and relatives of the officers stood huddled in the lee of the stack, and on the dock a Navy Yard band waited to play the national anthem when the colors were raised. All that was missing was a Commander Sasse, the Navy Yard officer who was to commission us. We waited a half hour, growing colder and colder, until finally the band leader told us he had another commissioning scheduled and could wait only five minutes more. In desperation, and disregarding Navy etiquette, I called Commander Sasse from a dock telephone. It seemed that our commissioning had slipped his mind. By the time he arrived, the members of the band were so cold they could hardly play their instruments, and all the rest of us were numb to a point where saluting was painful, and the friends and relatives had ducked into the wardroom for coffee. Commander Sasse read the orders commissioning us, the captain read his own orders in a slightly clogged voice, the colors were raised, and the

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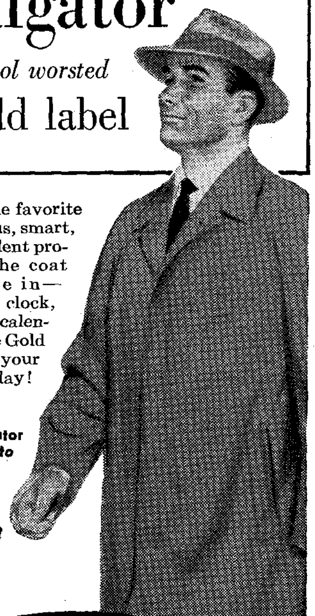

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band played the national anthem and then scurried off.

For a week or so, we puttered around local waters. We went up the Hudson to Iona Island for ammunition, to some small island off Brooklyn for depth charges, to Staten Island for winter clothing, to the Sandy Hook area for compass calibration, and to Bayonne for degaussing. These short trips gave the captain a chance to get the feel of the ship; his only other command had been an SC, a much smaller and radically different type of ship, and he needed a little time to get accustomed to the behavior of a PC. I noticed that whenever we came in to make a landing he seemed to be muttering to himself, and he finally admitted to me that what he was saying was "One million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," over and over, as we nosed toward the dock. He never made a bad landing.

At last, one dull, gusty morning, we put out to sea. We threaded our way through the harbor traffic, then out Ambrose Channel, and the ship shuddered and kicked up clouds of stinging spray as she dug her bow into the long gray swells. Below decks, it was bright and warm and comfortable, the radio was playing, and there was the smell of hot food in the galley, but the minute you went on deck you knew that it was winter. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

IN ROCKEFELLER PLAZA

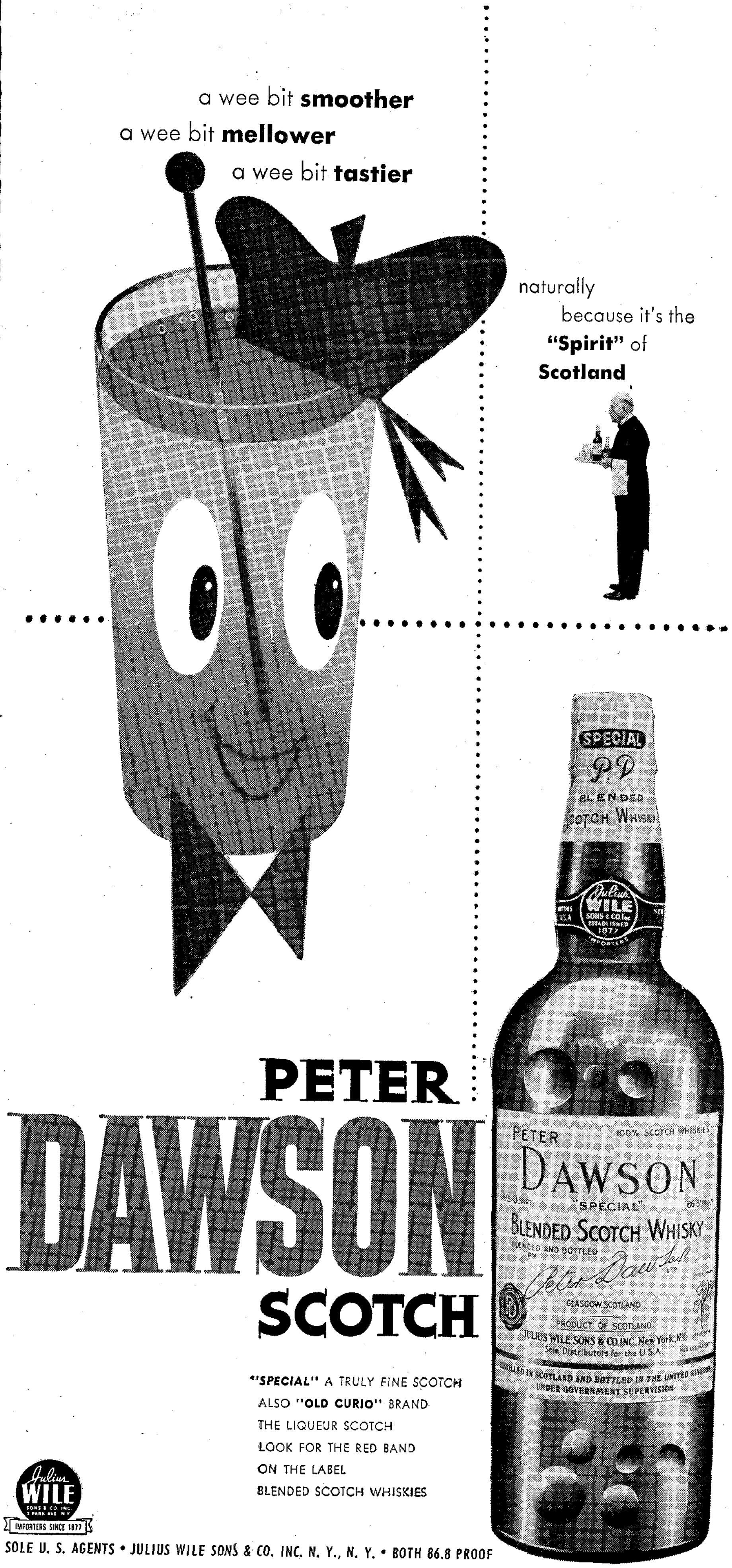
This is a day patterned in curves,
Which, down below, the skaters fling
Out from the ice; the green, blue, rose
Confetti streamers of their graces
Tangle with flags, as a light wind blows,
And spatter brilliance on the faces
Of those who stand here in the square.
This tryst smacks of millennium;
It's unbelievable that glare
From the ice and a chrysanthemum
Fragrance reply to the same sun,
That flowers print fall designs
In russet, mauve, and gold upon
An air inscribed with winter lines.

—DOROTHY LODER

•

Mr. Lentz suggested that the Junior Chamber of Commerce start a campaign to institute new rules for the game which would empower the home team or a player to call a halt to the contest if necessary if the crowds become too impartial.—*Oshkosh (Wis.) Daily Northwestern.*

Yeah, let's have none of that.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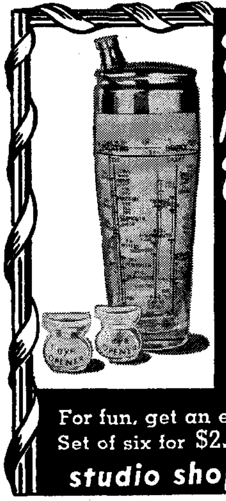

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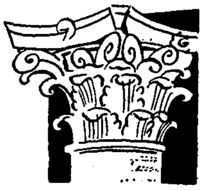
LETTER FROM ROME

OCTOBER 26



ON the heels of the nearly two million Anno Santo tourists who have swarmed through the Holy City this year, there has arrived a little band of Americans who have special importance as sightseers in Rome. They are this autumn's ten Prix de Rome winners, who are at the moment settling down in the American Academy—two painters, two composers, one sculptor, one architect, three students of the classics, and one landscape architect, whose prize is endowed by the ardent Garden Club of America. On their first sightseeing trips here and in Florence and Venice, they have had as cicerone Mr. Laurance Roberts, the former head of the Brooklyn Museum, who for the last three years has been head of the Academy. Otherwise, they are on their own, to stare or to labor, as they choose. Until Roberts set this policy, the prize-winners, like those in other such national academies here (there are about a dozen), had to spend their time making copies of Botticelli and so on, or writing well-bred sonatinas and so on; they had to turn in a set quantity of conventional work, as if they were schoolboys. Today, the American laureate gets a free bedroom and studio at the Academy; three meals a day there, for which he pays about a dollar and a quarter; twelve hundred and fifty dollars to cover a year's expenses; a few hundred dollars to spend on European travel; and freedom to follow his own artistic bent at his own speed. He is also permitted to apply for two one-year extensions. To him, and to many envious prizemen in the other academies, the American Prix de Rome looks like clover.

The French Academy here, which was founded under Louis XIV and is the oldest, is housed in the famous Villa Medici, on the Pincio. Despite the fact that Paris later became the cradle of modern art, the French Academy ignores modern art. The American Academy, which is among the newest, was founded under President Cleveland and is housed in a Renaissance-style building on the Janiculum. It is unique among the academies in accepting *Modernismus* as a norm. The main influences, perhaps, on the American composers here have been Stravinsky and Nadia Boulanger. One of the prizemen now at the Academy—he is in his second year—is the Negro composer Ulysses Kay, who wrote the music for the film "The Quiet One." Living at the Academy along with the prize-winners are a couple of dozen holders of fellowships or scholarships from various colleges or the Guggenheim and similar foundations. In addition, some older men, whom the Academy calls "resident" artists and scholars, are invited to join the group—until recently the painter Henry Varnum Poor was here, at present the art historian Edgar Wind is here, and the composer Aaron Copland is soon to be here—and pinch-hit as counsellors if the younger set call for help.

The only antique fixture of the American Academy is the residence of its director—the lovely orange stucco Villa Aurelia, alongside the ancient Janiculum park. The villa was built as a garden casino for a Farnese prince in the late sixteenth century, passed to a rich family of commoners who made candles for the Vatican, was used by Garibaldi as headquarters during the Republic of 1849, and was bought by Mrs. Clara J. Heyland, an American lady who installed regrettable Colonial bay windows in 1886 and on her death, in 1911, left it to the Academy. The Academy was started in 1894 by Charles F. McKim, partner of Stanford White; he had participated in the classic revival popularized by the Chicago World's Fair buildings the year before and thought it was high time young American architects got the real thing in Rome.

The Prix de Rome was established for American male citizens under thirty years of age and unmarried, but love and feminism have changed all that. One of the current Prix de Rome sculptors is Miss Concetta Scaravaglione. Six of the year's ten prize-winners are married men, and five have their wives in tow. For two years, Roberts hospitably housed not only wives but babies, but the babies proved unpopular. As a result, the New York painter laureate Joseph Lasker and his wife and infant are doing the prize year from an apartment in Rome.

OF the grand old European actresses, the Italian Emma Gramatica, who is now in her seventies, is the last still functioning. Her current reappearance in Rome is an event. Her touring repertory company, in which she stars in fourteen plays, is playing at the Teatro Valle. Her vintage art, body, and memory are equally phenomenal. She

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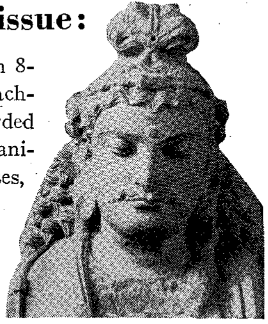

TRUTH ACROSS TEN THOUSAND YEARS, an 8-page portfolio presentation of the Great Teachings of Mankind from the earliest recorded time. Selections from Zoroaster, Katha-Upanishad, Bhagavad-Gita, Buddha, Zen, Moses, St. Zosima and the Early Christian Church, Confucius, Mohammed. Several of these excerpts have never before been published in the English language.

Both the Origin and the Effect of the **AMERICAN PATCHWORK QUILT** are described in this issue, with a profusely illustrated accompaniment of the finest of historic and present-day designs reflecting what was one of the social phenomena of American Colonial times.

In sharp contrast to the serenity of Colonial quilting parties is a feature article relating to CAMOUFLAGE *(in the Christmas edition) which covers the importance of Camouflage in both military and civilian economy. Profusely illustrated with examples of right-and-wrong use of Camouflage, color-bars and calibrated tables.*

Many pages are devoted to the subject of **DESIGN AND COLOR,** embellished with reproductions of rare and beautiful objects. Designers, fashion creators, art directors, teachers and students of art all find in *American Fabrics* a steady and refreshing flow of novel inspiration. In each issue, too, color authority HOWARD KETCHAM discourses on the impact of color on industry, pointing the way to its most productive use, using superb illustrative material to indicate the potential force of color in various situations.

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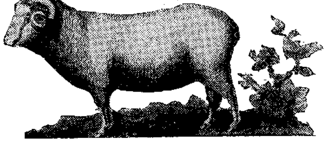

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—TSURAYUKI

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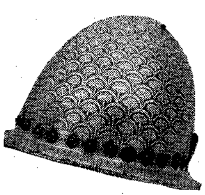

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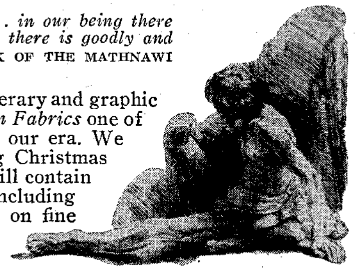

Touch

. . . please remember that the extra dimension of Touch plays an important part in the reader's enjoyment of *American Fabrics.* Every issue contains special swatched sections . . . PLUS numerous other articles of broad interest to men and women whose economic or social interests touch on the field of Textiles and Fashion. *American Fabrics* is subscribed to and read avidly by top level executives in manufacturing and retailing; by designers, advertising writers, and art directors; by teachers at all levels from university to grade school. They find its wealth of information and profusion of color reproductions and textile swatches priceless and inspiring both at work and at home. Even people not connected with commerce find *American Fabrics* fascinating; for instance, Miss Sydney Baldwin, writer and newspaper publisher, wrote: "Whenever we have friends over to our home, and the conversation begins to lag, all I have to do is bring out a copy of *American Fabrics,* and our guests instantly find so much interesting material in it that the evening becomes an exciting event." Please remember: a single issue contains no less than *seventy* tip-ons of full color art subjects and actual swatches.

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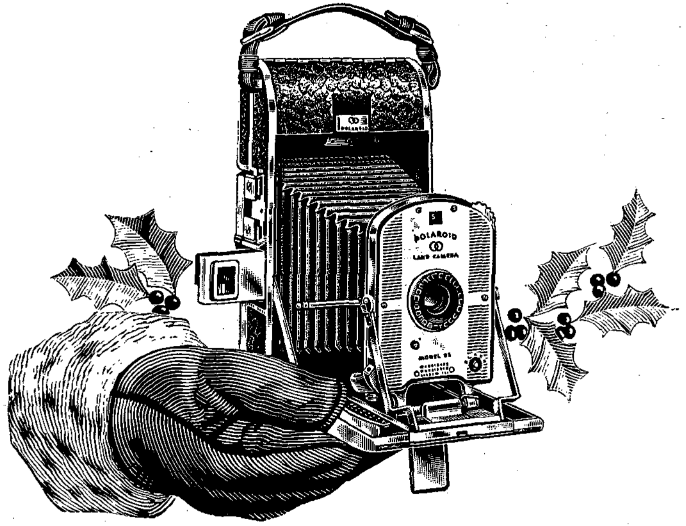

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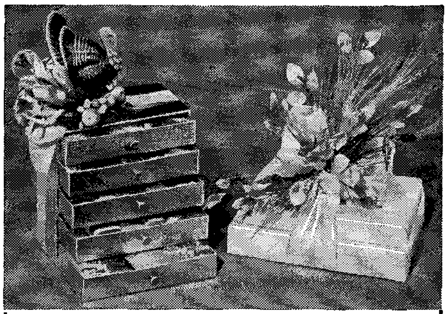

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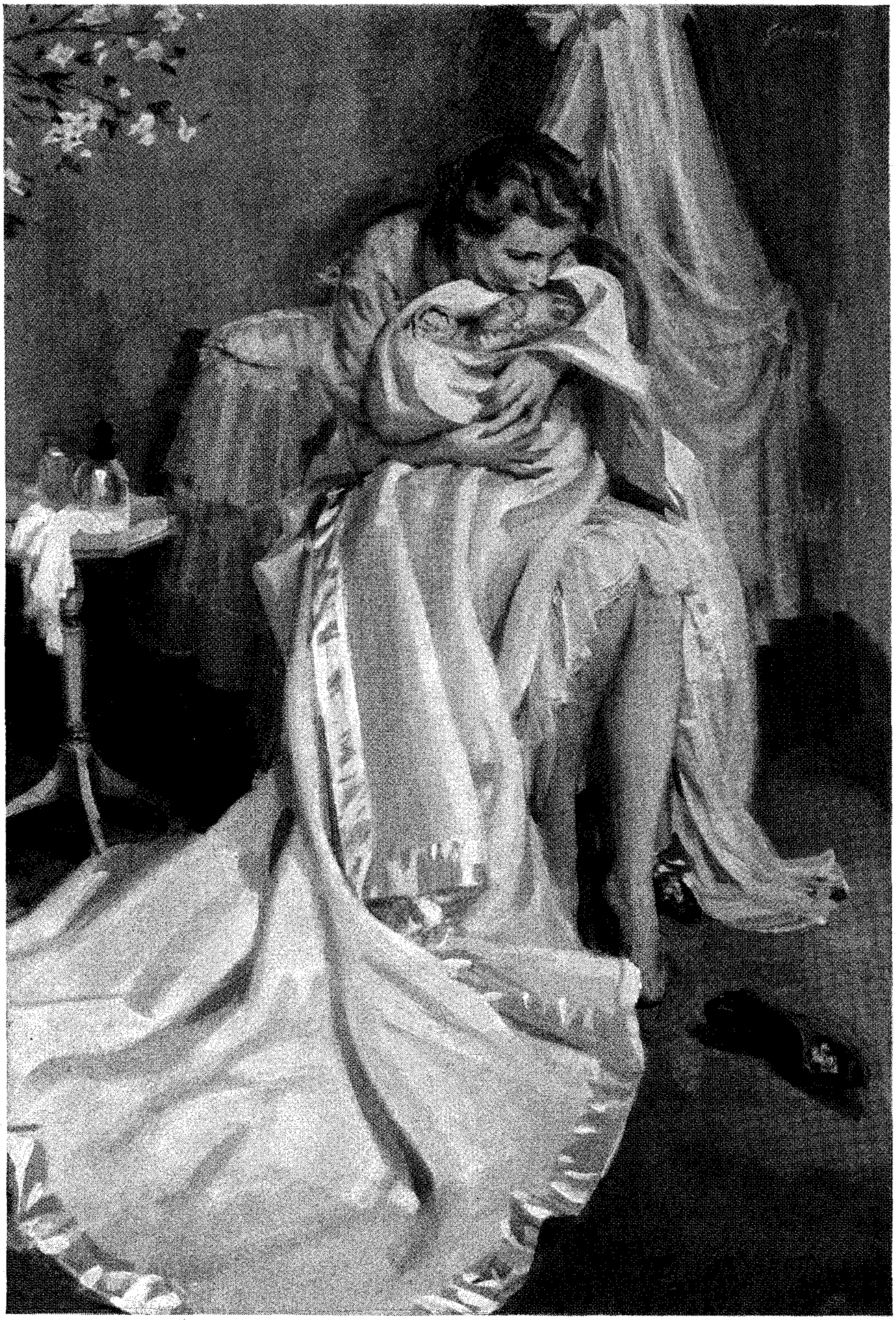
is one of the two daughters of Duse's stage manager. Her late sister Irma, who was tall and had a resonant voice, became notable in Ibsen roles. Emma, who became famous in Shaw's plays, is not as large as Irma was, has merely an intimate voice, and out of her limitations developed a style unique in theatrical Italy—of underplaying and of speaking confidentially (this is hard on Valle audiences; people in the back rows have to cup their ears). From her repertory of plays by D'Annunzio, Barrie, Maugham, and Pirandello, she chose for the opening of this engagement Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," a drama about a mother who gives her favorite son, a paralyzed aviator hero, a fatal sleeping draught, so that he will not know his wife has betrayed him with his brother. Today, Gramatica is a gray-haired, unbeautiful, but fascinating Duse. In Maugham's dramatic scenes, she employed gestures of the head and hands that were almost imperceptible. Of Europe's venerable great actresses, none has seemed, in the memory of this writer, less theatrical or more of an actress, with the exception of her father's employer.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI is filming "The Medium" at the Scalera Studio here. The production is being financed, like a Broadway play, by New York angels, the most generous of whom also had a big slice of the Broadway production of Menotti's "The Consul." The film will cost only a little more than twice as much as the production of the opera itself in New York. It is being recorded on four "stereophonic" sound tracks, to give the effect of sound coming from different directions. By this method, it is hoped, filmed opera will be made to sound natural, or as natural as opera of any kind can sound. The cast, except for Marie Powers and Leo Coleman, is new. Monica is now sung by Anna Maria Alberghetti, the Italian girl who astonished Manhattan critics at her concert in Carnegie Hall last spring, when she was thirteen. "The Consul" is to be produced as an opera at La Scala, in Milan, this winter. This is the first time La Scala has bothered with an American opera, even one written, like this one, by an Italian citizen.

NOW that the fear of war this year has disappeared, propaganda efforts all over Europe have suddenly swelled, as a substitute. In this greatly appreciated, garrulous respite, the propagandists are waging an aggressive fight for people's minds, as if they might *from the beginning . . .*



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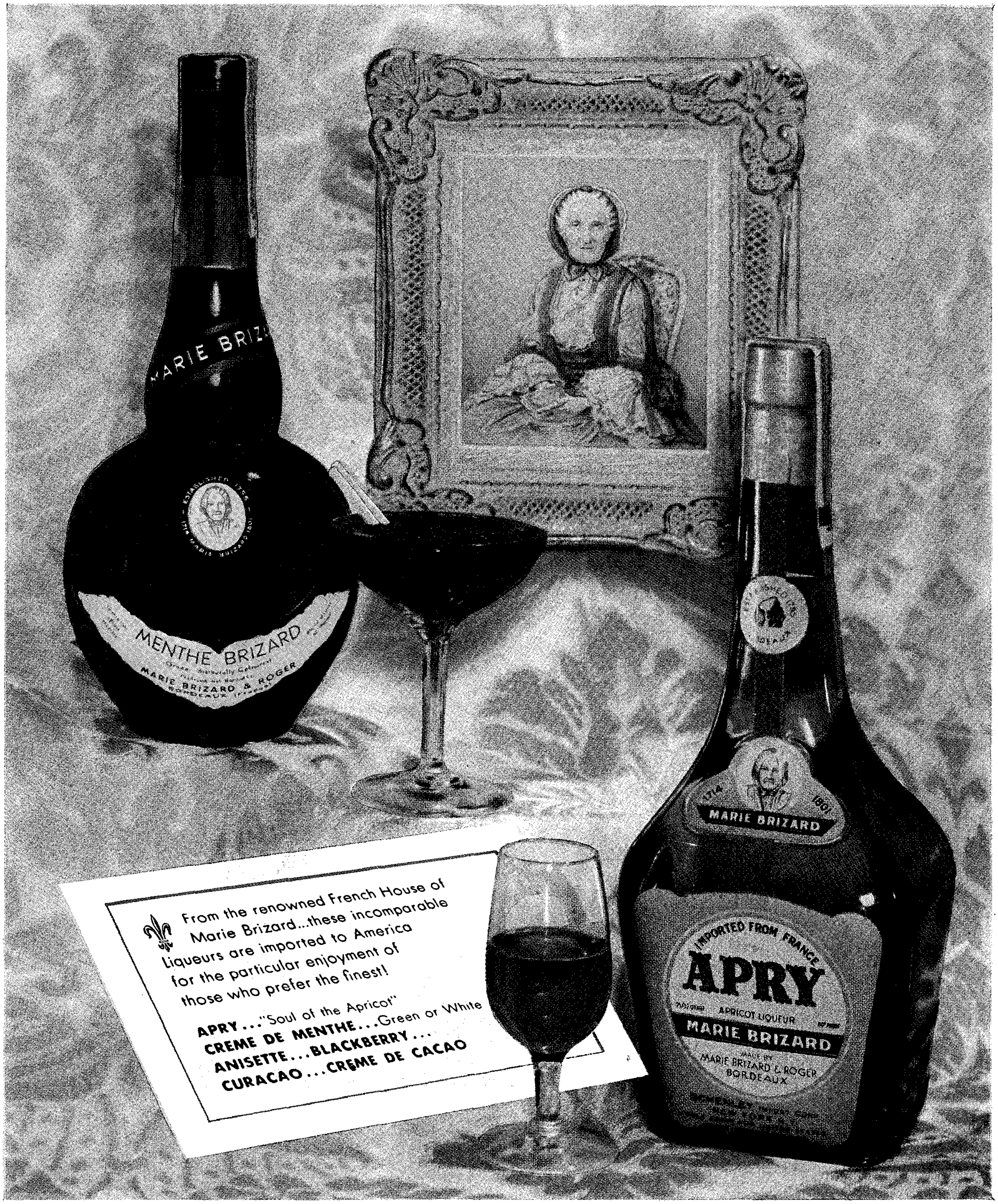

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achieve a preliminary conquest or occupation, preparing the way for something stronger. Current events have provided all the propagandists with material—the defeat of the North Koreans, the victory of the McCarran Bill, the increasing "*ja*" discipline of ex-Fascist German Communism, and the reported sag in Italy's Communism. The Communist Party's greatest propaganda effort of 1950 in Rome was its recent *Ottobrata* celebrating the anniversary of the 1917 Russian Revolution. It was an all-day, out-of-door Sunday affair, held in the hilly Villa Glori Park, near the race track. In the morning, there was a big parade. By afternoon, the *Ottobrata* looked like a somnolent family picnic, with the remains of basket lunches, and *vino*, *bambini*, loudspeakers playing Neapolitan love songs, skimpy red banners waving in the warm wind, and some bookstands providing Party literature. One was the stand of the publisher Giulio Einaudi, son of the liberal President of Italy. The hammer-and-sickle-plastered Einaudi booth offered, along with Marx and Gramsci, tasteful Einaudi editions of Proust, Kipling, and some of America's most literary and anti-Communist novelists. By sundown, a quarter million of the faithful were jammed under the trees to listen to the Party leader Luigi Longo's speech. He had just got to his expected, and cheered, lambasting of Yankee aggression in Korea and of the criminally capitalistic Demo-Christians when a plane flew overhead and dropped Demo-Christian propaganda leaflets. One said, "*Buon divertimento.* [Enjoy yourselves.] It wouldn't be possible in your Iron Curtain countries for a meeting like this to be held by any party that wasn't Communist."

The new Demo-Christian propaganda drive centers largely on the United Nations' blue flag. A poster shows it flying over a cage that contains an angry red Russian bear. This propa-

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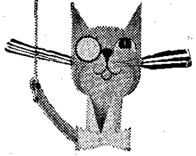

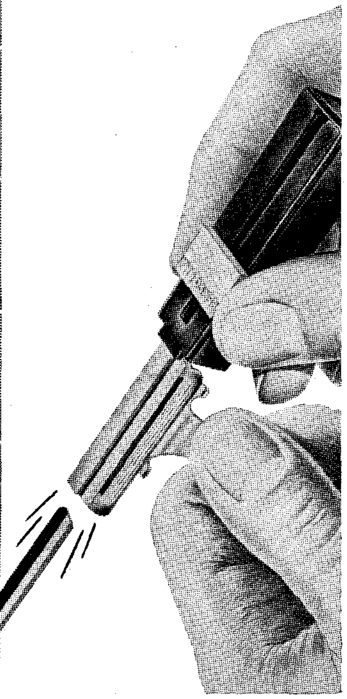

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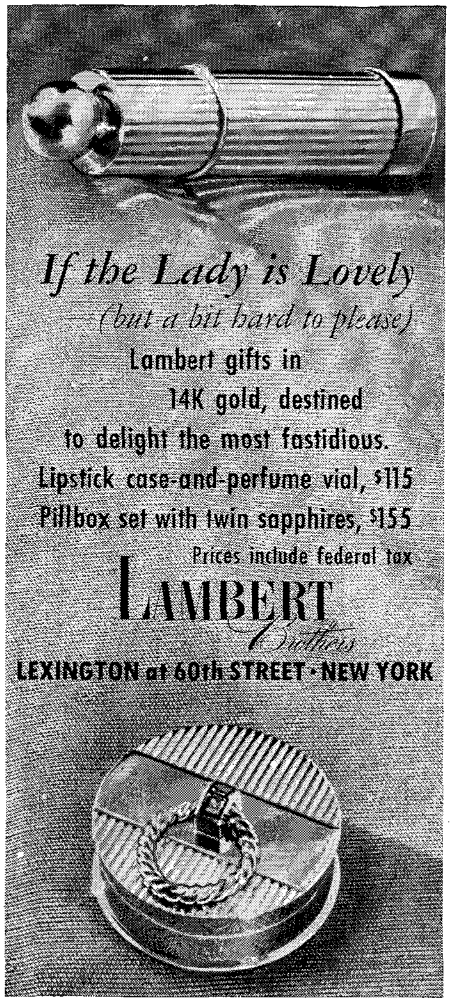
ganda emanates from the Party's eighteenth-century-*palazzo* headquarters, fittingly situated on Jesus Square (Piazza Gesù). Its back door is opposite the Communists' ultra-modern headquarters on Dark Shops Street (Via delle Botteghe Oscure). Although the United States is the world's greatest expert in advertising, most of our government publicity here for democracy and liberty at this crucial stage of the European propaganda fight is still, on Washington's order, "information," as it is exquisitely called, some of it handled with the modesty of a violet. On the other hand, the E.C.A., on the Via Veneto, in the hotel district, has started a whacking new propaganda drive, probably on three levels—one aboveground; one, it is thought, in the Demo-Christian shadow; and one, many people here hope, underground, in the real, unfloral propaganda depths. On the topmost of these levels, the E.C.A. not only distributes pamphlets but operates twenty-four trucks fitted out with movie projectors, sound equipment, and neon lights. The trucks go to Italian villages where newspapers and movies do not exist and neons have never been seen, and show Technicolor documentaries on E.C.A. aid to Italy's recovery. E.C.A. pamphlets are tested by an Italian equivalent of the Gallup Poll, to make sure they have an appeal to the Italian public. Once distributed, their second test is how many copies are hypocritically requested by Communists and then torn up. Of a hundred and fifty thousand pamphlets recently distributed in the Calabrian town of Bari, E.C.A. agents happily figured that ten thousand were destroyed by local Muscovites—a nice victory for our side.

THE effect of the McCarran Bill on immigration, which lately caused the hording of the Vulcania's seventy-five Italian passengers (Maestro Toscanini excepted) onto Ellis Island, has produced melancholy and disillusion here. For the Italians, more than for any other immigrant national group (with the possible exception of the Irish), the Statue of Liberty is a magic personality in whom they believe. *Il Messagero*, the Republican Rome daily, has just come out with an editorial on the situation, which says, in part, "Between Italy and the U.S.A., just as between the U.S.A. and the other nations who have chosen democracy, vital, indivisible common interests exist. Consequently, whatever darkens the political credit and the moral dignity of the U.S.A. constitutes a damage to us,



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too. The loss of face by one democratic nation becomes a loss of face by all. . . . The immense power of the U.S.A. must have popular backing to maintain its prestige. If, however, certain events create disgust and people are tempted to shut off the radio when the 'Voice of America' comes on, we have serious reason to be worried. The internment of Italians on Ellis Island was perfectly in accord with anti-American propaganda, not with the 'Voice of America.' Merely an example of American silliness, it may be said. But America of to-day, the America that is leading the Western World, cannot afford silliness." —GENÊT

•

OUR HUNGRY AUTHORS

[*From "Red Gardenias," by Jonathan Latimer*]

. . . he could see a sliver of banana-colored light . . . —*Page 3.*

Dim rays from a parchment-shaded desk lamp made a half circle of blue and oyster white . . . —*Page 4.*

Ann Fortune watched him through cucumber-green eyes. —*Page 13.*

Simeon March had . . . brown eyes the color of maple sugar. —*Page 18.*

. . . eyes so dark, so luminous, so liquid they made him think of very strong coffee. —*Page 19.*

Sunlight the color of overripe Camembert cheese flooded the cement driveway . . . —*Page 35.*

The gas was almost the color of milk in the moonlight. —*Page 46.*

She was handsome, with milk-white skin and carrot hair . . . —*Page 69.*

The glass around the hole had slivered; it looked like a pineapple ice. —*Page 72.*

From even a few feet away Carmel was much the more striking, with dead-white skin, tomato-red lips and jet-black hair. —*Page 94.*

The pale rug on the floor was about the shade of creamed spinach. —*Page 116.*

"He's soft inside, like marshmallow." —*Page 121.*

Frenchy Duval's sallow face was the color of a turnip. —*Page 136.*

". . . just like the peppermints I used to eat when I was a kid." —*Page 143.*

Her dark eyes, shaped like niggertoe nuts, were luminous. —*Page 161.*

Her eyes stared at ripe-tomato coals in the fireplace. . . . She was alabaster and pomegranate, like the babe in the Bible. —*Page 163.*

Her hair was the color of cane syrup. —*Page 175.*

The black contrasted well with her taffy hair. —*Page 179.*

Then Alice's tangerine-colored nails flashed in the light. —*Page 190.*

. . . he looked at him through his brown-sugar eyes . . . —*Page 199.*

His face was like raw hamburger . . . —*Page 200.*

. . . half a mile away, rose the bridge, covered with trees ranging in color from squash-yellow to tomato-red. —*Page 203.*

Dr. Woodrin's round face was the color of caramel ice cream. —*Page 272.*

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a part of good living . . . at its best
Great Western
EXTRA DRY

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

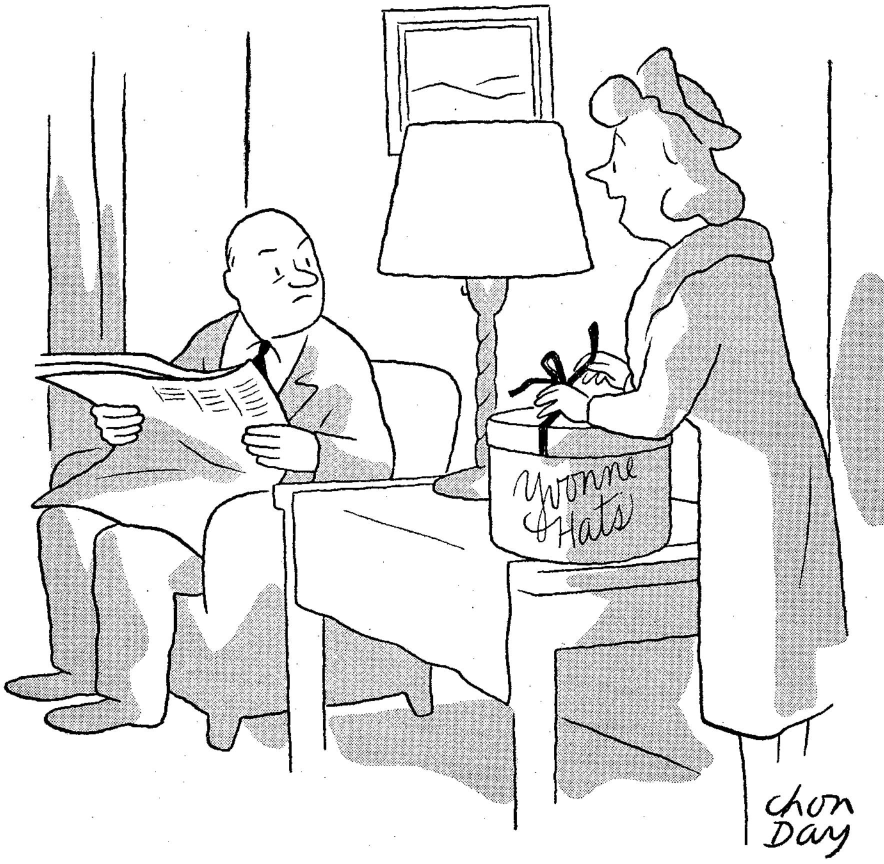
FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, OCTOBER 25

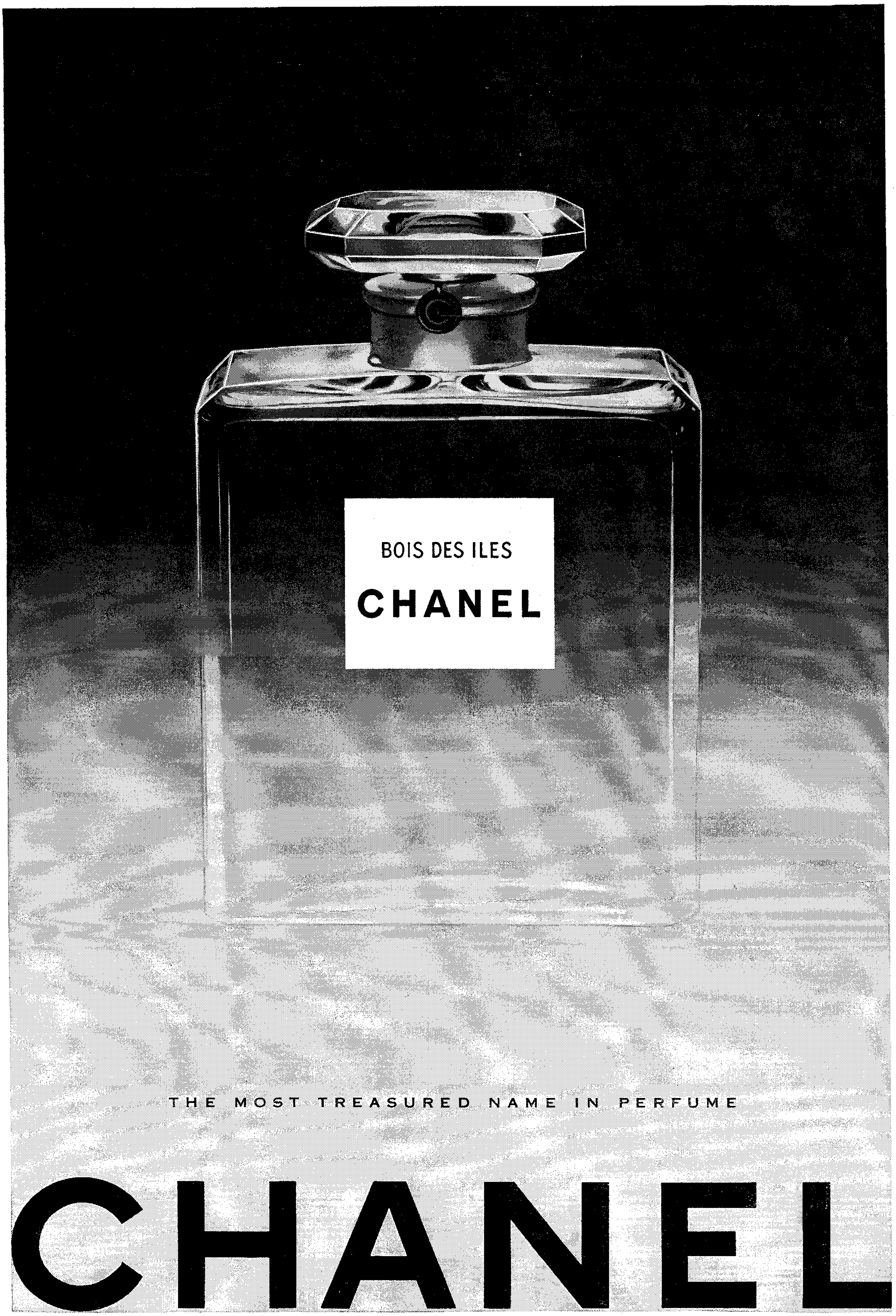
THE French, who are nothing if not epigrammatic, have never come up with a more useful phrase than "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" I am not familiar with the French converse of this theorem, if there is one, but right now I wish I were. Anyone who has observed the Parisian fashion industry over a period of years can't escape being impressed by the fact that things aren't the same any more. In France, where some phases of the apprentice system still bear the hallmark of the feudal era, a good many industries lean heavily on a group of workers who are not unlike the guildsmen of the Middle Ages. But the French couture business is, of course, no longer the minor craft it was in the days when seasonal style changes were the preoccupation of only a few expensive dressmakers who catered to the actresses and demimondaines with the time and money to indulge in their hobby of conspicuous clothes. Couture is now one of France's big industries. Shortly before World War I, when Paul Poiret, who designed clothes for the theatre (probably because he would have liked to be on the stage himself, preferably front and center), presented a collection of clothes as if it were the opening night of a play, the textile manufacturers, whose products are France's major export, decided that the Parisian couture house was a practically perfect show window for their industry. Bit by bit, and at an accelerated pace since the Liberation, they have been moving in on the dressmaking business. Today many of the famous Paris dressmaking concerns are backed, one way and another, by textile companies (one popular couturier is even financed by a maker of girdles and brassières), and a great number of the advertisements in the larger French fashion magazines, and a certain number of their covers, are paid for with textile money. The big brass in Lyon, the center of France's textile world, can influence the designing done in Paris; not long ago one major Lyon manufacturer so sharply curtailed his output of dyed silks, at a time when the Paris houses were working on their next collections, that many of them had to resort to rayon, a material he was interested in promoting. And one big-time operator has shot the works by acquiring a whole stable of outlets, including a first-rank *haute-couture* establishment, a second-string dressmaker who does clothes in the middle-price range, and a street-floor shop handling ready-mades, this last to compete with the department stores. He is thus sure of having in-the-know advance information on the trends of fashion, and he is just about sure of selling whatever fabrics his mills turn out.

With this sort of money behind them, the Paris couture houses have been able to spread themselves in far more impressive quarters, to enlarge their staffs, and to venture into the department-store field themselves by setting up *boutiques*, or specialty shops, on their ground floors, to sell bags, scarves, jewelry, ready-made hats, and even ready-made clothes. These clothes, though they bear the firm's label, have usually been bought outright from someone else or the job of making them has been farmed out to couturiers who operate in less splendid headquarters. If business gets really good, these latter couturiers, in turn, farm out some of the work given to them to do, so the origins of a blouse or dress that appears in a fashionable *boutique* under a fashionable label are often obscure indeed. Those who know their way about, and who have the time to trace this chain of command down to the little woman who works for the little woman who works for the small dressmaking place that works for the big couture house, can buy at considerably less expense clothes that have some of the cachet of the great designers. These clothes bear famous labels, but they never get near the famous establishments whose names they flaunt. This is common, though hardly ethical, practice. Some of the American copies of French clothes you see in shops at home will, therefore, actually be copies of originals made not on the Avenue George V but in small apartments in, say, St. Denis.

The *boutique* business, as I pointed out in these columns a month or so ago, is another manifestation of change in the French fashion industry. Several of the larger couturiers use their street-level *boutiques* to catch those visitors



"It's irresistible—you'll see."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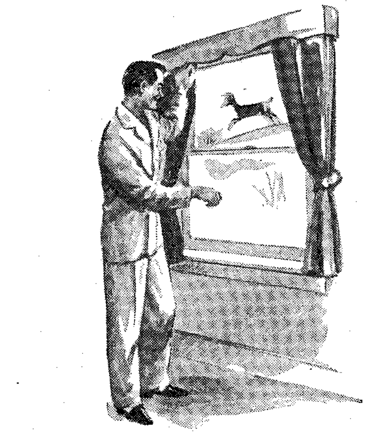

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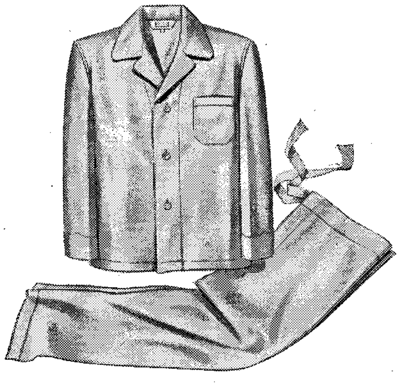

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9 NO. WABASH

from the hinterlands who are not sufficiently well heeled for the upstairs prices. The couture salon, naturally, is for those who have the interest, patience, and determination incidental to spending a month deciding on the precise shade of pink that seems most effective in an evening dress. And the couture salon will survive; a young American student at one of the fashion schools in Paris informs me that when, in class, he turned out a dress design that, he claimed, could be manufactured en masse for the well-dressed American secretaries, he was told, "Never mind the secretaries; here we are interested in *la femme chic*. Make it complicated."

In between the *grand salon* and the *boutique*, there is a level on which operate a few concerns that are making a stab at putting together and selling clothes without employing too much expensive skilled labor. The house of Balmain now has a collection of ready-made clothes on its ground floor, and it promises as many fittings as a customer wants. The clothes, though designed and constructed by Balmain, are as *un*complicated as they can be, so the old American slogan of "Walk Upstairs and Save Ten Dollars" is now outmoded. Georgette Renal, who began her training at Chanel a good many years ago and who now has her own firm, recently did an about-face and presented an entire collection of clothes priced between $50 and $155. These dresses are all basically wrap-arounds, the sleeves are kimono or set-in spiral ones, and an effect of draping is achieved by an artful use of darts and buttons. "Revolution!" says the advertisement that announces these cost-cutting expedients in the Paris edition of the *Herald*. It goes on to say that a dress is cut to measure in the morning, fitted at noon, and ready to wear at sunset. Jacques Heim, owner of the important Maison Heim, a tall, glossy man with a bland face and an unruffled voice, who looks more like a Stock Exchange *type* than a Paris dressmaker, some time ago put the Wall Street portion of his personality to work and set up a concern he called Heim Jeunes Filles, which purveys clothes that are in the high-style tradition of the Paris couture but are designed not just for young women whose papas are loaded but also for girls who are earning their own way. (The "*jeunes filles*" label in France is, incidentally, applied to clothes for young women of college and post-college age; "*fillette*" is the nearest equivalent of our "teen-age" label.)

Against this mood of economy and

The Master Mind orally woos his gal florally

They talk about the best laid plans of mice and men . . . .
Of course a smart mouse sends cheese, but even a wise man* sometimes needs to be reminded to send Flowers.
[*Husbands are men.]

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765 FIFTH AVENUE New York
Delivered not only in New York but ANYWHERE, USA.
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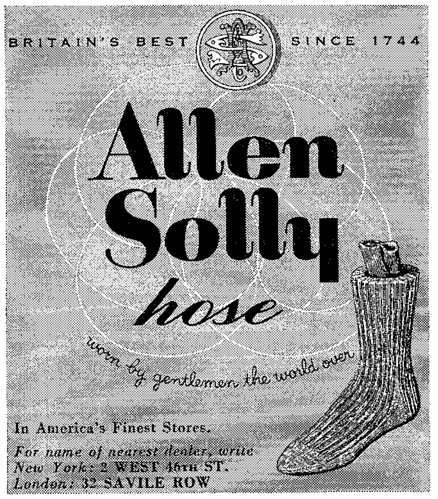

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IN LOVE with a WONDERFUL TIE

And who wouldn't be?

Pure silk in rich Red, Maroon, Light or Dark Blue, Light or Dark Green, Brown or Yellow. Distinctive initials, hand painted in white, gold, or the color of your choice. Handsomely gift boxed. Your order promptly filled. $5.00, Prepaid. (Ohio residents add 15c sales tax.)

Louis Anthony Studios
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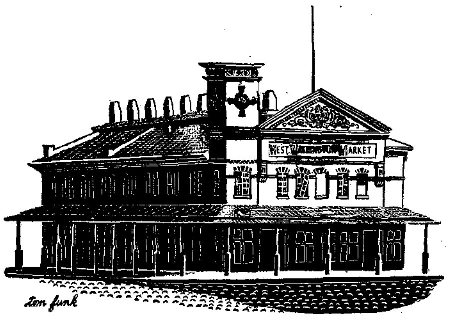
meeting the general public halfway must be set the inclination of some houses to take over lavish new quarters and turn them into show places, with theatrical overtones and a dramatic background for their collections. Some of the most extravagant private palaces of prewar days are now the homes of dressmaking firms. Mendel and Maggy-Rouff have combined forces and settled down on the Avenue Matignon in what was once the domicile of one of France's first families, and Jean Dessès's new place, on the Rue Rabelais, was once the palace of Gustave Eiffel, who built the famous tower. Both these mansions have spacious gravelled driveways entered through carved arches, and anything but a Rolls-Royce or a Bentley seems out of place under their stately porte-cochères. Jacques Fath is housed in a more conservative building, on the Avenue Pierre Ier de Serbie, but the rear garden, which is the setting for his summer showings, is an immense affair with high, vine-covered walls and some handsome trees. The days when people thought Jean Patou quite mad for wasting all that fine wood and marble on a place of business are clearly gone.

TO the average American visitor, the most spectacular change of all has been made in the people one comes in contact with in the course of buying a dress at a couture house—that is, the *vendeuses* and the mannequins. The traditional French *vendeuse*, a species peculiar to this part of the world, looked like a policewoman—clothes that seemed intentionally dowdy, hair done in tight, wiry convolutions, a mien that presaged disaster. "Iron Curtain face" is the phrase I'd use for it. Now, though, the type is disappearing. Instead, there is a new race of *vendeuses*, many of them better dressed than their customers, some of them even managing to conceal their basic eagerness to make a sale. A good part of this improvement stems from the improved rates of remuneration, which run from three to eight per cent of their sales. In several of the newer



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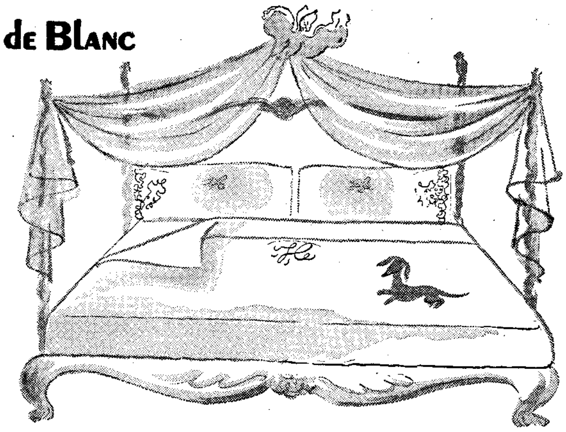
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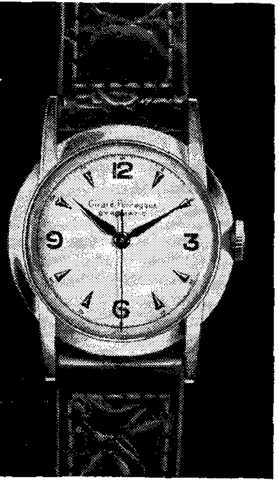
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GIRARD PERREGAUX

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Fetching as her dimple! Silky cotton broadcloth makes a scalloped frame for Swiss Appenzel all-over embroidery. Coral, bluebell, aqua. 1 to 3, $8.95; 3 to 6x, $10.95; 7 to 12, $12.95.

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MIAMI, MIAMI BEACH
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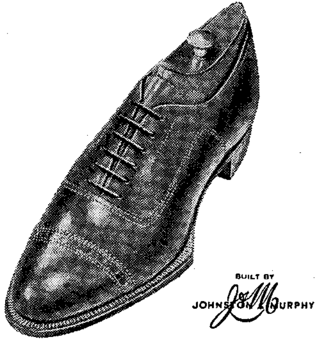
firms, the *directrices*, or head *vendeuses*, are now women who before the war were "society" but have found their old way of life much too expensive. They are retained by the couture houses as much for their capacity to teach the personnel good manners as for anything else. The selling staffs at Dior, Molyneux, and Balmain are notably cordial, sale or no. Germaine Lecomte, a tall, spare, and handsome woman, who operates her own couture salon, often receives her clients herself, something no big-name designer would have thought of doing a dozen years ago.

Another major change is the almost complete disappearance of those thin and angular young women who modelled clothes during the nineteen-thirties. One reason is that the magazines and advertisers use far more photographs, for which they want good-looking girls. A model's salary—or *bifteck*, as it's called in the trade—has risen to around a hundred and fifteen dollars a month; outside photographic jobs sometimes boost her income to three or four times that figure. In actual measurements, French girls differ only slightly from American ones, but more than one French designer has stated that it is much easier to make clothes look good on imported American mannequins than on French girls, who, so they say, have either no curves at all or too many. Another expert claims that this physical difference has made the French the great designers they are; in other words, almost anything will look good on an American. One fashion photographer gives these figures for the ideal model—height, five feet four inches; waistline, twenty-two inches; hips, thirty-five inches; bosom, thirty-six inches—but these measurements are so unusual that I suspect he is merely reciting the specifications of a mannequin he happens to like because she is always on time for appointments. Many of the new school of mannequins are the sort of young girls who used to spend their time at bridge parties and making the rounds of the dress and hat designers. So, too, are a lot of the new designers. One of the new names in fabric-designing is Jacqueline Boulot, who is young, blond, pretty, and smartly turned out, and who gives some of the most elegant luncheons in Paris in between producing, on her drawing board, designs for prints that are used by the most important dressmakers. This new working class has lent tone to the bigger establishments, where the lesser designers, frowzy with pins and bits of thread, were once con-

Our Classic...
THE WHITEHOUSE



The type of shoe a man re-orders time after time (and, of course, we keep all of our customers' sizes on record). It's a shoe with a definite custom-made look ...the lines, the outside flare, the specially selected calfskin...built exclusively for us by Johnston & Murphy. This is just one of many distinctive styles in our Whitehouse group.

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signed to the workrooms whenever the richer customers came around. The young women who model clothes in the important fashion houses are *mannequins de couture.* The free-lance models are called "*les volantes*" or "*les cover girls.*" ("*La pin-up*"—pronounced, inevitably, "peen-op"—is the title assigned to any pretty woman, or one who is in the public eye; the captions under Mistinguett's photograph in the newspapers frequently refer to her as "*la vieille pin-up.*")

THE shows that are put on by the big establishments for special customers are cheerful occasions. They have a party air, and there is conversation and laughter between dresses, though always profound, awed silence when a model passes by. The professional openings, which are put on for the foreign buyers, are conducted in dead, damp silence, while the viewers pay fierce attention to every button and stitch. This is business, not pleasure—this stint of sitting hour after hour, watching pretty girls walk and wondering which of the dozens of dresses that drift by are the ones the public will take to. One foreign fashion reporter I know has, by hand count, seen 3,263 garments in the space of one week of openings, ranging from ski suits to court gowns. This is hardly surprising. After all, to tens of thousands of Parisians, fashions are a livelihood. For that matter, to millions of the French, fashions are a national pride and joy.

—B. MATHIEU

•

Here is no Philco Vance sipping vin rose and fingering rare ceramics while mulling motives and opportunity.—*Dorothy Kilgallen in the Journal-American.*

You thinking of Capehart Vance, Dorothy?

•

Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, economic columnist for International News Service and editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers, is on a transcontinental fact-finding tour, on which he will make 17 addresses on national and international conditions.—*Editor & Publisher.*

No moss growing on *his* facts.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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Kilbride & Breedlove, Worthington, Minn.
Laughing Water Laundry, Dallas, Texas.
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She's wearing *Fireworks!"*

*A trial vial of "Fireworks,"
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without cost—at Bergdorf Goodman in New York
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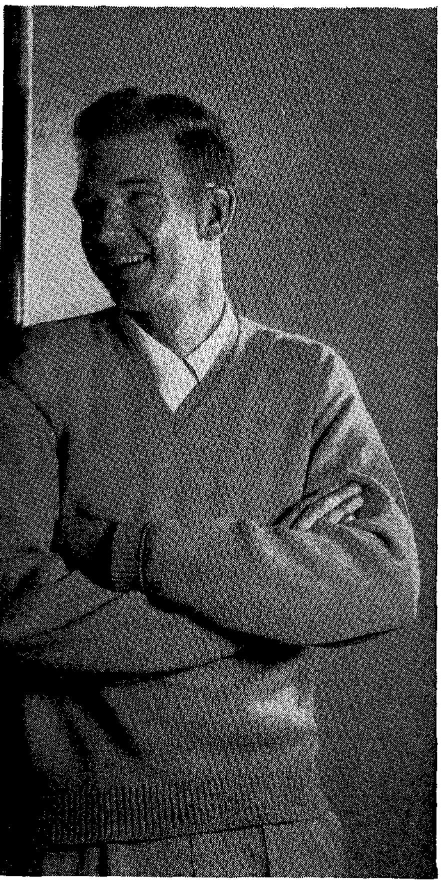
around the country.

Boyd's
SAINT LOUIS

Easy Ed Macauley, extra-tall ex-St. Louis University center now with the Boston Celtics.



IF YOU'RE TALL this is for you—Boyd's extra long sweater with the extra long sleeves, extraordinarily right for the rest of your sports clothes. All wool, in natural, grey, light blue, cherry, light green, forest green, navy. Sizes 38 to 48.

Nowhere but Boyd's $11.95
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Christmas is coming — where's that list?

Be sure to give us height, weight and shirt size as well as your first and second color choice.

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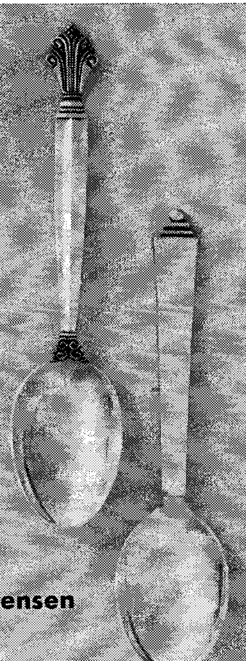

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Two of the many designs known throughout the world. There is no more beautiful silver . . . no finer silver. Illustrated are Acanthus, left, teaspoon, 8.25; Pyramid, teaspoon, 9.25. Prices include Fed. Tax.

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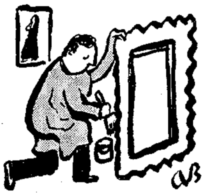
THE ART GALLERIES

Assorted Abstractions



THERE seems to be an uncommon amount of abstract exhibitions around at the moment, so it might be as well for us to devote our attention to some of them. At the Sidney Janis Gallery, there is a showing of fifteen young American painters, all of the more advanced schools, together with fifteen of their opposite numbers from France. It is in many ways an unusually interesting affair. The artists are paired, each American canvas being matched with a French one in the hanging, and, despite the wide range of styles displayed, it's remarkable how many close similarities are brought out in the course of the exhibition. There is, for instance, a fine "Composition, 1949," by the Frenchman Louis Soulages—very solid and impressive in its massing of black forms against a background of deep greens—that is balanced by Franz Kline's "Nijinsky," done in black on white, which, though crisper and more flexible in design, is quite like the other in atmosphere and feeling. The balancing of "Painting, 1944," by Arshile Gorky, against Matta's "Painting, 1939" (an early one, in his best mistiness-and-molten-jewels manner) points up resemblances in the two men's general attack that I had never noticed before, while the Jackson Pollock "No. 8, 1950," determinedly unrepresentational as it is, finds a fairly exact reflection in André Lanskoy's more broadly painted but equally unconventional "Heavenly Harvest."

It would be foolish, of course, to try to draw many conclusions from these juxtapositions. Fifteen painters are far too few to constitute a representative sampling of the work going on in either France or this country. Moreover, in a show like this one, the selection is an important factor, and there's no question but that a good deal of adroit picking and choosing of examples must lie behind the more effective pairings. The fact is that, despite the best efforts of the show's organizers, a large share of the examples have only the most superficial affinities. Jean Dubuffet's "Man with the Blue Hat," done in his familiar bad-boy-scrawling-on-a-wall technique, bears very little relationship to our Willem de Kooning's much more sensuous and sympathetic "Woman." Jimmy Ernst's "City Space," with its tenuous, weblike design, shows a quite different motivation from the "Harlequin," by Gustave Singier, that it accompanies, just as Mark Tobey's gravely gray-and-white "Universal Field" differs when compared with the equally effective but less carefully patterned "Landscape and Figure in Movement," by Jacques Bazaine.

Yet it's odd, all the same, to discover that so many apparently individual and unorthodox methods now in use here have their echoes across the ocean, and it certainly indicates that the extreme modern movement, uncoördinated though it still is, has a far wider and stronger appeal to young artists everywhere than most of us imagine. There remains, of course, the question of what their aims are and how close they have come to realizing them. The deliberate flouting of all traditional formal concepts by so many of them is naturally disturbing not only to the representationalists but also to those trained in Cubism (which, after all, had a fairly strict doctrine behind it), and the fact that a number of them have also now abandoned the standard painting techniques adds to the general exasperation.

These complaints, though, are based on matters that are really secondary. It's the complete canvas that counts, and if a picture is successful in itself, it hardly matters whether the paint was laid on with a palette knife (as in the one by Nicolas de Stael in this show), laid on with a brush, or (as is reported to be Jackson Pollock's curious custom) squeezed from the tube onto the canvas. Indeed, I'm coming to feel that there is only one criterion by which the moderns of the extreme group may be judged. Eschewing formal values almost entirely and substituting an interest in texture, avoiding all but a minimum of representational suggestion and embracing a wild, unfocussed Expressionism all their own, they obviously strive only to appeal to the emotions—and to "pure," or abstract, emotion, at that—and it is on that basis that their works must be judged and understood. It's a chancy method, for our emotions are all aroused differently, and it may be that the extremists' refusal to provide us with any common ground on which to meet them will eventually mean the end of them as a school. Moreover, by their very nature, our emotions are diffuse and transitory—attributes that can be ascribed to a good many of the canvases. But when the paintings of this school are successful, they can evoke an immediate response that is rarely evoked by other artists, and this is an aesthetic value not lightly to be disregarded.

Hans Hofmann, now showing at the Kootz, is one of the most "emotional" of this group, as well as, at seventy, its leader in America. His new paintings, some twenty of which are on view, are somewhat smaller than those of his I have seen in the past, and it seems to me that they gain greatly in compactness thereby. A bold, if sometimes over-impetuous, colorist, Hofmann has always gone in for primary tones, used sweepingly and in strong contrasts, and the items in this show continue in the same direction. But the reduction in size has helped to eliminate a slight tendency toward the sprawling and garish, and the new pieces, on the whole, have a singleness of impact that had been lacking in his work. I liked especially his "Blue Glory," a truly handsome creation of reds and blues, perhaps based on flower motifs, as well as his "Fruit Bowl, Version 6," and the smaller "Image in Black."

For contrast, at the Buchholz Gallery, through this Saturday, there is a showing of a set of recent paintings by John Piper, an English artist still fairly new to us here. His style hovers somewhere between the abstract and the baroque, and remote as these two schools may seem from each other, he manages to combine them agreeably. There are times, as in "Blue and Yellow Rockscape" and "Tryfan Mountain," when the baroque influence leads him into mere windy formlessness, and he shows, too, a depressing inclination to limit his palette too much to browns and ochres. But for the most part his work is mature in design and sound in execution, and in such pieces as "Stone Gate, Portland" (with its excellent feeling of space and depth), "Wall at Pentraeth," and the more precisely patterned "Towyn Church and Holiday Camp," he shows considerable power.

—Robert M. Coates

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STOP PRESS DEPARTMENT

[*A. P. dispatch received by the Bremerton* (*Wash.*) *Sun*]

CORRECTION
PUYALLUP—FAIR ATTENDANCE, FIRST GRAPH, 8TH LINE X X X TOTAL OF 78,791 ETC. (NOT 78,792)
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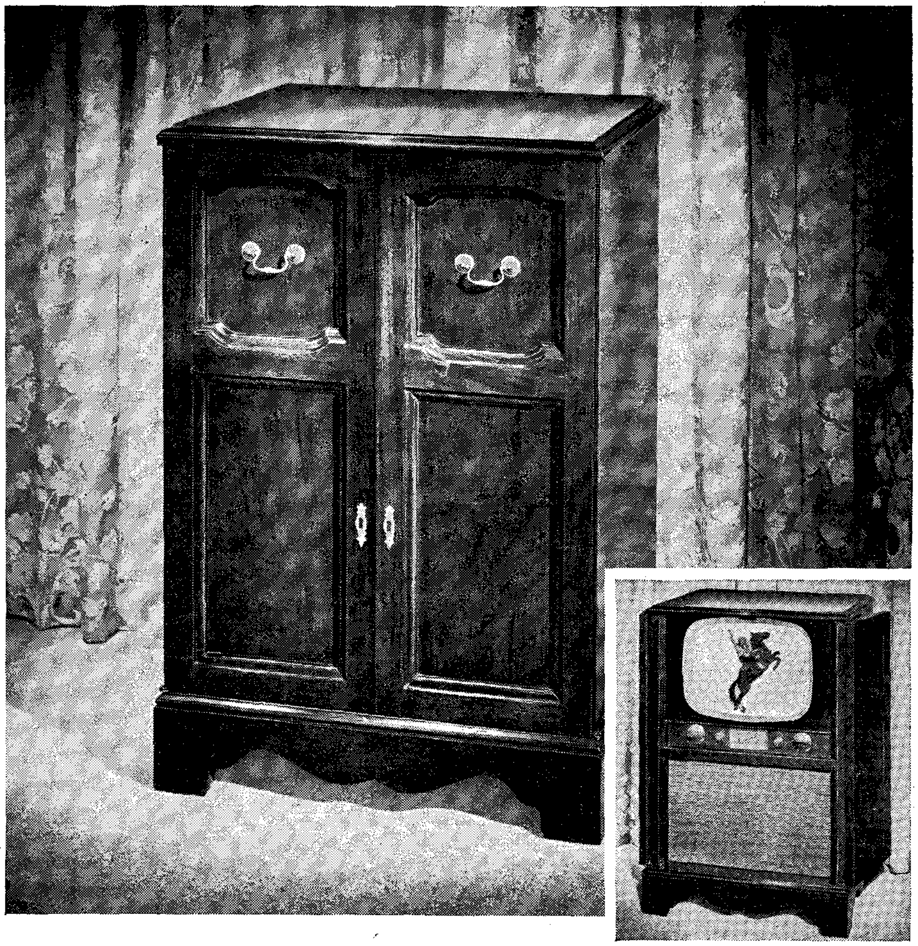

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Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
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MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged

PROFESSIONAL

WHEN I was a boy of seventeen, I used to make the twenty-minute train trip from the city of Leiden, Holland, to The Hague four times a week to attend classes at the Royal Conservatory of Music. Most of the time I rode with some of my fellow-pupils, and sometimes I would see the pride of Leiden, the wonder child Johannes Feltkamp. Johannes, or Jo, was only a few years older than I, and had been a pupil at the Conservatory. But upon graduating, he had been immediately engaged as second flutist of the Residentie Orkest, of The Hague, and consequently we pupils considered him a big man.

He was very distant. He would nod to me now and then when I saw him at the station, but that was all. I would, of course, have liked very much to talk with him. I wanted to find out how it felt to play in a professional orchestra and get thirty-five gulden every week. I had gone to high school in Leiden with his younger brother, and I once took occasion to ask him how Willem was.

"He's fine," Johannes answered, and walked away.

One day, I was standing, with my violin case, at the station in The Hague, waiting for the train back to Leiden, when Johannes came up to me. "Who are you studying violin with?" he asked.

Flustered, I told him the name of my teacher. Just then the train came into the station. "Come on," he said. "Let's ride together."

We got into a third-class carriage and had hardly seated ourselves when he asked, "Would you like to play in an orchestra?"

My mind whirled. I said, "*Ja, Mijnheer.*"

"Well," he said, "I'm conducting an orchestra in Warmond, and I thought that some fellows like you might pick up orchestra experience by joining it. We have rehearsals every Monday night. Can you make that?"

"Oh, yes!" I said.

He said all the members of his orchestra played purely for love of their art; no money was involved. And I would have to pay for my train trips to Warmond. I told him that would be fine; Warmond was only ten minutes from Leiden, and the round trip cost only sixty centen. I also told him how honored I was that he had asked me to join his orchestra.

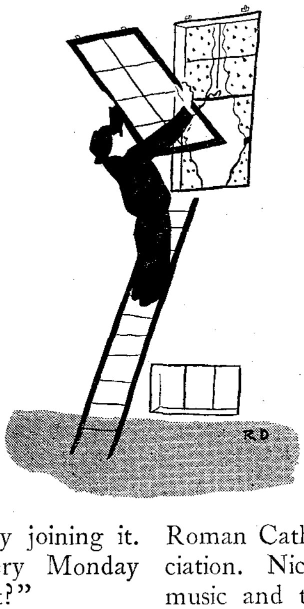
When we reached Leiden, I ran home and told my mother the good news. She received it coldly. "I thought you learned orchestra-playing in the orchestra class at the Conservatory," she said.

"That's just pupil stuff," I said. "This is with Jo Feltkamp. This is the real thing."

I was taken aback by her lack of understanding, but I didn't allow it to dampen my spirits. A new world had opened up for me, and it was too big to be disfigured by small thinking.

THE next Monday, I stayed home from school and practiced violin by myself all day—scales, arpeggios, runs, and all the things I expected might be put in front of me at the rehearsal that night. I left home quite early and had a long wait at the station. Jo showed up just in time for the slow local we were to take to Warmond. He was in great spirits. "You know, I love conducting," he said, "and someday I'm going to be a great conductor. This thing is very good experience for me."

I tried to listen, but I didn't hear much of what he was saying. I was too worried. The evening was to be a supreme test for me. Would I be able to get along in an orchestra? After all, I had played only a few times in the Conservatory training orchestra, and even there orchestra playing had seemed terribly difficult to me.



"We have a number of instruments missing from this orchestra," I heard Jo say. "That's why we need extra players."

"What is the name of the orchestra?" I asked.

"Oh, it doesn't exactly have a name," he said. "It's sponsored by the Roman Catholic Goat Breeders' Association. Nice fellows. They all love music and they wouldn't do without their Monday-evening rehearsal for anything."

"How many members are there in the orchestra?" I asked.

"Well, we've had eleven, but you make it twelve," he said.

"How many— how many violins do

you have?" I asked, after a strained pause that Jo didn't seem to notice.

"We now have one," he said. "You. You see, these fellows used to play in the Warmond Harmony Corps, but they didn't want to march, so they decided to change into a symphony orchestra."

"I see," I said, somewhat shaken. "I hope I'll be good."

"Oh, you will," Jo said. "Of course, you'll have a lot of brass to play against, especially if Father Vandersloot, our spiritual adviser, stays for the rehearsal. Most of the time, he just drops in. He's the adviser of the Bulb Growers also, and they meet on Monday nights, too. Father Vandersloot is a pretty good *cornet-à-pistons* player, and we need one badly. Too bad he can't play regularly."

THE train hobbled to a stop, and we got out and started walking down the dark, tree-lined village street. Every time a gust of wind shook the lampposts, the gaslight in the lanterns fluttered up and down, making all sorts of crazy shadows on the cobblestones. We walked until we came to the Hotel du Lion d'Or and then Jo said, "Here's where we rehearse."

We went around the hotel to the back, like real professionals using the service entrance, and entered through the kitchen and a little hallway to the ballroom. Greek columns were painted on the walls, a few garlands drooped from the ceiling, and on the stage hung a faded backdrop depicting a garden in which was a bubbling fountain. A small group of music stands, and chairs with instruments on them, were clustered forlornly in the middle of the ballroom floor. "The *heeren* are in the taproom," Jo said.

After I had left my instrument with the rest, he led the way through the ballroom to the bar, where we found the members of the orchestra seated at what Jo told me was their regular table, and he introduced me to them. There were Mijne Heeren Arthur de Graaf, apothecary and president of the Goat Breeders' Association, horn; Louis de Graaf, lawyer, trombone; Jan Onnes, gentleman farmer, trombone; Arie Verhey, doctor, flute; Willem Verburg, notary, cello; Piet Rennes, gentleman farmer, timpani; Willem Doets, master carpenter, clarinet; Gerrit van Veen, building contractor, drums; Marinus de Zoete, owner of the Lion d'Or, trumpet; Jan Waals, Royal Conservatory student, piano; and M. Lucien Mansseau,

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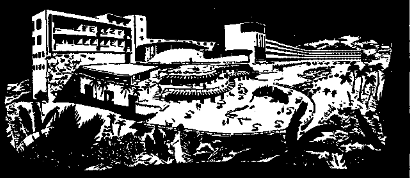

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décorateur de l'Opéra Royal Français de la Haye, three-stringed bass.

Everybody around the table stood up and bowed gravely as I was introduced, and then Arthur de Graaf, a jolly, round little man with a fiery-red nose, asked, "What is the gentleman's pleasure?"

I answered timidly that I didn't drink.

"Well, Mijnheer," he said, "you are entitled to one before rehearsal and one during intermission, so you'd better take it."

I said I would like a cup of coffee. "Keetje!" he yelled to the barmaid. "A cup of coffee for Mijnheer the violinist, and the usual for Mijnheer Feltkamp."

I took a seat at the table and found that I was next to M. Lucien Mansseau, the saddest-looking Frenchman I had ever seen. He had a classic face of exquisite symmetry, an Henri Quatre beard, and eyes that seemed about to weep. He wore a flowing black *lavallière* tie, which, with his shabby clothes, gave him a perfect *vie-de-bohème* look. In the first ten minutes of our conversation, he told me, with utter Gallic frankness, that he was broke, which was why he had to live in Warmond, where rents were very low; that he commuted to the Opera in The Hague; that he had been *décorateur en chef* at the Opéra in Paris; that he had a wife and four children in Paris; that he was living with his wife-to-be and their two children in Warmond; that he was very anxious to legitimatize the children; and that Father Vandersloot was working on the divorce for him.

"Well, gentlemen, let's get at it," said Mijnheer de Graaf when everyone had finished his drink, and we all got up and walked into the ballroom to our instruments.

ALMOST at once, a hellish noise broke loose. Everyone tooted and blew so loudly that I could scarcely tune my violin. Jo motioned me to a stand, and on it I found the first-violin part of the "Grande Fantaisie sur Thèmes de 'Manon' de Jules Massenet par Emil Tavan." M. Tavan was a musician personally as little known as he was widely played. It is safe to say that a great part of the music heard in the early nineteen-hundreds in European cafés, theatres, and ocean liners was arranged by Tavan. He was not a composer in his own right, but he was a natural-born arranger. All the important living composers fought to have M. Tavan arrange their new works, as his name on their

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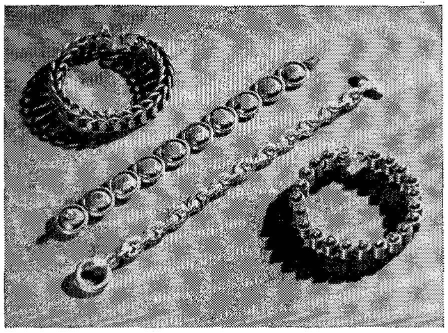

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music guaranteed acceptance by the café and theatre musicians.

Finally, the noise died down and Jo lifted his hands to start us off. But Arthur de Graaf interrupted. "Mijnheer Feltkamp," he said, "I have a horn part here, and up till now I've always played first-violin parts. I don't see why that has to be changed."

"Well, Mijnheer de Graaf," Jo said, "we have a first violin now."

"If you think I'm going to sit counting measures and just playing a note here and there, you're wrong," de Graaf said. "I've always played whatever looked good in the violin part, and I don't see why we can't still do that."

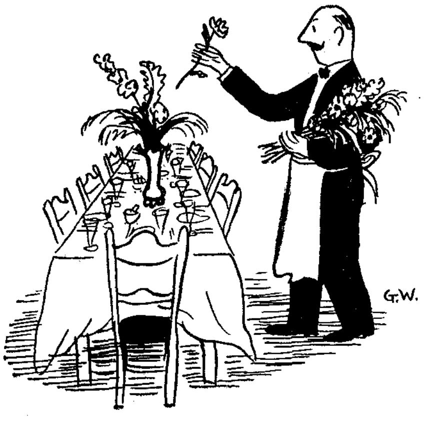
Jo wasn't much of a fighter. He went to his briefcase, got another first-violin part of the "Grande Fantaisie," and gave it to Mijnheer de Graaf. Then he took up his position once more and we started. I don't really know how the others did, except that they made a terrifying noise, and I don't know how Jo Feltkamp conducted. All I could do was glue my eyes to the music and play on desperately. I was determined to stay the limit.

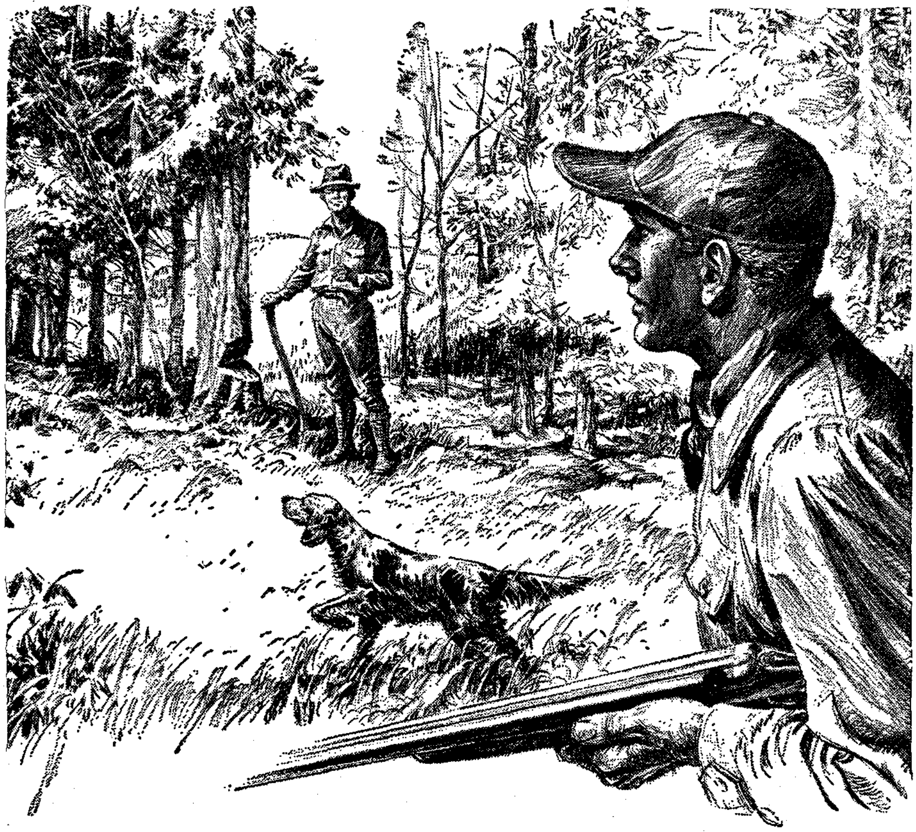
We mauled the "Grande Fantaisie" for an hour, but it seemed as if only a few minutes had gone by when Mijnheer de Graaf stood up and said, "I think there must be a couple of dry throats around here."

That was the cue for the intermission, and all of us got up and filed back into the taproom. I was surer of myself by now. Jo walked with me and whispered, "You did pretty well."

We all sat down at the association's table, and I was hoping for other compliments, but none of the members mentioned my playing. I don't suppose anyone had heard me, for, after all, whenever I'd had a solo, I'd also had Mijnheer de Graaf and his horn right along with me.

I again drew M. Mansseau for a table companion. He ordered a glass of wine, and when it was brought to him, he took





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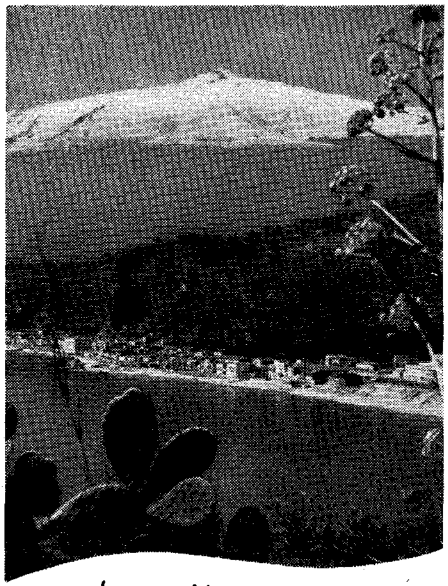

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a little sip of it, rolled it in his mouth thoughtfully and long, and then emptied the glass briskly. He wiped his mustache and his beard, called to the barmaid to bring him another glass of wine, and turned to me and said, "Ah, what a divine master, our Massenet! Too bad he was such a two-faced *salaud*."

He spoke with intimacy of the *Maître*, as if he had known him very well, and no doubt he had. It stirred me, a mere Conservatory student, to sit next to a man who had known Massenet. "It's a shame that he had to die," I said.

"Oh," M. Mansseau said, "Jules didn't take care of himself." He leaned over close to me. "Digestion, you know," he whispered. "It kills three-quarters of the population. That's why I play bass. It's good exercise. That's the one thing a man must watch. He must get enough exercise. Look at Napoleon. That's what killed Napoleon on Helena—lack of exercise."

I nodded.

"Take these people right here at this table. They don't get enough exercise." He fell silent while he looked around the table, then whispered confidentially to me again. "You know, these people are no *artistes*," he said. "They murder music. They murder poor Massenet. They have the souls of *rentiers*. Do you know that nobody here has yet asked me about my work at the Opera in The Hague? I'm not really a scenic designer. I'm a painter. But you know how it is with a man who has two families. I have to make a living, and the only thing that pays is designing scenery. Have you seen my 'Louise' yet?"

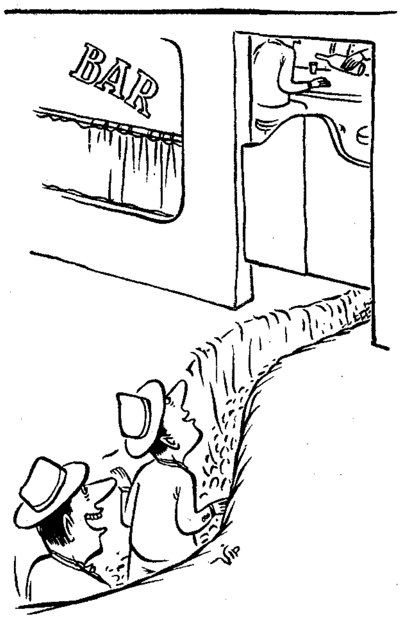
"No," I said. "I haven't."

"Ah, *magnifique, magnifique!*" said M. Mansseau. "Too bad the Opera is in financial trouble. They haven't paid me for three weeks now. Ah, money! Everybody has money trouble."

He was developing this theme when Mijnheer de Graaf stood up and told the members it was time to get back to work.

ON the train to Leiden after the rehearsal, Jo said that I had done very well and could be a regular member of the orchestra. When I got home, I told my mother about my thrilling experience, and that night I went to bed a man, sure that I could hold my own in any orchestra.

For about six weeks, I went on rehearsing in Warmond every Monday night. Then my mother delivered an ultimatum. "It is nonsense that you have to pay for the trip," she said. "Those men in Warmond should pay



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THE RACE TRACK

The Long Voyage Home

IF you ever studied the permutations of a daily double that paid off in boxcar numbers, or your chances of winning the next Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes, you'll be as fascinated as I was by a story I picked up at Jamaica the other afternoon. It begins in Paris in 1920, when Harry La Montagne bought an animal named Démon II for three thousand francs (about two hundred dollars in those days) at a sale of horses belonging to the French government's stud. Démon II, who was bred in 1910 by James Hennessy, had been a fair sort of racer as a two- and three-year-old, and had been sold to the Army shortly before the First World War to sire cavalry mounts. He wasn't a success at that, because his sons and daughters turned out to be badly gaited, a point the remount officers were fussy about. So he was put up for auction. Mr. La Montagne thought he would make a good hunter and sent him down to his place at Pau, where, after a period of schooling, he was ridden to hounds. Later on, he did so well jumping at horse shows that he was tried at steeplechasing, and he won all the hunt races at Pau that he started in, including the Masters' Cup, the big prize at Pau. After that, he moved to the larger tracks, and though he wasn't quite the top of the list at Auteuil, he won at least twenty races there. His most notable triumphs were in the Grand Steeple Chase de Dieppe in 1923 and 1924. So much for Démon II.

In 1925, Mr. La Montagne, who, as you probably know, sculptures utterly charming likenesses of horses, did a statuette of Démon II and had it cast in silver. For years, this kickshaw adorned the radiator cap of one or another of his automobiles. When he left Paris in 1939, it was on a Bentley sports car that was locked in his garage. Mr. La Montagne hasn't set eyes on the Bentley from that day to this (the Germans got it), but the other morning he received by mail a small cardboard box from a friend who lives in Palm Beach. I daresay his heart skipped a beat when he opened the box, for there, packed in cotton wool, was the silver figurine. The friend had picked it up in an antique shop in Florida and had recognized the artist's signature on its base. Well, that's all of the story I know. Frankly, I can't even surmise the odds against the statuette's crossing so many thousand miles of sea and land and winding up in its creator's hands. Mark one up for that phenomenon we call coincidence. Or, as we old horseplayers put it, luck will find a way.

THE Gold Cup, won by Greek Ship last Saturday, was easily the smash hit of the week at Jamaica. Personally, I was delighted. After all, who doesn't like to see the best horse come from behind in the last furlong to win by half a length? Palestinian held on better than I had thought he would for the mile and five furlongs and was a creditable second; Better Self, despite his corns, housemaid's knee, or whatever ails him, was third; and One Hitter, who surprised everybody by beating Noor twice at Belmont (and who hasn't been in the money since), was fourth. You can forget the others. Greek Ship, not to be confused with Greek Song, is one of our better three-year-olds, and his specialty seems to be beating older horses; certainly his best efforts this season have been in the Metropolitan and Monmouth Handicaps and the Gold Cup, all of which are for three-year-olds and upward. He is owned by Mrs. Dodge Sloane, whose Brookmeade Stable is having another successful year, and, incidentally, is giving Calumet Farm a lively run for first place on the list of winning owners.

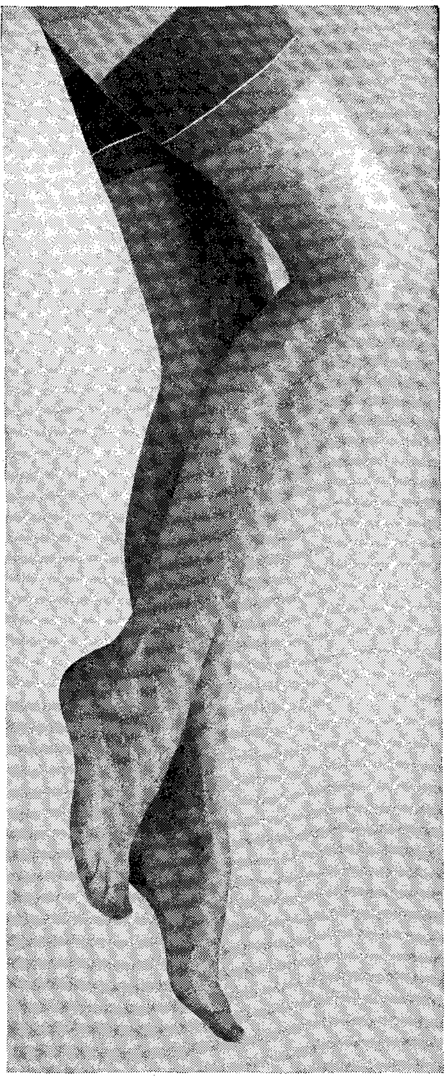
IT would not be entirely accurate to say that the Selima Stakes at Laurel last weekend was a carbon copy of the Demoiselle Stakes at Jamaica the previous Saturday. The placings in both were identical—Aunt Jinny was first, Vulcania second, and Rose Fern third—but the finish was much closer in the Selima. Also, Aunt Jinny carried six pounds more than she did at Jamaica, and gave weight to everything else. Altogether, though, it was a pretty unusual circumstance, and it piled up the credits for Duval Headley's little filly. Now, if she can do it again in the Marguerite Stakes at Pimlico . . .—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther*]

Such a fracas over academic freedom as occurred at the University of Texas would be inconceivable in California; its university is by most standards one of the six or eight best in the country; it has no regent trouble.



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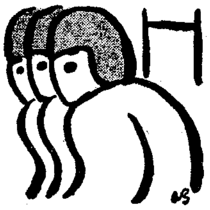
FOOTBALL

A Good Defense Is the Best Offense



It is not often, these days, that two undefeated Ivy League teams come up against each other, even as early as the last week in October. It happened, though, at Princeton's Palmer Stadium on Saturday. Offhand, it was reasonable to expect a vivid afternoon of long touchdown runs by famous Cornell and Princeton backs, but knowledgeable observers—those who had noticed Cornell's difficulty with Yale's inexperienced but determined line, and those who had noticed Princeton's difficulty with Rutgers and Navy passes—had a notion that the real battle would be between Calvo, Cornell's major quarterback and favorite passer, and the Princeton defensive team. They were right. It is true that Kazmaier, Princeton's major back and favorite passer, passed and ran and punted Cornell dizzy (Princeton 27, Cornell 0); he made two touchdowns, one on a gallop of seventy yards, during which a teammate, Reed, blocked out the one menacing Cornell man, and he missed another touchdown only because, after passing the last Cornell defender, he tripped over his faithful pathfinder Reed. But it was the Princeton defensive team, led by such linemen as Donan and Glass and Hickok and McPhee and by such backs as Pivirotto and Davison, that saved the day for Princeton. Fleischmann and Miller and other celebrated Cornell ballcarriers rarely got out of their own back yard, and the Cornell passing attack, though it worked often enough early in the game, was finally turned into a boomerang. Standing on his fifteen-yard line in the fourth period, Calvo threw a pass to Miller, but a Princeton lineman knocked the ball from his hands, Glass pounced on it and Princeton soon had its third touchdown. Princeton kicked off to Cornell, and on the next play Jaeckel, Calvo's understudy, threw the ball not into friendly hands but to Pivirotto, who romped to the Cornell fifteen-yard line. Princeton had another touchdown in short order. Princeton kicked off again, and this time Cornell didn't even get to try a pass. The kickoff was fumbled, a Princeton lineman grabbed the ball, and Princeton had still another touchdown four plays later. A merciful official ruled this one null and void for an infraction of the rules, but when the game ended, Princeton was down on the Cornell eighteen-yard line again, with a wicked light in its eyes.

The most difficult decision of the afternoon devolved on Charley Caldwell, the Princeton coach. Davison, an expert ballcarrier and a fine defensive back, is a trifle brittle. He was damaged in the game with Navy, and had been held out of the game with Brown so that he'd be at his best against Cornell. On Saturday, he was damaged again, in the first quarter, when Princeton was leading by just one touchdown and when Calvo's passes were still dangerous. Princeton's best (by far) offensive backfield is Kazmaier, Unger, Chandler, and Davison, but when Davison was able to play again, Caldwell chose to use him almost entirely on defense and to experiment with less trenchant ballcarriers on the offense. Caldwell turned out to be right. Kazmaier's seventy-yard run soon made Cornell's threat rather less convincing, and Davison, on defense, three times knocked down Cornell ballcarriers when a miss would very likely have meant a Cornell touchdown.

There was another large Ivy League social event, in Boston, where Harvard and Dartmouth met in what can justifiably be called a traditional game. This was a traditional game with a difference, though. As far as I can tell after searching the records, it was the first time a Harvard team that hadn't won a game all season played a Dartmouth team that hadn't won a game all season. Dartmouth did manage to tie Holy Cross this fall, but I do not believe that any twenty-dollar gold pieces are being handed out for an accomplishment of that calibre. Nevertheless, a traditional game is a traditional game, and twenty-eight thousand devotees honored it in the observance. They at least had the unquestionable pleasure of watching West, of Harvard, and Roberts and Clayton, of Dartmouth—three of the most versatile backs in the East—in operation. Dartmouth won, 27–7, which probably made fourteen thousand of the spectators happy. Harvard supporters, the way things look, may not have a happy moment this year.
—J. W. L.

•

Many of our residents viewed the eclipse of the moon Monday night. The sun passed between the earth and the moon.
—*Greenup (Ill.) Press.*

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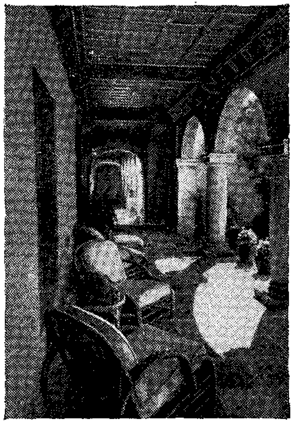

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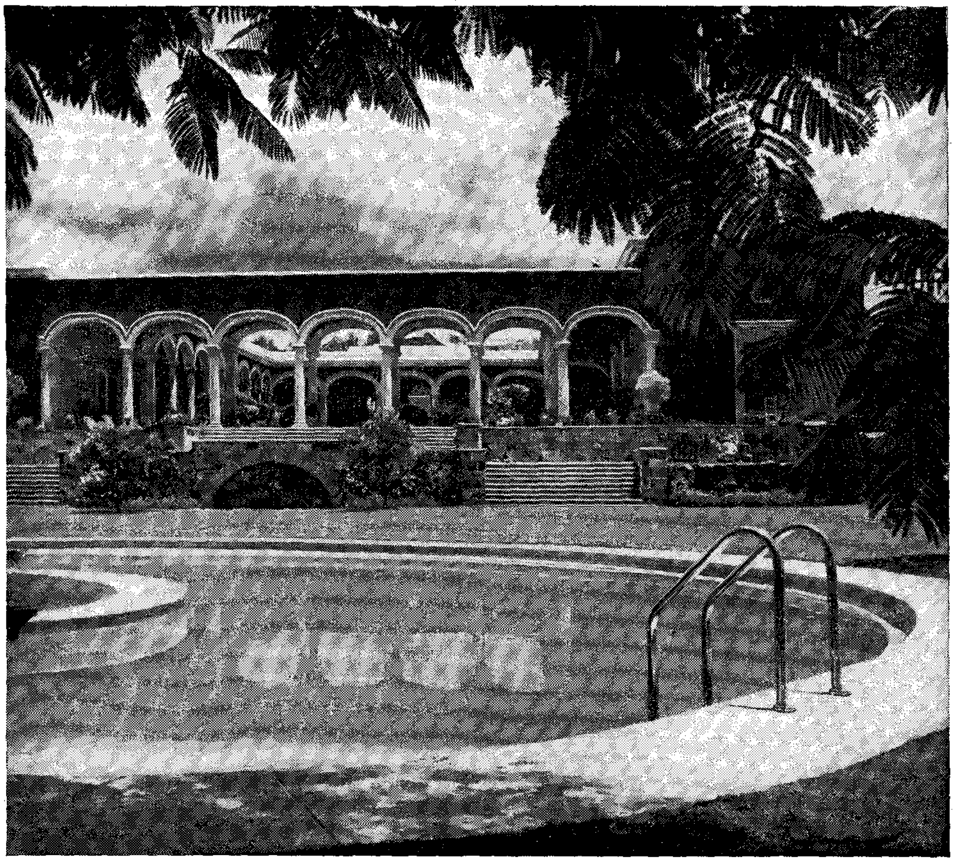

Front of the villa from across the circular swimming pool.

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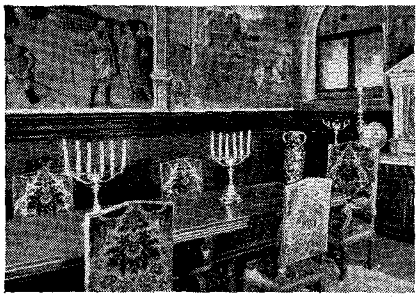

Formal dining room — an original 17th Century Venetian Council Chamber.

The 17th Century oak-paneled living room with three early Dutch portraits.

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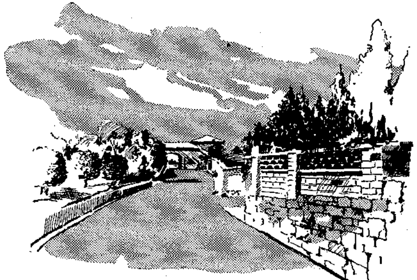

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THAT WAS PUGILISM

BOYLE'S THIRTY ACRES AND THE REVOLUTION

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, George Bernard Shaw thought he detected certain romantic, aesthetic, and moral values in the prizefight business. The result was the novel "Cashel Byron's Profession." It was not until just after the First World War, however, that a real-life, flesh-and-blood fighter caught his fancy. I don't mean Gene Tunney. Tunney came later. One day in 1919, Shaw saw Georges Carpentier, the heavyweight champion of Europe, fight Joe Beckett, the heavyweight champion of England. Of his first glimpse of Carpentier, Shaw wrote, "I was startled by a most amazing apparition. Nothing less than Charles XII, 'the Madman of the North,' striding along in a Japanese dressing gown as gallantly as if he had not been killed almost exactly 201 years before." Though Carpentier did not startle Shaw enough to make him forget his Swedish history, it's clear that the sight of him impressed the playwright profoundly.

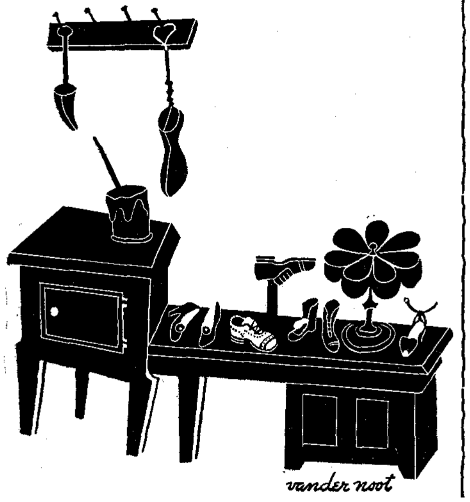
In the next few years, Carpentier made equally strong impressions on other men and women of letters. To most of them, probably weaker than Shaw in Norse metaphors, he looked Greek, not Scandinavian. In 1921, when Carpentier was training at Manhasset, Long Island, to meet Jack Dempsey, Heywood Broun compared him to a Greek statue—"one of the most beautiful bodies the prize ring has ever known," Broun wrote. A woman reporter for the *Morning Telegraph* said Carpentier "made me, at least, think of a Greek athlete statue of Parian marble warmed into life." Over a story by James Hopper, billed as "Celebrated Author and World Renowned War Correspondent," the *Tribune* carried the headline "CHALLENGER CARPENTIER—GREEK STATUE, BREATHING LIFE, WITH HUMAN FRAILTY OF TEMPERAMENT." Late in the story, Hopper changed images slightly and wrote, "By Jove, giving my exact reaction, he looked like a priestess of the white Attic times come forth to some harmonious sacrifice." Frank Parker Stockbridge, in the *Times*, turned to Shakespeare for an explanation of why most people seemed to want Carpentier to beat Dempsey: "We all share Rosalind's joy when Orlando overcomes Charles the Wrestler." Also taking up the Attic note, he added that Carpentier had a certain trick of physical balance borrowed from the Discobolus. Stockbridge went on to speak highly of the dolichocephalism of Carpentier; a long-headed boxer (Carpentier), he said, has a distinct advantage over a brachycephalic, or round-headed, boxer (Dempsey). The *Times'* phrenological reading was followed by one by William Judson Kilby, staff Character Analyst of the *Evening World*, who wrote, "There is every indication, such as the width between the ears and the look of sincerity, that Carpentier is an unusually brave man." Neysa McMein, expressing her thoughts beneath a pencil sketch of Carpentier in the *World*, wrote, "Michelangelo would have fainted for joy with the beauty of his profile, which is almost pure Greek." Only the *Times*, as far as I know, extended its coverage to Carpentier's cuticle. It "is neither pearl nor ivory," wrote Stockbridge, "but almost a blend of the two."

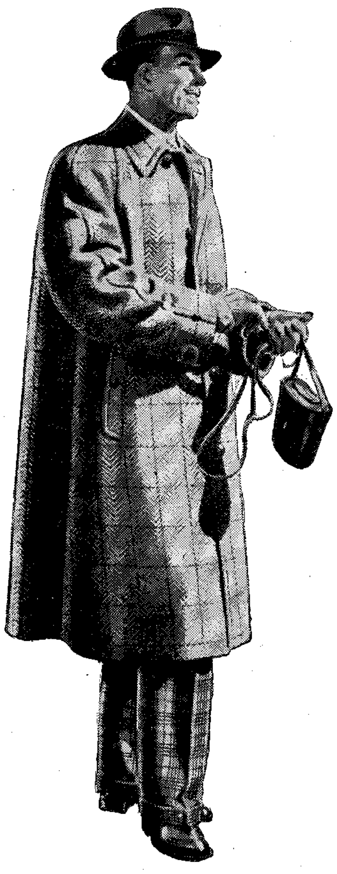
This excitement in literary circles can be laid in part to the influence of the sudden world peace that had come in 1918. By present standards, it was a winy, stimulating peace. As noted, one look at Carpentier made Shaw (to put it as respectfully as possible) babble. The prospect of an international match between Dempsey, the champion, and Carpentier, the wan, worldly son of a French coal miner, turned American journalism temporarily into a guided tour of the Louvre and the Parthenon. Yet, armistice-drunk or not, the amateur critics, beginning with Shaw, were right in seeing something special in Carpentier. It may be that they vaguely sensed a development that George L. (Tex) Rickard, a boxing promoter, casting a professional eye on Carpentier, explicitly foresaw—a business revolution. Before the war

his work in the ring was something completely apart from a more gracious life he led outside it. Frank Graham, a New York sportswriter, has told of a luncheon held in Paris in 1919, soon after Carpentier had knocked out Joe Beckett in one minute and fifteen seconds of fighting. A guest asked Carpentier, "Will Beckett always be a stupid dolt?" "I don't know," said Carpentier. "I've never met the man."

Carpentier's charm for audiences outlived his prestige as a fighter by several years. In 1924, after Gene Tunney had beaten him badly at the Polo Grounds, a blonde, a stranger to both parties, leaped into the ring and attempted to scratch Tunney's eyes out. In 1926, when Carpentier made a remarkably hollow "comeback" campaign in this country, big crowds paid to see him in Philadelphia and at Madison Square Garden. A number of ship-news reporters met the boat when he arrived here on that occasion. The interview was conducted through an interpreter, Jack Curley, Carpentier's American agent, but the *Times* man, as might have been expected, knew French. He filed a minority transcription of the dialogue, as follows: "Curley (to Carpentier)—'What do you want to give the boys?' Carpentier—'Tell them anything you want.' Curley—'Georges says he is very happy to be back and enjoys above all his association with writers.' Carpentier (to Curley)—'Get rid of this gang as soon as possible. I've got a date at seven-thirty.' Curley—'He says he'd like to fight Paul Berlenbach for the light-heavyweight title and wishes you boys a Happy New Year.'"

IF Carpentier took a slightly cynical view of his work and of life in general, he came by it naturally, for he had grown up in one of the most cynical environments of modern times, the boxing industry as conducted in Europe





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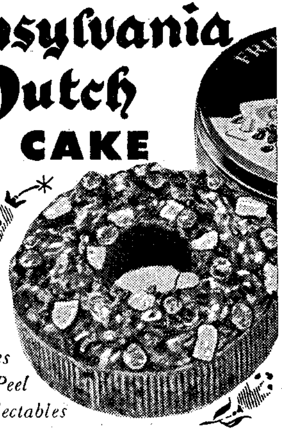

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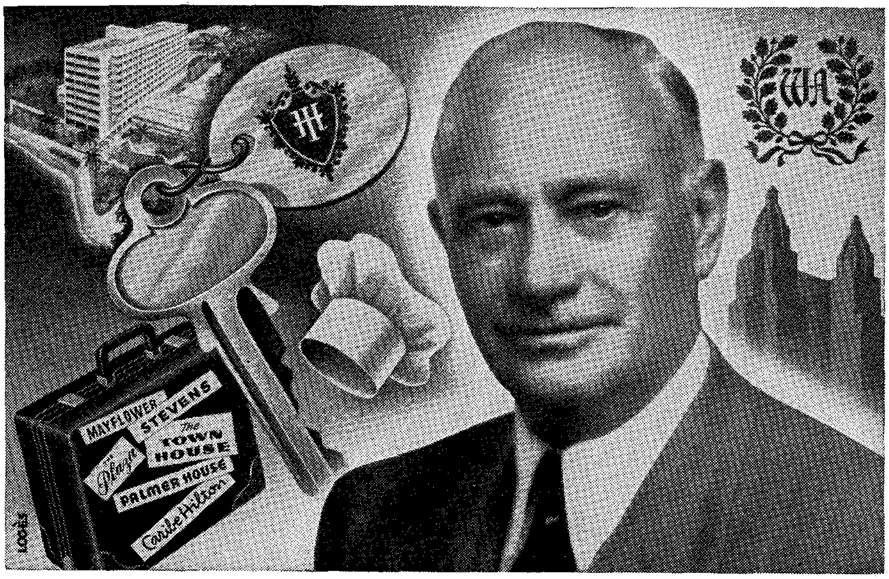
from 1900 to 1930. Under coaching, he often claimed fouls when things went against him, and he could register the most frightful agony in the ring. The only thing I have seen to match this phase of his art was the late John Barrymore's motion-picture reaction to amputation, as Captain Ahab, the victim of Moby Dick. Yet Carpentier was palpably a brave fighter when the stakes were high, and a proud one. What with one thing and another, he commanded the blind, passionate loyalty of people of both sexes and all ages. I saw my first example of this in front of a movie house in Great Neck, a few miles from where Carpentier was then training for the Dempsey fight. A boy I knew, pale with anger and excitement, snarled, "Dempsey's a brute. Carp'll knock him cold." The boy was prejudiced, being the son of the Jack Curley mentioned above, but there was no doubting his sincerity. What he said was a paradox; it was also an article of faith, in 1921, with a great many people older than he.

Neysa McMein, on the day she inspected Carpentier in Manhasset, looked hard for something to support the dogma that he could whip the bigger, stronger Dempsey, for she knew that while Michelangelo might have fainted for joy at Carpentier's profile, Dempsey probably would not. Her professional eye was caught by Carpentier's legs. "His legs!" she wrote. "I figured I knew a little something about the anatomy of legs, but this young Frenchman has developed a hundred little muscles that there is absolutely no accounting for." She added the hopeful suggestion that he kick Dempsey to death. Kicking, as it happened, was the thing that accounted for those mysterious muscles. Carpentier's first important fight had been held under the rules of *la savate*, in which the legs are more important weapons than the hands. That fight took place in 1906, when Carpentier was, according to record-book chronology, twelve years old. If it is true that his birth—in Liévin, in the coal-mining country near Lens—occurred, as claimed, in 1894, then he soon afterward became one of the most notable child-labor projects of his day. In Lens lived François Descamps, a law-abiding Fagin to whom Carpentier's parents apprenticed the boy when he was supposedly eleven or twelve. Descamps had a mane of black hair, curiously slanted eyes (later referred to in the press, when he came to dominate French boxing, as hypnotic), and a small gymnasium. He taught Carpentier boxing, *savate*, acrobatics, contortionism, how to clutch his groin when hit near the waistline, and how to feign anguish. Carpentier began to box exhibitions in Lens saloons, with Descamps passing the hat. When Carpentier was thirteen, by the book, Descamps took him to Paris to fight professionally. During the next four years, the youth fought some sixty matches. In 1911, when he was presumably seventeen, he became welterweight champion of France and, a few months later, of Europe. With Descamps, he toured France and Belgium extensively and played occasional dates in London.

English heavyweights were the ladder by which Carpentier rose to the Dempsey engagement and wealth. For many generations after the eighteenth-century revival of boxing with knuckles and gloves, Englishmen held first place in the sport. The tradition of their prowess lingered on a little way into the twentieth century. Then Carpentier, almost singlehanded, demolished it. In 1913, he won what was called the heavyweight championship of Europe by knocking out Bombardier Billy Wells, a tall, imposing English athlete with a jaw of spun glass, in one round. Carpentier had an explanation for Wells' downfall that ignored chin texture. In an article written—or, at any rate, signed—by him in 1920, describing another meeting with Wells, which had ended in much the same way, he said, "Vice, as vice, is bad and unwanted, but there must be deep down in the makeup of every professional boxer who seeks and hopes to win fame and fortune that which we may call viciousness, a kind of viciousness that fills a man with the determination to do or die. . . . He [Wells] had me *in extremis* at Ghent." But, added Carpentier, Wells failed to see red. As far as I know, Carpentier still ranks today as the only boxer who has ever used the phrase "*in extremis*." In another ectoplastic essay on English pugilism, written after he had knocked out Beckett, he said, "Bigness, stoutness of heart, brute strength, indifference to pain—all matter nothing if the science of hitting is properly applied." It was because Beckett—whom Carpentier, hitting properly, knocked out in seventy-five seconds—was believed to be a traditional British specimen of brute strength that Shaw and others hailed the winner so precipitately.

THE war intervened between the Wells fights and the Beckett fight. Carpentier, as an observation flier, or artillery spotter, won the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire for



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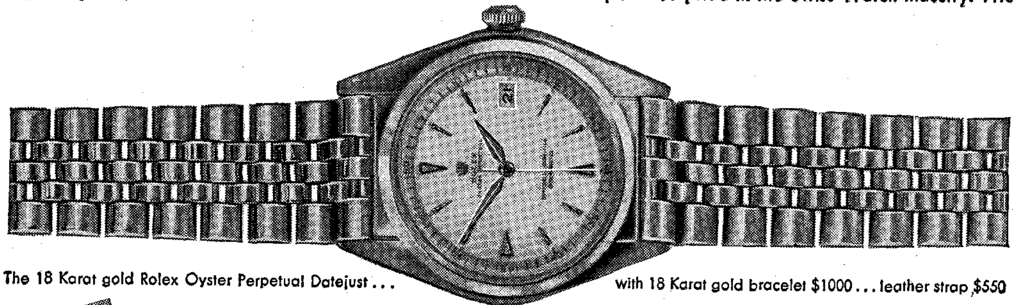

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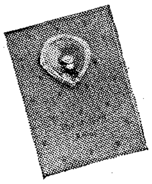

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of 1914-18, prizefights had been attended largely by men. At the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919, women were isolated in a special section at the rear of the grandstand. Up to 1921, only one fight had drawn more than two hundred thousand dollars in gate receipts, and that one had drawn slightly less than five hundred thousand. Since 1921, there have been fourteen gates in excess of half a million. Fight attendance by both sexes is now respectable. Women—"clad in furs and sparkling with gems," as the sportswriters like to say—abound in the ringside areas. Rickard, early in the afternoon of July 2, 1921, gazed breathlessly at a crowd of nearly ninety thousand men and women in a pine arena he had built on a fen in Jersey City. Then he went to Dempsey's dressing room and gripped the champion's elbow. He did not talk of Carpentier in terms of Nordic war lords or Parian marble, and he seems to have ignored a public warning issued by Shaw just a few days before, in England, of Dempsey's imminent overthrow by "the greatest boxer in the world." "Listen, Jack," he said, speaking earnestly from the side of his mouth, as he had learned to do while dealing stud in the Yukon, "the best people in the world are here today. And this is just the beginning. Don't knock down the show. Don't kill the son of a bitch."

As Rickard had foreseen, it was a day of revolution and a day of beginnings. The gate receipts were $1,789,238. Dempsey entertained the best people for ten minutes before knocking Carpentier out. Rickard's social success was a shock to, among others, Governor Nathan L. Miller, of New York, who had barred the Dempsey-Carpentier match from his state as a threat to good morals and manners, and Canon William Sheafe Chase, an influential member of the International Reform Federation, who had campaigned to the same end in behalf of "an aroused womanhood." Two years later, million-dollar bouts took their place in the financial landscape of New York State. New York women, aroused or otherwise, no longer had to go to New Jersey to see a big fight. It is plain from his subsequent record as a box-office attraction against all comers that Dempsey contributed heavily to the revolution of 1921. Yet someone of the precise specifications of Carpentier probably was needed to insure its fulfillment. His war service in the French Air Force, as opposed to Dempsey's alleged slackerism, helped. Also, he conveyed, as few earlier fighters had, a suggestion that

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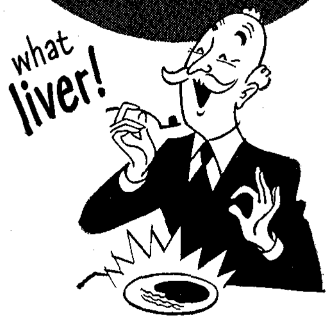

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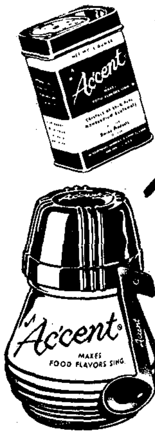

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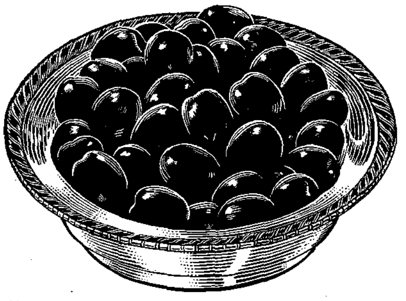

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for it. I have to skimp to make ends meet, and I just can't afford the sixty centen. You'd better talk to Jo about it. This coming Monday is the last time I can let you have it."

"But, Mother, I can't tell Jo that," I said. "The understanding was that I would pay for the trip, and I can't tell him now that I want the sixty centen."

"Well, then, you'd better tell him that you won't come any more," she said.

That Monday night, I went to the station with a heavy heart. I didn't know how to bring up the subject. On the platform and during the trip, I made several false starts, but they came to nothing. Finally, in Warmond, walking along the dark street, I found the courage. "Jo," I said, "my mother says I must have the sixty centen for the trip."

Jo stood still and said, "What!" There was a few seconds' silence, and then he spoke in a cold, disgusted tone. "All right," he said. "I didn't know you wanted to be mercenary about it. But if that's the way you feel, all right. I'll have to speak to Mijnheer de Graaf."

We walked on, and not another word was said until we got to the ballroom. Jo told me to wait there, and he went on into the taproom. Not sure whether to take off my coat or not, I sat with my violin case between my legs and my hat in my hand, waiting for the next move. I heard the jolly voices of the men in the taproom and I felt lonely. After a while, Mijnheer de Graaf came waddling out, looking very serious.

"Mijnheer Feltkamp has told me that you want to get paid," he said.

"My mother says—" I began.

He raised his hand, and there was a suggestion of a patient smile on his face. "What it amounts to," he said, "is that you want to get paid."

He got his wallet from his back pocket and took out a paper gulden. "Here is a gulden," he said. "This will take care of the sixty centen for your ticket, and you can keep the forty centen for yourself. Will that satisfy you?"

He thrust it at me, and when I took it, he turned sharply and walked back to the taproom. I put the gulden in my pocket, took off my coat, and unpacked my violin. In a few minutes, the musicians began to walk in from the taproom. By that time I had got on friendly terms with all of them, but that night only one or two as much as nodded to me, and they all seemed deeply engaged in conversation. The rehearsal went on

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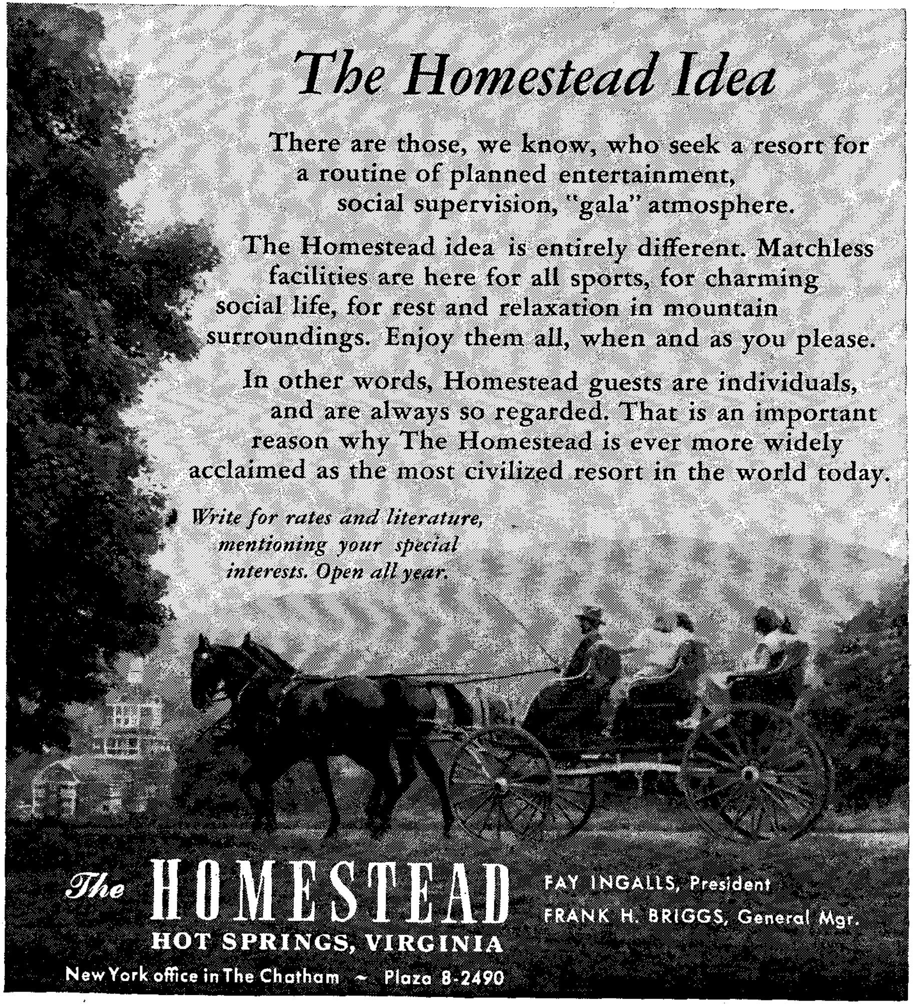

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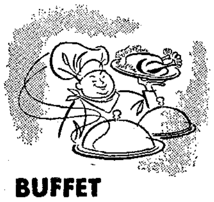

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as usual, but when intermission time came, Mijnheer de Graaf did not stand up, as he always had, to remark that throats must be dry. Instead, first one member, then a second, then a third drifted off in the direction of the taproom. When about six players were left, Jo quit conducting and abruptly walked away to the taproom himself.

The remaining members then sauntered off in the same direction, pointedly ignoring me, and I was left alone in the big ballroom. Plainly, this was to be my last Monday night in Warmond. I knew I wouldn't be expected to come again, and in my embarrassment and unhappiness, I wanted to leave at once, but I felt I couldn't go before the end of the rehearsal. After all, I had been paid. I turned to the music on my stand—still the "Grande Fantaisie sur Thèmes de 'Manon' de Jules Massenet par Emil Tavan"—and began to practice in a desultory manner. When I had played a few passages, I heard footsteps behind me and felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw M. Mansseau. He gripped my shoulder firmly, gave it two or three shakes, and said, "*Courage, mon cher, courage!*" He nodded at me warmly, and turned and went back to the taproom. I felt a little better then. M. Mansseau understood. He knew what we professionals were up against.

—DAVID BROEKMAN

●

BACCHANAL

"Come live with me, and be my love,"
I said, in substance. "There's no vine
We will not pluck the clusters of,
Or grape we will not turn to wine."

It's autumn of our seventh year.
Now I, in seasonal pursuit,
With rich and modulated cheer,
Fetch home the festive purple fruit;

And she, by passion once demented
—That woman out of Botticelli—
She brews and bottles, unfermented,
The stupid and abiding jelly.

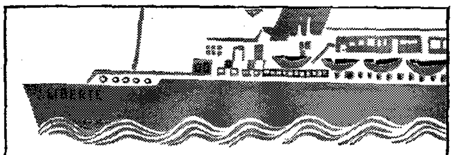
—PETER DE VRIES

●

Cadet James Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Turner, 2145 S. State St., is one of 15 cadets accepted for the flight training program at Wentworth Military academy, Lexington, Mo., this semester, according to Capt. Lowell Stagner, aviation co-ordinator. Turner is working toward his private license.

Dragon flies can fly 60 miles an hour.—*Illinois State Journal.*

And without any training, too.



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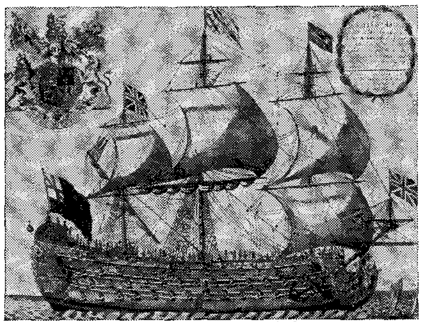

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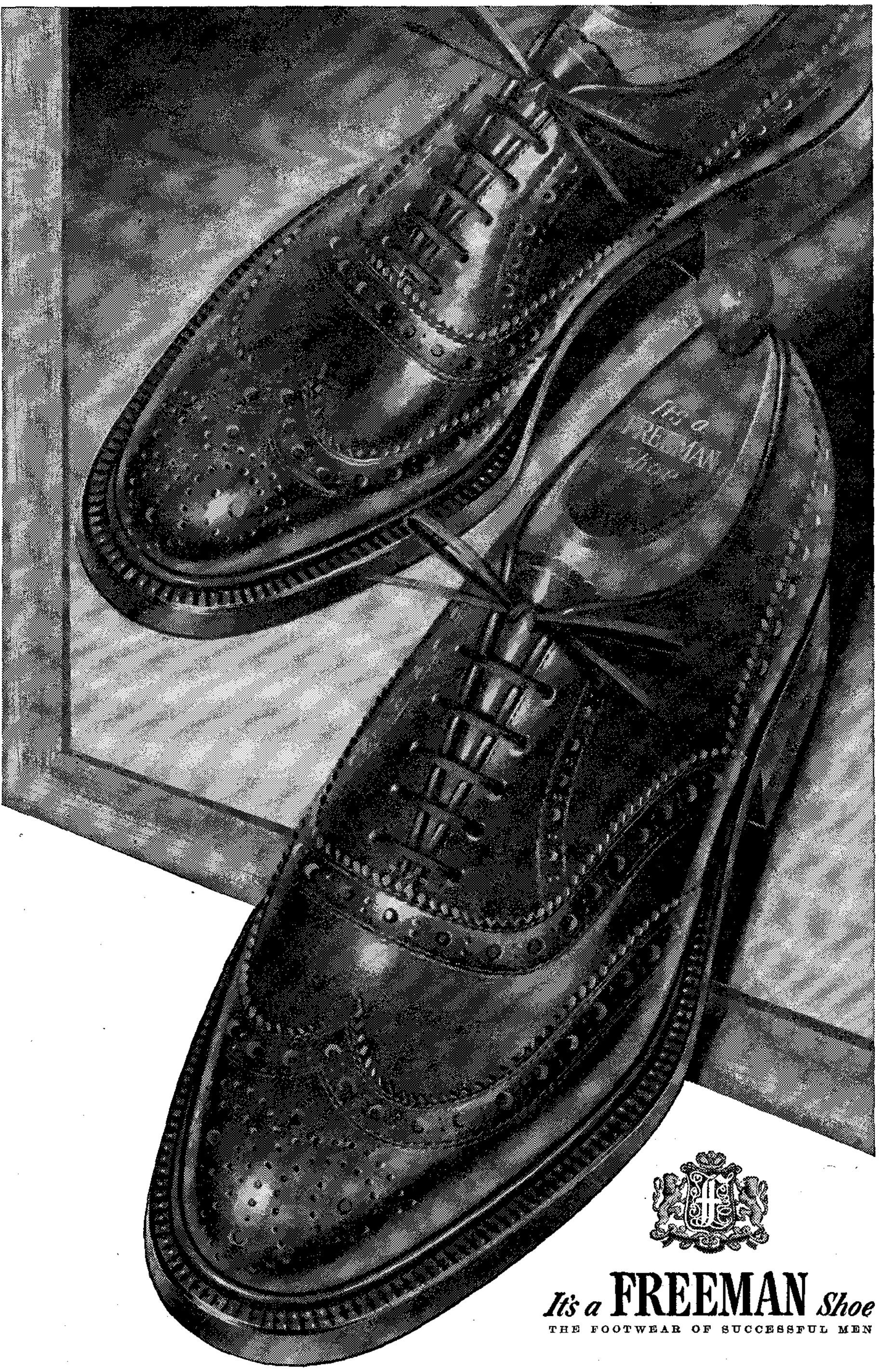
his service in the first two wartime years. In the next two, having been grounded by Army doctors, he boxed several exhibitions in Paris for war relief. His abrupt destruction of Beckett in London, in December, 1919, came five months after Dempsey had won the world championship from Jess Willard in Toledo. Descamps at once publicly, although perhaps with private reservations, dedicated his man to the pursuit of Dempsey's title. As a starter, he brought him to America for a ten-week tour with the Sells-Floto Circus, at two thousand dollars a week, and signed him to meet Battling Levinsky, another American, for the light-heavyweight championship. This roundabout route to the grail created a certain amount of acid comment. A meeting of minds was held at the Hotel Belmont in New York just before Carpentier sailed back to France to rest up from the circus. Descamps found himself at home among the keener intellects of American boxing, who at this gathering included Rickard; Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager; Curley; and William A. Brady, who managed fighters and plays. When the newspaper cameras had been focussed, Kearns arose and said, "I'm here for business. I have been after these Frenchmen since they arrived here, and when I heard they were sailing, I jumped on a train to cut them off." Descamps made a ten-minute reply, which was summed up in thirty seconds by Curley, in the role of interpreter, as meaning that Carpentier had an unbreakable contract to fight for Charles B. Cochran, the London producer and promoter, and therefore could not fight for Rickard, to whom Dempsey was committed. "Let's see the contract," said Kearns. Brady, Cochran's representative, advanced to the cameras and read it. "Then why have you been pretending you want to fight my man?" shouted Kearns. "Why do you sign with a bum like Levinsky?" Descamps, expanding like a rose in this atmosphere, made another ten-minute statement, in which, according to Curley, he said that Carpentier had been embarrassed by recent hints that he was just a gold-digger, and thought he ought to fight somebody. Kearns walked out with a sneer. Carpentier and Descamps sailed next day, after paying several thousand dollars to an income-tax collector who came to see them off at the pier.

The delay in matching Dempsey and Carpentier was caused by a number of wheels within wheels. Offers to stage the bout had come from all over—from



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the film magnate William Fox, from the European diamond king Solly Joel, from two Cubans who promised Carpentier seven hundred thousand dollars to fight Dempsey, or a hundred and fifty thousand to fight a bull, in Havana. Kearns and Dempsey had no intention of fighting for anyone but Rickard, the man who had given Dempsey his chance to win the championship. Rickard, after hearing of Cochran's lease on Carpentier, agreed to promote the match in partnership with Cochran and Brady. New York was the logical place for it, for the Walker boxing law encouraging prizefights, sponsored by James J. Walker, had just been passed in Albany. But it began to seem likely, in the summer of 1920, that Judge Miller would beat out Al Smith for the governorship in November, and Miller had given stern assurances right and left that he would not tolerate bear-baiting in the form of an outdoor heavyweight-championship prizefight, law or no law. On Columbus Day, in Jersey City, Carpentier kept his rendezvous with Levinsky, whom he knocked out in four rounds, winning the light-heavyweight title. Early in November, another meeting of all concerned in the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was called at the Hotel Claridge. Miller had been elected, so the articles signed that day by Dempsey, Carpentier, Rickard, and Cochran, guaranteeing Dempsey three hundred thousand dollars and Carpentier two hundred thousand, did not name the place of the fight. An uninvited guest was Abe Attell, a gambler and former boxer, who explained that he had never missed a heavyweight-championship signing. Word of Attell's presence got around, at which cops converged on him and threw him out of the hotel in the direction of Chicago, where he was wanted by a grand jury for questioning about the World Series scandal of 1919. Everybody shook hands. Dempsey and Carpentier sat together on a couch chatting, Carpentier in French and Dempsey in English. The press, being reasonably free, suggested next day that Carpentier looked frail beside Dempsey.

THE signing did not change the Governor's mind about the fight. Cochran, unwilling to guarantee his share of half a million dollars for a promotion outside New York, withdrew the following February, transferring his rights to Rickard. Rickard, in this emergency, did what he had always done. He went ahead on a shoestring. After consulting with Governor Edward

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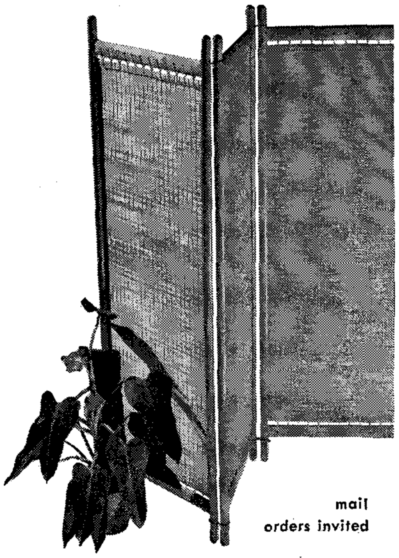
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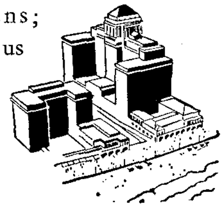
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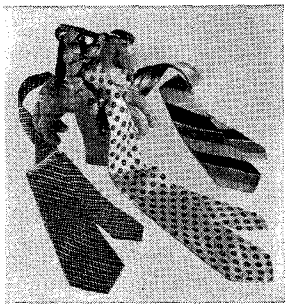
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I. Edwards, of New Jersey, he told his staff arena-builder to build an arena on the Jersey City marsh, which was known as Boyle's Thirty Acres. He looked around for a well-to-do visionary worthy of the occasion, and found him in Mike Jacobs, a ticket broker who was later, with the help of Joe Louis, to take up where Rickard left off. Jacobs felt certain the fight would draw a million dollars or more. He lent Rickard twenty thousand dollars of his own cash, and then raised a pool of a hundred and eighty thousand dollars among ticket men, including himself, to be repaid in tickets when the tickets were printed. The new arena, as it took shape, was divided into income circles—ringside seats fifty dollars, "inner circle" thirty to forty, "outer circle" twenty-five, "reserve" fifteen, and general-admission seats, which were barely within the state limits, five-fifty.

The Carpentier training camp, at the Matthews farm in Manhasset, near the Louis Sherry and Payne Whitney estates, was a Castle of Udolpho to the people in the neighborhood. Descamps, wearing a purple sweater, fawn slacks, and embroidered red slippers, supervised the mysteries. He put barbed wire around the farmhouse and the cow barn, where Carpentier did calisthenics. When he saw men and boys looking over the fence from trees in the next field, he added a high board fence to the barbed wire. There was almost always a Belgian police dog and at least one deputy sheriff on guard at the entrance. At Dempsey's training camp, in Atlantic City, Kearns charged admission and welcomed crowds daily. Descamps said he scorned the pennies he could make in this way. "We do not wish to show our full hand," he said. Carpentier gave a few, a very few, public workouts. I saw one of them. It consisted of rope-skip-

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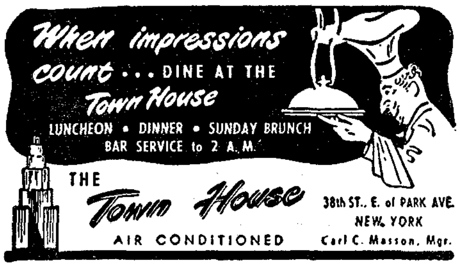
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ping and two restrained rounds of sparring with Joe Jeannette, a skillful Negro who had once beaten Carpentier in a formal fight.

Boxing critics implied that Descamps could not afford to show his full hand, since Carpentier was no match for Dempsey in size or strength. True, Carpentier weighed only one hundred and sixty-eight pounds on the day of the fight (though the figure was announced at one hundred and seventy-two) to Dempsey's one hundred and eighty-eight, but I doubt whether public workouts every day would have hurt the advance sale. For one thing, it is hard to judge weight exactly with the naked eye. For another, the professional reporting at Carpentier's camp was largely submerged in the flow of ecstatic, sculpture-minded reporting by writers from other fields. Broun, who had graduated from sportswriting by then, took a stone carver's view of everything he saw, even the sparring partners; he wounded the feelings of Italian Joe Gans, a hired hand, by writing that while Gans was "sculpturally fine . . . the head has just been blocked to await further modeling." War Correspondent Hopper, of the *Tribune*, after a final look at Carpentier, called him a "Tanagra statuette come to life." The fact that Carpentier wheezed heavily while sparring (as most fighters do, to keep their mouths and noses clear) puzzled, but did not disconcert, the guest reviewers. Patriotic sentiment was summed up by a visiting French journalist, who wrote, "France lost four million sons and as a nation prays as one that Georges will be returned the victor."

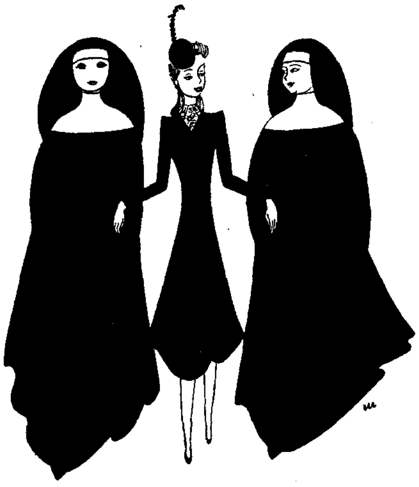
A Paul Revere signal system had been arranged in Paris—six Army airplanes were to fly over the city flashing red lights in case Carpentier won, white lights in case he lost. As Rickard and the sports press in America had expected, it turned out to be a case for white lights. The main bout (Gene Tunney, who later beat both men, fought and won in the semifinal) went on at just after three in the afternoon. The crowd, which fulfilled Rickard's highest hopes socially and financially, had a brief chance to cheer for Carpentier in the second round. Carpentier's left hand was always a negligible weapon, and he was not particularly fast on his feet, but he could punch hard and swiftly with his right hand. Halfway through the second round, he landed the right flush on Dempsey's jaw. Dempsey gave ground, though he said afterward that he did not remember receiving any really hard blows. This one was hard enough to break Carpentier's hand. His nose had been broken by Dempsey's first full punch, in the first round. In the fourth round, Carpentier was knocked down. Faithful to Descamps' code of histrionics, he stayed down for nine seconds and then, jumping up, made an artful rush at Dempsey, which carried his chin headlong into Dempsey's right hand. He was counted out in one minute and sixteen seconds of the round.

After the fight, Carpentier and Descamps returned to Long Island, where they relaxed for ten days before sailing home to France. Dempsey had to move more quickly. Canon Chase's International Reform Federation, rebounding from the shock of the fight's success with women, sought to have the champion arrested on a charge of assault and battery against Carpentier. Dempsey caught the next train to Salt Lake City. Kearns remained on hand to collect three hundred thousand dollars from Rickard and to accept some sociable kidding for having turned down, it was now disclosed, an opportunity to gamble on a percentage of the gate receipts, which would have been worth twice as much. "I can take a hint," said Kearns, and he proved, in later phases of boxing's business revolution, that he could.

THERE were rumors during the rest of 1921 that the fight had shattered Carpentier physically. However, he returned to action in reasonably good trim in 1922. Dempsey attended a bout between Carpentier and Ted Kid Lewis in London in May of that year but missed seeing the knockout of Lewis in the first round when he turned away to give someone his autograph. Later in 1922, Descamps suffered his first reversal in European intrigue. A humble Senegalese fighter, Battling Siki, promised to lose a bout with Carpentier. He forgot his promise and won the light-heavyweight championship of the world from his unprepared and startled opponent. Carpentier fought only a few more times after that. In subsequent years, he acted in plays, revues, films, and vaudeville, and operated bars in Paris and on the Riviera. In 1924, he and Descamps made an expedition here that deserves mention, for in the course of it they revived briefly all their special talents. Early in the year, in Paris, they had agreed to terms for a Carpentier-Tunney match in America. Soon afterward—having meanwhile received a quick visit from Jack Curley and Eddie Kane, who managed another American heavyweight, Tom Gibbons—they announced that before fighting Tunney, Carpentier would fight Gibbons in Michigan City, Indiana. It was a logical arrangement; by meeting the gentle Gibbons first, instead of Tunney, Carpentier was much less likely to be knocked out and thus reduce the drawing power of the second of the two rich matches.

Carpentier and Descamps arrived in New York aboard the Majestic. They were met at the boat by Billy Gibson, Tunney's manager, a famous leader of the picaresque school of boxing strategy, who had been protesting the Gibbons match hoarsely from the moment of its announcement. The Frenchmen soothed Gibson. They offered to make a date with him for later in the day, at the Claridge. Gibson, after stealing a look at their luggage to make sure it was addressed to the Claridge, accepted the date. He then rounded up a jury of reporters, posted sentries with legal papers in the street outside the hotel, in case negotiations broke down, and settled in the lobby to wait. He waited until nearly midnight. He was then handed a telegram from Curley, sent from North Philadelphia. "AM EN ROUTE WEST WITH CARPENTIER AND DESCAMPS," the telegram said. "FIRST THINGS MUST COME FIRST."

Carpentier looked old and drawn for a man of thirty—his official age—the day he fought Gibbons. He lost the newspaper decision (formal decisions were not permitted in Indiana then) in ten rounds. His ankles began to swell in the ninth round, a certain sign of poor condition. However, his share of the purse amounted to seventy thousand dollars, and his determination to fight Tunney, too, and collect whatever cash benefits might come of it did not flag. That bout took place at the Polo Grounds in late July, 1924, two months after the Gibbons match. It ended in a welter of blood and a blaze of pantomime. Chopping away at Carpentier in his steady



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★

COMEDIAN JACK PAAR insists he saw this ad in the personal columns: "Boy with two heads would like to meet girl with two heads. Object—to share my four-way cold tablets" . . . There are firms trying to abandon the title of "traveling salesmen" for their road representatives. Sales executives claim that the term has become so maligned they want to switch to "gentlemen callers" . . . Newest in bedside lights is one contained in a gold-tooled leather box designed to look like a book. When the cover is lifted, an electric light bulb lights inside and the contents—hankie, sleeping pills, pencil and paper, other nightime needs—are revealed.

★

COLUMNISTS RECEIVE HELP from curious sources. A fellow named Richard Roffman in the Sulgrave Hotel in New York informs us he has a cross-file index of 600 persons in various interesting classifications available for interviews. Examples: Leila Martin, the beautiful 18-year-old singer who's the understudy for the female lead in "Peep Show," has a dog that counts and sings with her. Maurice Hunter has been a leading artist's model for Pratt Institute. His claim to fame is that he's a Zulu. Al Bamburger can be talked to. He's a mechanical engineer who invented an artificial kidney. Ruth Mason sounds as though she might have something. She's a private detective. Roffman looms as a man to be dealt with.

★

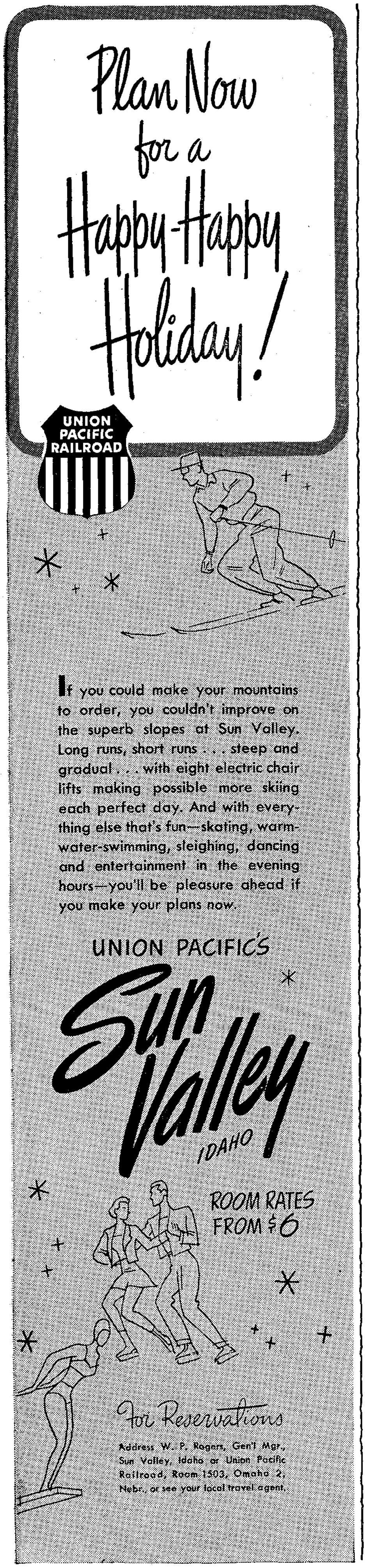
YOU KNOW, SOME OF AMERICA'S best edited newspapers are published in cities so far from the Atlantic seaboard that government and business leaders naturally aren't as familiar with them as they are, for example, with New York and Washington papers. Two of these well edited newspapers, we believe, are the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The Sunday Tribune now has more than 610,000 circulation, the daily Star and Tribune (morning and evening combined) more than 480,000. Here are some interesting circulation comparisons:

	Daily	Sunday
New York Times	**544,974**	**1,173,764**
New York Herald Tribune	**340,905**	**675,105**
Washington Star	**223,547**	**250,668**
Washington Post	**187,369**	**195,885**
Minneapolis Star and Tribune	**475,910**	**603,778**

All figures are averages for 6-months period ending March 31, 1950.

fashion, Tunney had almost incapacitated him by the tenth round, but Carpentier, showing a courage that pleased the crowd, kept trying to fight back. Just before the bell that ended the fourteenth round (it was a fifteen-round match), Tunney hit Carpentier solidly near the belt line. Carpentier went down, clutching automatically at his groin, several inches below the point where the blow seemed to have landed. The referee, Andy Griffin, saw the gesture, shook his head, and began counting. The bell rang before the count had been completed. Carpentier crawled to his corner instead of walking. Throughout the minute's intermission, Descamps screamed that his man had been fouled. When the last round began, Carpentier walked out of his corner and stood unsteadily in front of Tunney, who stud'ed him with his arms down, reluctant to hit him again. At this point, the referee, pushing Carpentier back into his corner, gave the fight to Tunney on a technical knockout. Carpentier yelled, "*Non, non!*" Descamps scrambled into the ring and tried several times to rip off Carpentier's trunks to show where the last punch had landed. He was prevented each time by ring officials. A medical examination soon after the fight showed no trace of a foul blow.

DESCAMPS died of a stroke, not then but ten years later, at a football game in Paris. In 1938, Carpentier was awarded the Legion of Honor. He owned a bar in the Champs-Elysées at that time and was highly popular. Today he is popular again in France, after suffering, like Maurice Chevalier, a temporary loss of reputation during the Second World War, when the Resistance blacklisted him for collaboration. Part of Carpentier's trouble was caused by the devious ways of Nazis, especially Nazi prizefighters. At a party in a Paris restaurant in 1944, in celebration of Carpentier's fiftieth (by the record book) birthday, two or three Germans showed up, including Max Schmeling and a photographer. Schmeling put his arm across Carpentier's shoulders. The photographer took a picture, which was published in the Vichy press. Carpentier still sputtered at the mention of that incident the last time he came over here, in 1948, to watch Marcel Cerdan, a fellow-countryman who was killed in a plane crash in the Azores a year ago, win the middleweight championship from Tony Zale, in Jersey City. Otherwise, Carpentier was gay and genial throughout the visit. The sight of the Jersey moors seemed to stimulate him especial-



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ly. "This is beautiful country to me," he said, looking around. "Here I won the championship from Levinsky. Here I made the million-dollar gate with Dempsey." "Maybe you should call yourself the Jersey Lily, instead of the Orchid Man," said a sportswriter, referring to an epithet by which Carpentier had been known in his boxing days. When the remark was translated for Carpentier, he wrinkled his nose. "Others called me by the name of a flower—not me," he said. "I was not so sweet. Ask Dempsey about the second round." The thought of that round is probably sweet, nonetheless, both to Dempsey and to Carpentier, since, like the other rounds, it made Dempsey five hundred dollars a second, and Carpentier three hundred and thirty-three and a third dollars.

While he was in New Jersey, Carpentier asked what had become of Rickard's pine arena on Boyle's Thirty Acres. No one could give him an exact answer at the moment. Inquiry reveals that the wooden stands were sold by Rickard to a contractor in 1927, for six thousand dollars, and torn down for salvage the same year. Two of Boyle's acres are now covered by a bus terminal. The rest is memories and marshland.

—John Lardner

•

Q. How much difference is there between the distance through the center of the earth at the equator and the distance from pole to pole?

A. Careful measurements show that the diameter of the earth at the equator and the distance from pole to pole.—*Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Next question.

•

Recently I was impressed by a hotel room clerk when he said to a guest: "Good morning, Mr. Jones. I've not seen you in about a year. Would you like the same room you had last time, 819? And, by the way, does your wife, Pearl, still play the piano? And do you still have your dog, Jim?"—*San Antonio (Texas) Evening News.*

That's the dog that bit Addison Sims.

•

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[*From "189 Markets for Short-Short Stories," in Writer's 1950 Yearbook*]

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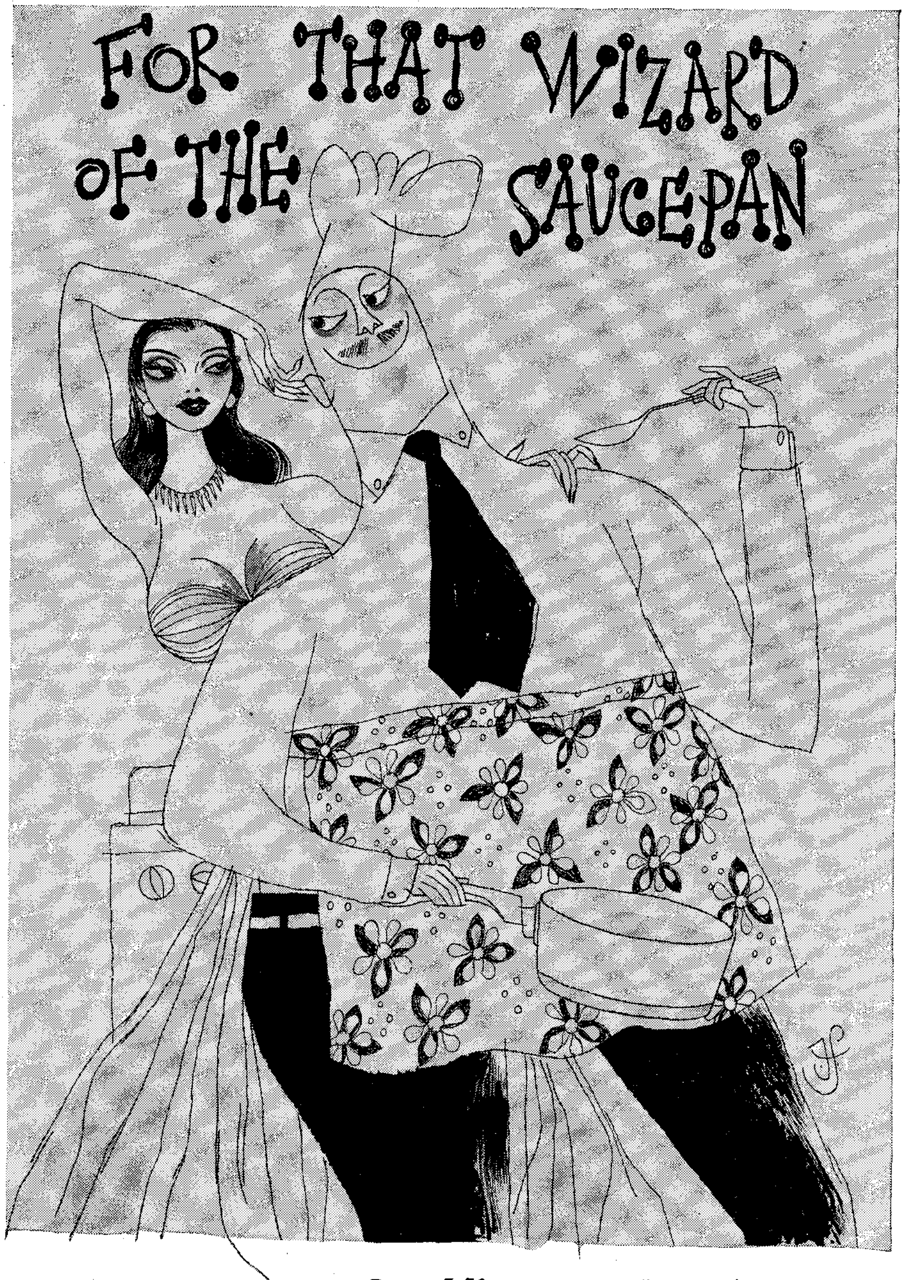
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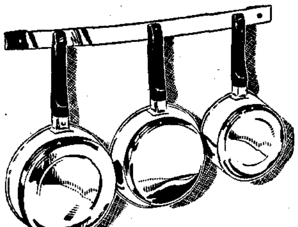

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DEPT. OF FURTHER AMPLIFICATION

Brooklyn, N.Y.,
October 27, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

SPEAKING of clergymen with three names, as Mr. Rovere has done twice in your magazine, most recently in your issue of October 14th, takes me back to the days of my childhood. I have a long-standing and legitimate interest in middle names, having been christened with a dilly myself—a legacy from my father, who was of the cloth and consequently made much better use of the family property than I do.

My most active interest, however, dates from the time I became a choirboy at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The sermons at the cathedral seemed interminable to us choirboys, even when delivered by such notables as Bernard Iddings Bell and James De Wolf Perry, and in agonized boredom we used to scrutinize every inch of the program of the service, with a copy of which each choirboy was provided, so he'd know what to sing next.

The first page of the program listed the cathedral clergy, starting, of course, with the Rt. Rev. William Thomas Manning, to whom I believe Mr. Rovere has already referred. The Bishop was quite a short man, and my personal recollection of him is chiefly that he used to deliver his addresses standing on tiptoe, punctuating each phrase by coming down hard on his heels. I noticed this especially at a service at which the Archbishop of Athens—six feet or better, and surmounted by a tall headdress—presented the cathedral with a fragment of the rock from which Saul of Tarsus delivered his famous speech on Mars Hill. On this occasion, the Bishop, for some reason, spoke from the lectern, instead of the pulpit, where his feet were in my direct line of vision, and I can vouch that his heels were never on the ground for more than one syllable at a time. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the two bishops shook hands, Western-fashion, and then, while the Archbishop bent as low as his headgear would permit, Bishop Manning went on tiptoe again, and, by dint of a remarkable stretching of his neck, contrived to kiss the Archbishop on both cheeks.

The next man on the list was the Very Rev. Milo Hudson Gates, Dean of the Cathedral. He was a remark-

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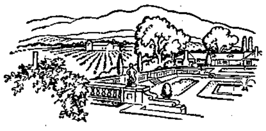

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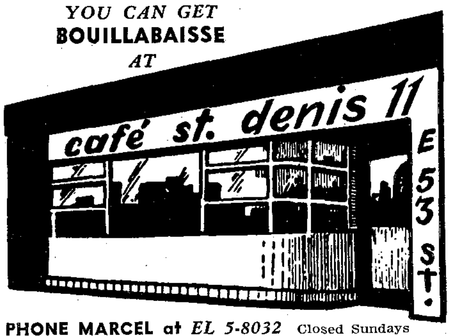
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une names. We may not know the theological position of the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale or the Rev. Mr. John Summerfield Wimbish, but we are afraid that Satan might get a quick stranglehold on a man with such a long handle. We like our champions to enter the ring stripped for action. This advice I gladly pass on to the New York clergy, with the further warning to watch what the reporters do to them.

Sincerely,
ARCHIE ROBERTSON

•

EARLY BIRD GETS WORMS

[*A roundup of spot news from the Herald Tribune's new Early Bird edition*]

Sweden has thirty railroad companies, but the state railway system operates 65 per cent of the total trackage of 10,400 miles.

Phormium, harvested in the Argentine, is made into twine and cordage.

Buckwheat is raised commercially in fifteen of the forty-eight states. Two-thirds of the nation's commercial buckwheat crop is raised along the New York-Pennsylvania border.

Cotton is the only textile fiber that does not lose strength when wet.

For average winter feeding most farmers count on three tons of hay for each milk cow.

Some prehistoric burial mounds in Effigy Mounds National Monument, Iowa, are in the forms of birds and animals.

Ill and aged persons, deformed infants are killed by the Siriono Indians of Bolivia.

Scarlet and gold are the official colors of the United States Marine Corps.

Northern Idaho mines are among the major sources in the United States of lead, zinc and silver. Copper is the leading source of mineral wealth in Utah.

Curled fibers made from skim milk have been developed as a substitute for horse hair in filters, upholstery and textiles.

There are 16,000,000 lightning storms over the earth in the average year.

The gavial, resembling the crocodile, is believed to be the oldest living species of air-breathing vertebrates.

The United States has about one-third of the world's telegraph wires, or 2,000,000 miles.

Fossil termites said to be 25,000,000 years old have been unearthed in Germany.

Many linen looms in Northern Ireland have been converted to rayon production.

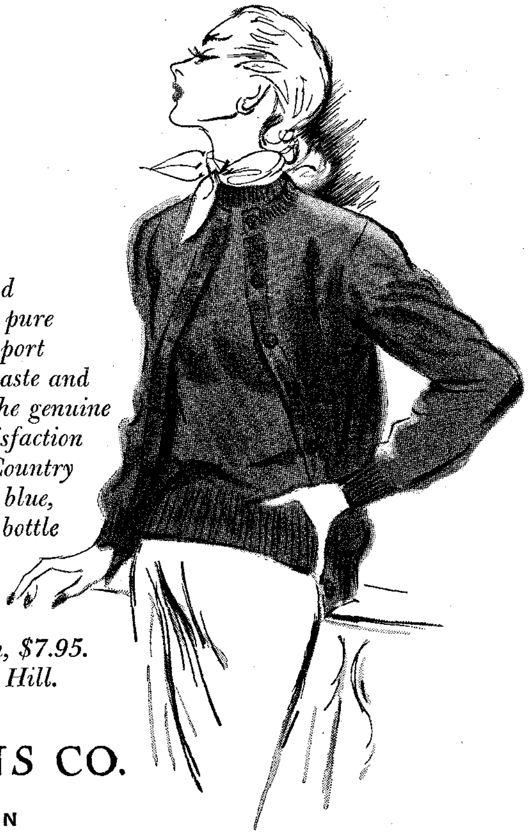
Venezuela's oil output in a recent month averaged 1,325,284 barrels a day.

There are approximately 60,600,000 telephones in the world, or one for every thirty-eight persons.

Lead pencils were first used in 1560 in England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

More than 500 United States cities are served by scheduled air lines. Feeder air lines serve 140 cities.

Enlisted men of the Continental marines wore green shirts, green coats with red facings, breeches of light-colored cloth, woolen stockings and round, green hats with white bindings.



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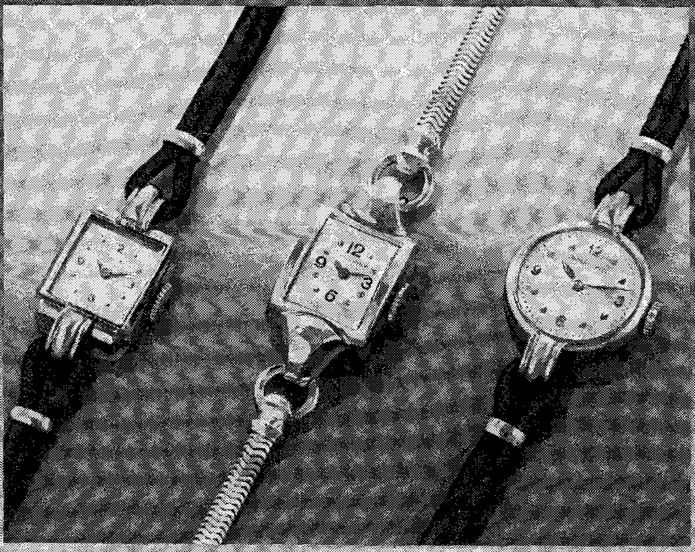

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 25

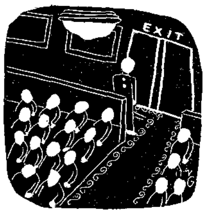
THE new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, got off to an encouraging start with an almost unanimously friendly press and enough free advice and stern warnings to help him frame half a dozen new policies if he wanted to. Some of the Tory papers that have been plugging the theme that Mr. Attlee ought to part with one or two of the more obviously fagged-out members of his team seized Sir Stafford Cripps' retirement as an opportunity to loose a few more hints, this time in the direction of the Foreign Office (which many people, not all of them Tories, think is due for a change, too). Most of the political discussions took it for granted that Gaitskell would be a Cripps off the old block and that no startling new line of policy was likely. In an effort to prove that the new Chancellor was cozier, anyway, than his great, formidable, unbending predecessor, and therefore might be more sympathetic to the everyday worries of the ordinary individual, the popular press hopefully published pictures of him relaxing as a typical middle-class family man.

The public is now thoughtfully contemplating the classic question mark attached to the classic puzzle that must remain unanswered until budget day: How will he find the money? This year, what with the defense program, the question is twice as big. Practically all the farewell tributes to Sir Stafford Cripps admitted that his highly controversial devaluation of the pound had paid off handsomely, and gratefully recalled that he had taken office when Britain was emerging from the nightmare winter of 1947, with a fuel crisis just over and a dollar crisis raging, and was leaving the pound looking chipper, the gold reserves nearly double what they were a year ago, and a dollar surplus tidily in hand. In spite of these cheering facts (Paul Hoffman, before making his regretted departure, reminded the British that a good deal of the happier dollar situation was a result of the unhappy Korean war and the consequent scare buying in America), many people here consider that Mr. Gaitskell is facing almost as tough a job as Sir Stafford faced three years back. What they wonder principally is this: Faced with the job of whistling up the cash for defense, will he decide to economize on some of the Government's domestic programs (which is what Labour's critics want), or will he think up some new means of extracting a contribution from the pockets of the rich—or, at least, the richer? Lots of taxpayers who forked out Sir Stafford's special levy in 1948 are now gloomily uncertain whether his "once and for all" pledge holds good with a different Chancellor. And what will the change of management at the Treasury do to fix the rising cost of living? The Government quotes official statistics to prove the rise is nothing much, but every householder sees it piling up daily in his own checkbook. Like a sort of sardonic pennant saucily run up to salute the new Chancellor, the retail-price index shinnied up a point on the day his appointment was announced. The trade unions having voted against the wage freeze, new perturbed pay demands have lately been planked down by miners, railway engineers and firemen, and dockers.

THE thirty-fifth annual Motor Show, a valuable item in Britain's dollar-making program (the export to the United States of British cars has just proudly topped the combined dollar earnings of the also impressively scoring cotton and pottery industries, though liquor is still ahead), is now drawing large crowds to Earl's Court. The size of the crowds, which are a good deal bigger than last year's, has been a surprise to the people who predicted that the British wouldn't be interested in visiting a show that, as far as their own chances of getting one of the shiny new models on view are concerned, might as well have been held in Tibet. This show's business has also busted all records, which should make the local visitors feel better as they bounce on the upholstery of automobiles for which salesmen are quoting a delivery date in Britain anywhere from four to ten years off, if they are willing to quote anything at all. The show was opened by Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, who is said to be uninterested in automobiles but had apparently done a little conscientious boning-up first. "At the stand of the Rover Company," the Birmingham *Post* ecstatically reported, "she said to Mr. S. B. Wilks, the managing director, 'You are the firm which has made the gas turbine car?' Mr. Wilks agreed." The hit of the show,

THE CURRENT CINEMA

That Wife Again



IT has long been a contention of mine that movies ought to move. A nice demonstration of the reverse of what I've been upholding is contained in "Harriet Craig." This is a picture adapted from George Kelly's play "Craig's Wife," which was presented on Broadway in 1925 and made into a film, under the original title, in 1936. Any way you look at it, Mr. Kelly's drama is almost hopeless cinema material. His characters are, by and large, not only talkative but almost immobile, and his situations are so patently designed for the restrictions of a single set show that whenever anyone gets off the reservation—and occasionally somebody does in "Harriet Craig"—he seems as unsettled as a commuter caught between trains.

In the improbable event that you don't know anything about "Craig's Wife," it's the story of a selfish lady who loves her home and possessions more than she loves her spouse. I don't doubt that many ladies feel like that about their husbands, but as for the gentleman in this particular work, it's hard to figure out why he sticks around so long in the face of the most obvious conjugal contempt. As Kelly originally had it, I believe, Mr. Craig's wife was a cold one. As we have it here, she is villainous but torrid, which perhaps should make for more sense than was contained in the previous excursions. But the way Joan Crawford enacts the role, it is totally unbelievable. The household in this version of "Craig's Wife" consists of Miss Crawford, of course, and Wendell Corey, and a young lady (K. T. Stevens) who is a cousin of Harriet. Miss Stevens gives the most jittery performance put on film in years, and Mr. Corey is a man who can take emotion or leave it alone, the latter being his specialty. Miss Crawford, who has made Miss Stevens a sort of flunky around the Craig establishment, tries to wreck her romance with a hard-working, honest, and possibly noble youth in the employ of an outfit similar to R.C.A. And because Mr. Craig—who is in the radio vineyard, too—has had some loose-living friends, she tries to keep him from going to Japan, where he is apparently to convert the natives to Mary Margaret McBride, or some such. Her machinations, naturally, do her no good, and presently she is all alone in her house, brooding. Up to the bitter end of this item, I didn't realize that Mrs. Craig's home, which had been represented as a fairly adequate suburban residence, had an ell roughly the size of the south wing of the Metropolitan Museum; before this magnificence came into camera range, her husband had been contending that he was a simple laboratory worker. It struck me that he was living on something a bit more substantial than his salary, but whether Moscow or Hollywood gold I couldn't say.

THE Minivers (Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon), who were such an interesting couple during the recent World War, are back again, in "The Miniver Story," and I'm sorry to report that it's just too bad. Miss Garson has become the victim of one of those dread, nameless Hollywood disorders that lay so many heroines low, and old resolute Mr. Pidgeon has become a complete fathead. In circumstances too preposterous even for television, Miss Garson fumbles her way to the grave, after dealing lethargically with her own, her son's, and her daughter's problems. . . . If you are wild about auto races (midget), the man for you to see is Clark Gable, in "To Please a Lady." As the plot unravels, he graduates to Indianapolis and the full-scale races, but even the roar of the sound track welling up as this thing ends may not be enough to rouse you and get you out before the usher's nudge.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

FRIENDSHIP, MD. (U.P.)—Travelers using the facilities of the big new Friendship international airport will find the luxuries of a modern hotel at their disposal.

Among the innovations which will be available when the "super field" opens for business in July will be roommates for weary travelers, a . . . —*Wilmington (Del.) Journal-Every Evening.*

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•

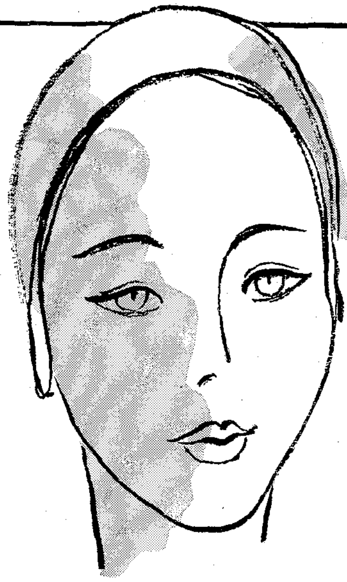
BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

(NAME-CALLING DIVISION)

[*From Funk & Wagnalls' New Standard Encyclopedia*]

INFLUENZA—

Influenza has been recognized as a catarrhal disease since 1323. The Russians call it Chinese catarrh, the Germans often call it the Russian pest, the Italians name it the German disease, the French call it the Italian fever, and the Spanish catarrh.



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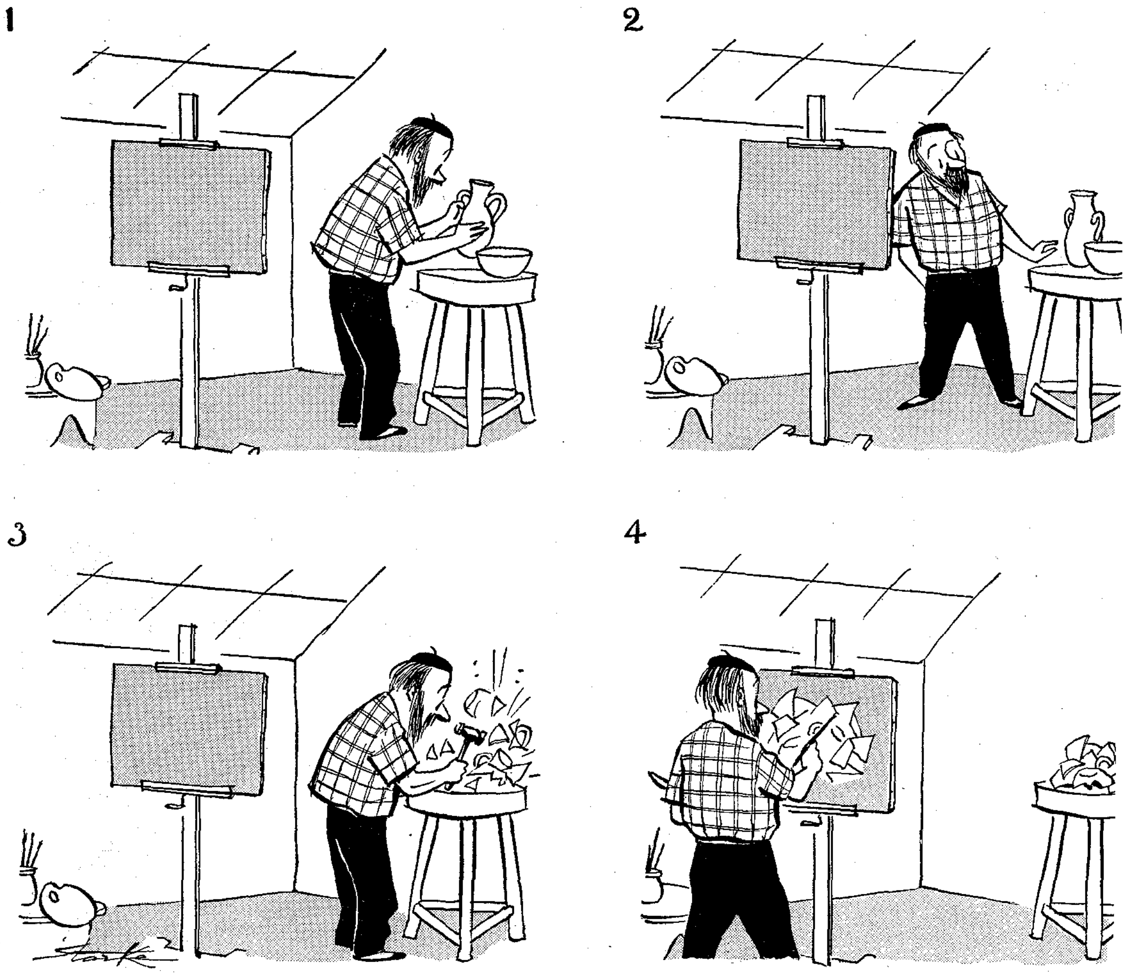
BOOKS

Compassion Without Approval

Budd Schulberg's "The Disenchanted" (Random House) is so frankly the story of F. Scott Fitzgerald that it is difficult to read this indignant novel about the humiliations of a leading American writer in Hollywood without regarding Manley Halliday as someone trying to impersonate F. Scott Fitzgerald—and not succeeding. It is unfortunate that one has to approach any novel in this way. But even if one did not know how much of "The Disenchanted" is drawn from Schulberg's experiences with Fitzgerald when they collaborated, in 1938, on a movie musical based on the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Halliday is so pointedly meant to remind us of Fitzgerald that one naturally expects him to show, somewhere, something of Fitzgerald's grace and literary intelligence. He never does. This is a novel on one of the most important themes that can be chosen by an American—the tragedy of the gifted and charming writer who, for reasons that only the most simple-minded analysis will attribute to the fact that he is out of fashion, at some time surrenders to despair and even embraces it as his special fate. It is peculiarly an American theme, as Fitzgerald felt—"There are no second acts in American lives," he once wrote—and Hart Crane, Melville, and Hawthorne before him. For this is par excellence the country of "the nervous breakdown," "the crackup," "the aborted career," "the betrayal of one's talent"—a country where the psychoanalysts have so much become the last refuge in despair that some of them now offer to unblock blocked writers by a single formula. Schulberg has not looked into the theme very deeply. "The Disenchanted" is a book that has been written with amazing literalness from the outward facts about Fitzgerald—his famous good looks, his drinking, his garrulity, his pranks and high success in the twenties—and, like Schulberg's harsh but admirably honest novel about American Jewish life, "What Makes Sammy Run?," with bitterness against the cruelties of the American success story. But this is a tragedy without a hero, and therefore without the occasion for insight. Manley Halliday may look like Fitzgerald, and certainly he drinks almost as much as Fitzgerald did; he even drives the kind of second-hand luxury car Fitzgerald liked to buy. (Why will American writers always think that it is such precise details that make real writing?) But it is impossible to believe that Halliday ever had anything resembling creative thought in his life. He is just as synthetic as the language in which his young collaborator, Shep Stearns, sums up his early reputation: ". . . the wonder boy of the Twenties, the triple-threat Merriwell of American letters, less real than the most romantic of his heroes, the only writer who could win the approval of Mencken and Stein and make fifty thousand a year doing it and look like Wally Reid."

Schulberg seems to have conceived Manley Halliday entirely in terms of the differences between the twenties and the thirties. Now, Fitzgerald was, of course, quite specially identified with the twenties. And to the twenty-four-year-old Schulberg, in 1938, the author of "The Great Gatsby," fighting grimly in Hollywood against alcoholism and a mountain of troubles, would naturally have been an object of great curiosity. But the conversations between Halliday and Shep on the differences between their generations are, on both sides, such unbelievable set pieces of historical banality—"Each was willing to accept the other as representative of his time," something Fitzgerald would never have done to anybody—that they make a complete joke out of the usual foreignness between the literary generations in America. Here is Shep reporting to



by all votes and by the sturdy number of orders taken, is the steel-blue Mark VII Jaguar sedan, an elegant job that can do a hundred-plus miles an hour and that revolves before the admiring throng on a spotlighted dais banked with flowers. The real dream of most of the British visitors to the show, though, is probably one of the smaller makes, such as the new and natty midget Morris Minor, marked sadly "At Present for Export Only" and inhabited at Earl's Court by a smug, hard-currency wax family, including a hard-currency wax Scotty.

THE B.B.C. has recently been the storm center of a large rumpus that burst forth in two sections and is still muttering in certain quarters of the London landscape. Section One evolved from the abrupt withdrawal from a television program of a play, "Party Manners," by Val Gielgud, head of B.B.C. drama. This comedy, which does a little mild political leg-pulling and contains the situation of the old Etonian Cabinet Minister (red Labour) who employs his old schoolmate the earl (Tory true blue) as his butler, had already had a short and tranquil run at the Embassy Theatre and had been given on the air and also had had one television performance, on October 1st. On October 2nd, a Monday, the Labour *Daily Herald* launched a violent attack on the B.B.C., a carefully non-political body, for putting on a production that, the paper suddenly discovered, held the Government up to ridicule. Since none of the Left Wing papers had been sensitive about the play when it ran at the Embassy—and, indeed, after the broadcast version of it, a couple of angry Tories had complained that it made fun of the Conservative Party—this seemed queer. Queerer still, Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, a Labour peer who is chairman of the Board of Governors of the B.B.C., after a day or so ordered that the play should not be repeated on Thursday, as advertised, apparently going on the strange principle that what had looked harmless on Sunday could look downright dangerous on Thursday. The resulting shindy was terrific. Several of the newspapers, which are touchy on the subject of liberties anyhow, hurled themselves after the B.B.C. with loud yips. The Liberals, who seemed to regard the affair as Party manna, just right for Liberal palates, agitated for a Parliamentary inquiry into whether there had been any political pressure brought to bear on the B.B.C., and, when this was smartly refused,

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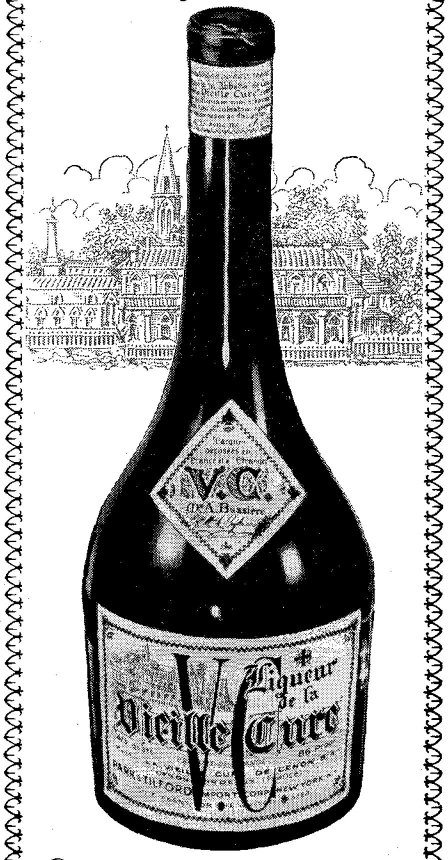
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asked for a debate on the refusal. The Government has just said no again, but the hue and cry proceeds. Londoners will have a chance to take another look at "Party Manners" when it starts a run at the Princes Theatre on the thirty-first—with, of course, a handsome blaze of free publicity.

Section Two of the rumpus was the resignation of Norman Collins, the controller of television and the indefatigable author of "London Belongs to Me" and other best-selling novels. His quitting was unconnected with the "Party Manners" to-do, but for the general public it has thrown a lot of surprising daylight on the rivalry between Broadcasting House, the radio headquarters, and Alexandra Palace, the television headquarters. Mr. Collins stated that he was resigning because of differences of opinion between him and the parent corporation about letting the lively junior branch (maybe too lively, according to some, to please its older relation) develop freely, instead of being tied to the leg of "the colossus of sound broadcasting." All this has boiled up on the eve of the publication of the Beveridge Commission's long-expected report on its survey of the administrative workings of the B.B.C. Just as the Commission is about to open Broadcasting House to view, the public is getting an unexpected and somewhat alarming glimpse of the noisy family rows going on in the basement.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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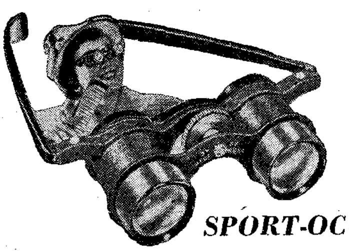

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Halliday on what the depression generation thinks of his books:

"I really felt I was living through the Twenties with Ted Bentley. He was such a terrific symbol of the conflicting values of the times, the corrosive materialism.... That's a great scene, really a terrific scene, when Lenore Woodbury calls Ted up at the club after he's left her and tells him what a wise move she thinks this is for him, how she realizes she can't help making a mess of everything she touches because she's sick inside with the incurable sickness of the times." . . .

"But in your books there certainly seems to be an awareness that there was some explanation, some significance for all the crazy stuff that happened. You certainly feel in 'High Noon' that all those parties, all the carousing, the frantic search for oblivion was a symbol of, well, call it group neurosis."

And here is Manley Halliday, that once distinguished American novelist. He and Shep are headed for "Webster College" to get the "atmosphere" of the winter carnival, and Shep breaks out a bottle of champagne that had been presented to him as they boarded the plane—an innocent gesture that launches Halliday on a week's solid drinking. But Halliday's mind is still "speculative, imaginative, sensitized."

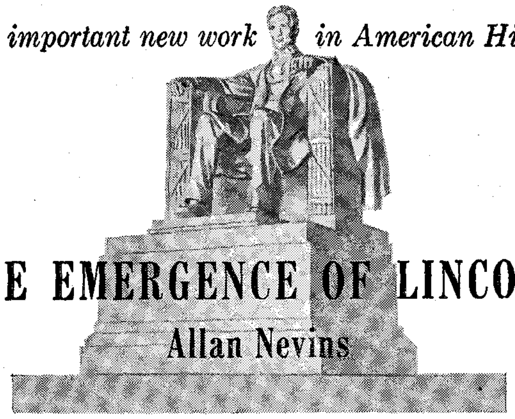
"Tell you the truth, Stearns, I had a big talent and I used it pretty well, in my good years anyway. I put down the things I saw and nobody who looked at the things I was seeing saw more than I did. I didn't worry about proving any points, group neuroses or abortive revolutions. Maybe that's why I was more convincing. Readers want a sharp edge but they don't want to hear the grinding of the ax." . . .

"There's one thing we accomplished. We smashed the icons of gentility and complacency." . . .

"But at least I sublimated my snobbishness in my work. That scene in the Racquet Club in 'High Noon,' for instance. I made my snobbishness pay off, you might say." . . .

"Since writers are fairly sensitive registers of national consciousness, they naturally reflect the hero-worship of their times. After all, who else had any grandeur in American life except a Ruth, a Dempsey, or a Bobby Jones?"

It must be admitted that, writing in 1949 or 1950, Schulberg cannot easily reproduce the opinions Shep is supposed to have held in 1939 (the year in which the novel is placed) without seeming to parody the more flagrant literary stupidities of that day. But behind all the toneless generalizations Halliday is made to pronounce on the twenties, one sees that Schulberg has Halliday reminiscing on the period in the most mechanical way, not simply because Schulberg was too young to know the period but because he does not feel in the least close to Fitzgerald's kind of sensibility. "The pop of the cork—always a moment of jubilance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and festive promise. The cork goes pop and everybody laughs with his own release of pressure. The popping of old corks set up a nostalgic barrage in his head: that New Year's Eve at Davos . . . And the time they sat on the balcony outside their room at the Ritz sipping a marvelous Pommery and watching the Place Vendôme melt away into purple twilight. Ah, ah, ah, that was a good time, a sweet time, a lost time." Almost everything he puts into Halliday's head is tasteless and sometimes comically out of its period, as when Manley is made to reflect, in 1918, on those "familiar symptoms of the psychosomatic affliction called, in the poverty of our vocabulary, love." Fitzgerald may have been glamorously sentimental, naïve, full of childish self-pity, but even at his lowest he remembered to show the fresh colors of the world in every sentence. Halliday is a magazine illustration put together with odd quotations from Fitzgerald, which he invariably manages to spoil. (Compare "Tell you the truth, Stearns, I had a big talent and I used it pretty well, in my good years anyway" with what Fitzgerald actually did say to Schulberg, as the latter reported it after Fitzgerald's death: "You know, I used to have a beautiful talent once, baby. It used to be a wonderful feeling to know it was there, and it isn't all gone yet. I think I have enough left to stretch out over two more novels. I may have to stretch it a little thin, so maybe they won't be as good as the best things I've done. But they won't be completely bad either, because nothing I ever write can ever be completely bad.")

Curiously, even Schulberg's informed thrusts against Hollywood seem, for once, exaggerated and unfair. By allowing nothing for the fact that what a real artist suffers from most is his own restless originality (and after 1925 and "The Great Gatsby," Fitzgerald's was turned more and more against himself), he has had to pin too much of the responsibility for Halliday's humiliations on the producer in the story, Victor Milgrim, who is the culturally pretentious and illiterate producer in all the Hollywood jokes. Halliday's disastrous end is placed against a purely hostile version of Hollywood, and the contrast is meaningless. As Fitzgerald showed in "The Last Tycoon," he had identified himself with many of Hollywood's specific problems—something one would never guess from Halliday's glassy superiority to Victor Milgrim and his numb suffering at Milgrim's hands.

The last section of the novel, which describes Halliday's ordeal at Webster the week of the winter carnival, has been written out of deep emotion, for Schulberg is understandably furious with the hearty undergraduates and giggly professors who so openly enjoyed the spectacle of F. Scott Fitzgerald drunk, stumbling about the snows of Hanover with a week's growth of beard, and being ordered back to New York by his producer. These scenes give "The Disenchanted" all its distinction, and some of them attain a nerve-racking intensity. But it is noteworthy that Shep is himself ashamed of Halliday, and that Halliday is made to die at a hospital in New York after the two writers are refused admission to all the hotels. While the hotel incident did occur and Fitzgerald was taken off to a hospital after the disastrous Dartmouth trip, he recovered and went back to Hollywood, where he died two years later, of a heart attack while working on "The Last Tycoon"—on the day he had cancelled a doctor's appointment to get on with his novel. It is significant that, in a book that generally follows Fitzgerald's last years so literally, he should have been deprived of the fighting phase that ended his life. On the train taking them back from Webster, Shep reads an unfinished novel of Halliday's that is supposedly as impressive as "The Last Tycoon," but we never see Halliday writing it. And one does feel, in this version of Fitzgerald's end, that Schulberg is meting out overstrict justice to a writer he cannot help thinking of as "a hive of bad habits," Shep's phrase for Halliday even as he reads the last novel. Schulberg pities Fitzgerald, but he does not really approve of him, with that approval which starts from creative sympathy and understanding. That is the trouble with the book all along. —ALFRED KAZIN

VERSE

A SWISS scholar, Marcel Raymond, published in 1933 a critical volume that has for some time been considered the most important history of French poetic thought to appear in the last seventy-five years. This work has finally been translated and published in this country, under the title "From Baudelaire to Surrealism" (Wittenborn, Schultz). The original went through several revisions; the translation follows the third, or 1947, version. It is surrounded by much interesting and valuable illustrative and bibliographical material. The illustrations include portraits by Picasso, Manet, and other artists of a number of poets,

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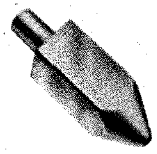

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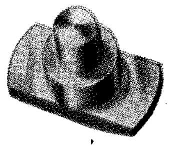

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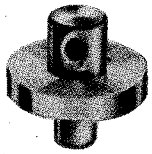

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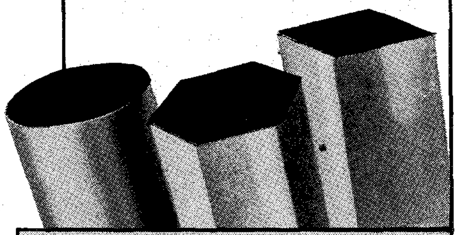

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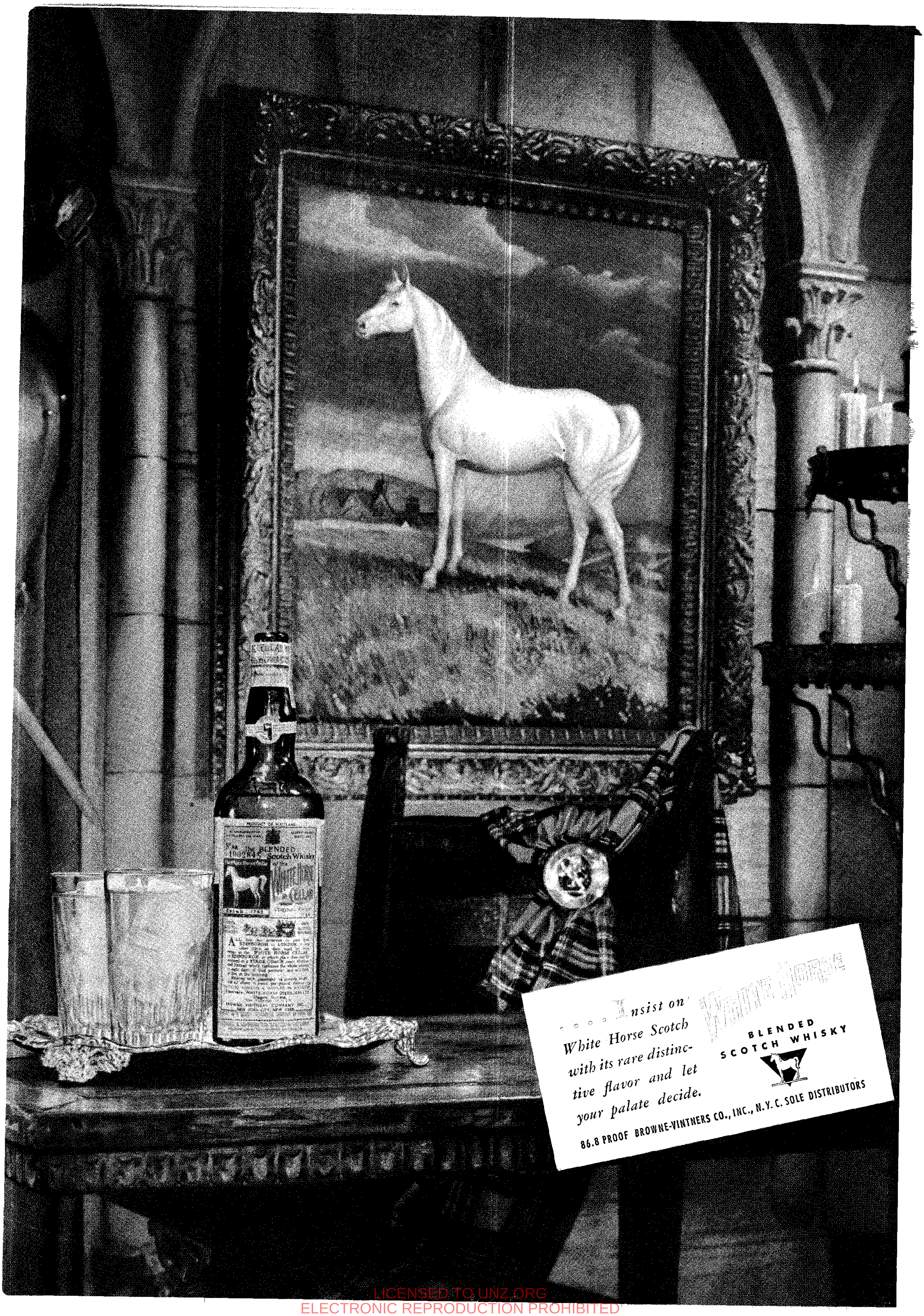

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86.8 PROOF BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS a sketch by Matisse, and holographs. The bibliography, compiled by Bernard Karpel, not only reproduces Raymond's notes but adds to them what is perhaps the fullest and most carefully organized list of books and articles on and anthologies and translations (English and American) of French poetry since Baudelaire that has ever appeared in print.

Raymond's work, if carefully scrutinized, dispels two false but durable notions: first, that modern poetry came into being only yesterday; second, that it is a kind of game, played in one corner of the human scene by certain willful or tricky eccentrics. Raymond belongs to the group of modern scholars and aestheticians who regard art in general as an organic part of life, as necessary to man as breathing or walking. He combines this approach with thorough historic method, and although he cannot eliminate all abstract discussion in dealing with a period so given to theory, he keeps his abstractions in the background. He deals directly and fully with the pressures of materialism and positivism and traces French poetry's sustained opposition to them up to the time when—beginning with Rimbaud, around 1870, and the Symbolists, around 1885—a definite split between traditional poetry and the poetry of the avant-garde finally took place. For a time, this split produced a situation of the greatest complexity and confusion, and it is to Raymond's credit that he has been able to sort out the individuals' particular aims from the tendency of the "schools" and to indicate failures and blind alleys as well as successful breakthroughs toward the future. He describes his scene with force and color; his material is not rigidified into a thesis but is dramatically projected. The reader is given a new understanding and respect for the French poets who took upon themselves the task of expressing their complicated natures and their changing times long before the modern philosophy and psychology that were to confirm their findings had come into existence.

"Let us regard it [modern poetry]," Raymond concludes, "as one of those signs of the times in which men for-

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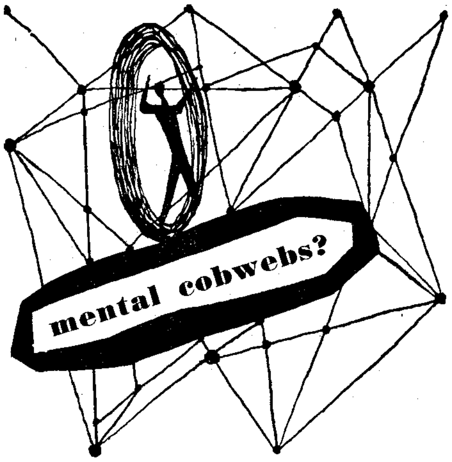
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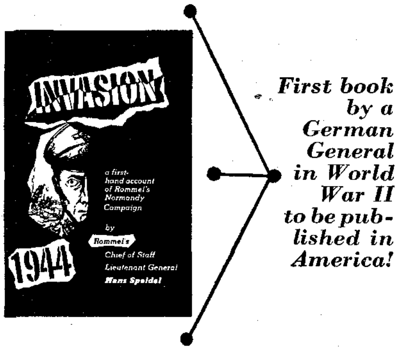

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merly read the fate of their century. . . . To maintain that [it] has little influence in our day is to be blind to the fact that since romanticism, and particularly from 1912 to 1927, the poet has often performed the function of the lookout aboard ship. It is true that this poetry has few readers, and that it sometimes discourages readers; nevertheless it registers the slightest change in the atmosphere, and makes the gesture that others will imitate and develop."

IN contrast to Raymond's regard for allover design as well as detail, and his comprehension of motive and meaning, two recent American books on modern poets and their poetry seem rather thin and provisional. Lloyd Frankenberg's "Pleasure Dome: On Reading Modern Poetry" (Houghton Mifflin) has been published as a companion volume to a set of recordings (already reviewed elsewhere in this magazine) of modern poets reading their own works. Mr. Frankenberg was faced, it is true, with a dilemma. If he wrote too simply, he ran the risk of boring his more informed readers; if he wrote too subtly, he would puzzle the neophytes for whom his book was expressly designed. His presentation of fact and theory, therefore, understandably vacillates. But often his facts themselves zigzag: Hugh Selwyn Mauberley was not a human being, as he says, but a projection of Pound's ego, for example. To start the discussion with the charming but minor and completely unmodern figure of James Stephens throws things off at the very beginning. And, to please all parties, Mr. Frankenberg often stops the stream of his impressionism to inject a passage of rationalist argument—a mistake never made, in dealing with matters of the imagination, by Marcel Raymond.

John Ciardi, who has edited the other anthology under discussion, "Mid-Century American Poets" (Twayne), approaches his subject with great matter-of-factness. In his introduction, he treats modern poetry to a firm, common-sense lecture before proceeding to subject his poets to one of those thoroughly positivist questionnaires that are guaranteed to chill every scrap of wit and fancy out of the persons questioned. He shakes each poet, as it were, to discover whether any ideas will fall free. Some poets, he finds, have all too many ideas; some have none at all but, under his inexorable eye, try to hammer a few together. The volume is well worth reading, if only because of the unexpectedness of their prose rejoinders, and because of the

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often fine poems by Richard Eberhart, Richard Wilbur, Peter Viereck, Elizabeth Bishop, Karl Shapiro, Robert Lowell, and Mr. Ciardi himself, among others. —LOUISE BOGAN

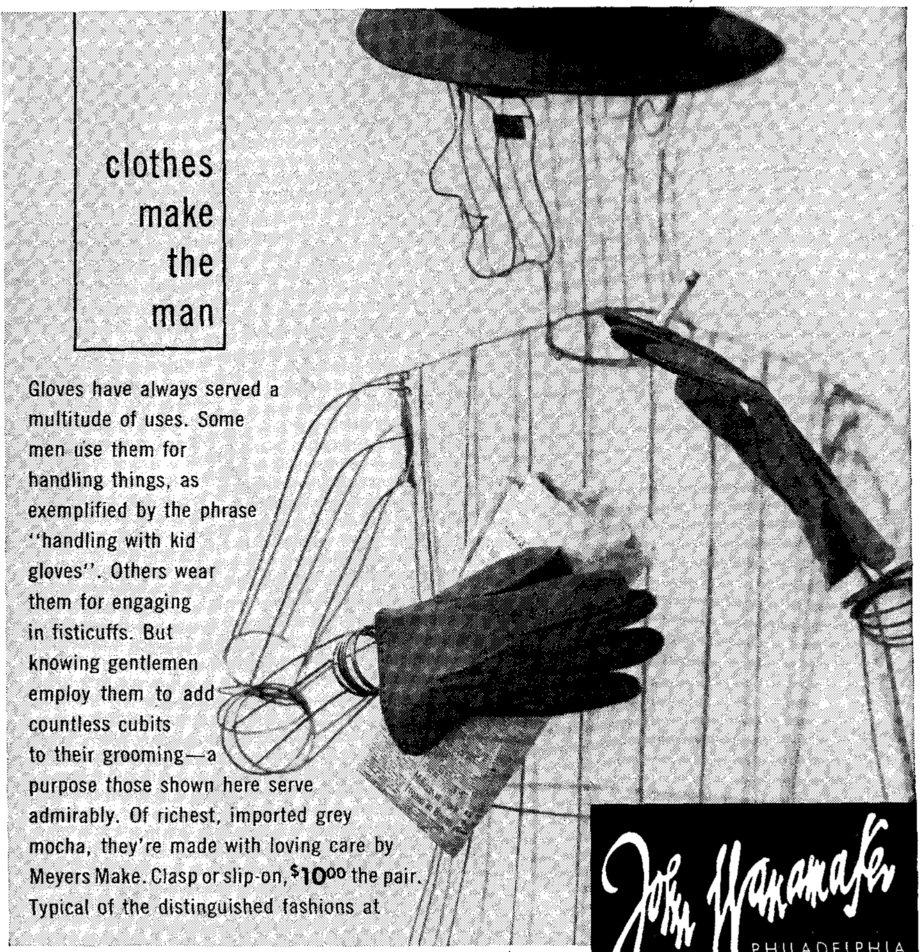
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WORLD MY WILDERNESS, by Rose Macaulay (Little, Brown). Helen Michel is a beautiful, amoral, and very exciting woman of forty-four who has the fatal gift of being able to allow complete freedom to those she loves, which causes the poor lesser souls, tragically enthralled by her, to rebel against her in various ways. Miss Macaulay emphasizes the rebellion of Helen's daughter Barbary, but although Barbary gets most of the space, it is her mother who dominates the book, which is written in a style that would give great pleasure even if the people involved provoked only half as much curiosity as they do.

TEN DAYS OF CHRISTMAS, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). A houseful of relatives and relatives-in-law are gathered to spend an English country Christmas together. The children of the family, some of them spoiled and obtuse, the rest spoiled and sensitive, rehearse for a Nativity play and quarrel unceasingly, and the grownups simply quarrel, while Miss Stern is busy on the side bringing the reader up to date on all the things that have happened before the book begins. Family animosity alone is hardly enough to sustain a book, and Miss Stern's device of synchronizing her discussion with the Christmas season does little to camouflage the consistent and wearisome pettiness of her characters.

A FAMILY ROMANCE, by Elizabeth Pollet (New Directions). A first novel written in a style so candid, clear, and open, and so apparently full of presentiment, that it seems certain the author is saying something of importance that will, in time, be made known to the reader. Not until about halfway through does it become plain that Miss Pollet is telling a pallid story and nothing more, that her style is naturally ingenuous, and that her face value is her final value. She describes a New England family in which various unhappinesses connected with illness, adolescence, and the lack of love have flourished for years, and in which each member seems determined to give as little as possible



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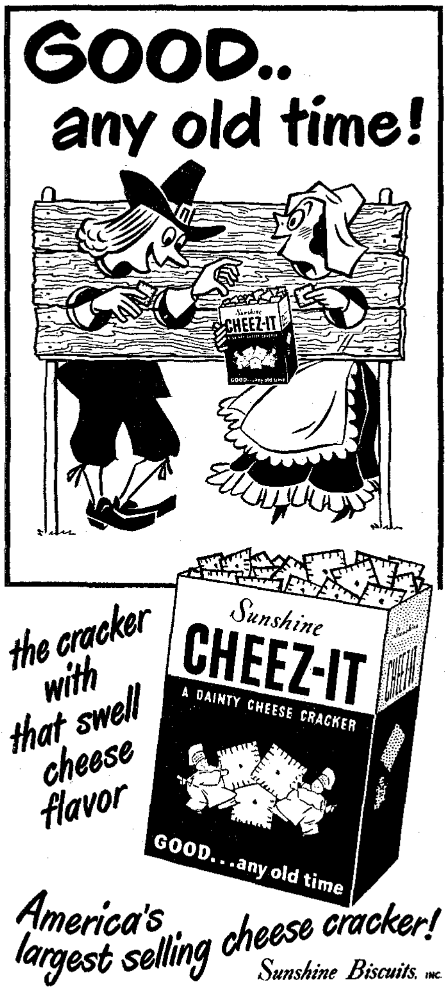

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and to think as much as possible about the little given.

MOONEY, by William Brown Meloney (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A slow ramble with an alcoholic small-town undertaker named Tim Mooney, who likes nothing better than to just sit and muse. Mr. Meloney makes the unfortunate mistake of calling on his hero to be both pious and earthy, a poor combination in anyone but disastrous in a man with a friend's corpse on the table in front of him.

GENERAL

INVASION 1944, by Hans Speidel (Regnery). The author was Field Marshal Rommel's chief of staff in France, and was in actual command of the German forces in Normandy on D Day, since Rommel was elsewhere at the time. His story, the first by a World War II German general to be published in America, is extraordinarily interesting, both for its portrait of Rommel and for its revelations of what went on in German headquarters after the invasion. That period might be called the Agony of the Generals, because Hitler, who was becoming wilder by the moment and increasingly suspicious of most of his ranking commanders, had forbidden them to make any strategical maneuvers on their own; all directives had to come from Berchtesgaden, and Berchtesgaden was not interested in unpleasant reports from commanders in the field. The brighter minds in the Wehrmacht knew by that time that they were licked; Speidel even thinks the Allies, with bolder tactics, could have wrapped up the war by October, 1944. Rommel emerges as a hero, a masterly soldier and a courageous man who despised Hitler and was one of the few generals who would talk back to him. Hitler, in turn, is pictured as the incompetent villain who permitted the war to pass the sacred frontiers of the Reich; to the author, who is still all German, this was the cardinal crime.

AMERICA FACES RUSSIA, by Thomas A. Bailey (Cornell). A history of our relations with Russia since the time of Catherine the Great. This is a checkered story, complicated by a number of what the author calls myths, which he sets out resolutely to dissolve. One is the story that Catherine, by refusing to dispatch troops to help George III, wittingly and magnanimously saved the American Revolution. (Professor Bailey thinks Catherine was more concerned with weakening England than with insuring the success of rebels against authority.) The author also derides the famous legend that Czar Alexander II saved the Union during a black moment in the Civil War by sending Russian fleets into American waters, thus serving notice on England and France, who were both considering intervention on the Confederate side, that he would not tolerate interference. Actually, Professor Bailey says, Russian-American relations—down to the Revolution of 1917, at least—added up to no more than an uneasy friendship, based partly on the fact that the two governments had widely divergent lines of national interest and partly on this country's traditional feeling of sympathy and liking for the Russian people, arising from a common antipathy for the British. Professor Bailey has ample evidence, however, to prove that we have always detested the rulers of Russia, whether they were czars or commissars.

THE GREAT ILLUSION, by Herbert Asbury (Doubleday). The preposterous notion, once widely held, that abstinence from "ardent spirits" can be induced by legislation is examined at some length and very entertainingly in this history of the prohibition movement, which dates back to Colonial times, when our respected forebears, almost to a man, were notable rumpots. Mr. Asbury holds no particular brief for the saloon, and agrees with the reformers who made it their special target that this institution was "a blight and a public stench," especially during the first decades of this century, when "Old Corrosive" was served about as frequently as Old Crow. His thoroughgoing researches into the prohibition era, however, indicate that the public, which still tends to look back with nostalgia on the speakeasy, was completely gulled, and that nowadays, in a "saloonless" America, studded with bars, taverns, grills, and cocktail lounges, we have what amounts to "the same old rose with the same old smell."

THE COUNTRY WIFE, by Dorothy Van Doren (Sloane). An amiable appraisal of the rewards of owning a place in Connecticut, by a writer who is revolutionary enough to look on a family farm as a source of relaxation and enjoyment rather than as a background for bizarre or comic incident. A large percentage of the activities of the Van Dorens during the many summers and the one winter they spent on their farm are necessarily of a type now familiar to the reading public. On occasion, however, the members of the family seem to have shown a pioneering spirit unique in the annals of bucolic living—when, for example, they refused to keep on making maple syrup after the chore proved burdensome, and when they retreated to a New York hotel upon viewing the aftermath of a blizzard. These and several other manifestations of Yankee independence make for refreshing reading indeed. Illustrated by Mimi Korach.

POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY, by Vladimir Peniakoff (Crowell). The wartime reminiscences of a British officer of Belgian and Russian descent who managed, in 1942, to talk himself into an assignment admirably geared to his taste for military informality. As leader of a guerrilla unit ranging in size from twenty-three to a hundred and eighteen men, the author was instructed to spread the maximum amount of "alarm and despondency" in the German ranks in Africa by every possible device, including the blowing up of everything in sight. In one of the frequent asides that interlard the account, Colonel Peniakoff attributes the success of his "army" to the circumstance that its members regarded their job as "a complicated, highly skilled game, rather than a duty," an attitude that also permeates his book, giving it, at times, a somewhat trying air of jauntiness. Photographs and maps.

WILLIAM JAMES, by Lloyd Morris (Scribner). Mr. Morris, who has previously shown himself to be a lively biographer and social historian, has here produced a study of the man he calls the Cambridge Socrates, but he has disappointingly restricted it to an account of James's ideas and their influence. It is pleasant to be told that pragmatism is a characteristic American philosophy, that it finally found its political expression in the New Deal, and that James's celebrated moral equivalent for war ("sublimating the martial spirit and harnessing it to the collective social welfare") was eventually achieved in the Civilian Conservation Corps, but all this is no substitute for the sense of buoyant life in this most fun-loving of the James boys that comes through so effectively in F. O. Matthiessen's "The James Family." William James was one of the most remarkable figures in a very remarkable family circle,

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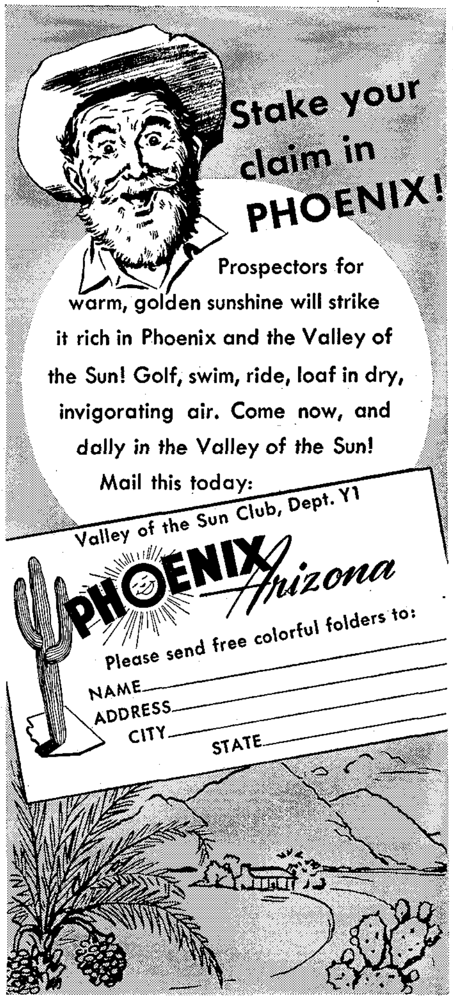

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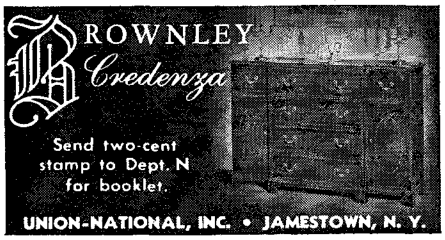

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but in this dusty ideational study he has no family and very little life. Lloyd Morris could hardly write a dull or a bad book, but he has in this case unquestionably written the wrong book.

The Lonely Crowd, by David Reisman, in collaboration with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer (Yale University Press). This, the third volume in Yale's Studies in National Policy, is somewhat surprising after one on oil and one on pricing, for it is an analysis of the changing American character from the viewpoint of Erich Fromm's social psychology, or, as the preface forbiddingly puts it, "a 'model construction' of the interaction of certain conformity patterns in middle-class character and certain elements in American productivity, politics, and leisure." The book is a spirited exploration of the new and somewhat hagridden American personality, written in a style that is popular without condescension and that holds jargon to a welcome minimum, and it is full of sharp and disturbing conclusions. Its chief weakness is its ending, which leaves us entirely up in the air, uncertain of where we go next, but nevertheless imbued with a perhaps unwarranted amount of Dr. Fromm's cheery good hope.

Inclinations, by Edward Sackville-West (Scribner). This attractive and rather old-fashioned book consists of twenty critical essays, most of them previously published in periodicals, on miscellaneous works in English, French, and German, among them such odd fish as "The Witch of Edmonton," W. N. P. Barbellion's "Journal of a Disappointed Man," and Eugène Fromentin's "Dominique." Mr. Sackville-West's approach is the oblique, or inclined, one his title suggests, and he relies heavily on analogies drawn from music and painting. He also utilizes properties as foreign to modern criticism as "the frame of Christian morals." Many of the author's isolated insights have point and can pierce, and his appreciations are sensitive and often quite moving, but it is doubtful whether in the end his tastes and opinions add up to more than a persistent game of cat's cradle with the fringes of literature.

The Theatre Book of the Year 1949-1950, by George Jean Nathan (Knopf). Mr. Nathan has written a short self-appraisal as a foreword to his eighth annual report on a New

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York theatre season (and twenty-ninth book of dramatic criticism), in which he complains that even though he is not so chipper as he once was, he has to work just as hard as ever on his pieces. He may be feeling his age, but he certainly doesn't show it. There is no visible softening of his prose; the violent and funny poke he takes at old-time vaudeville, for example, proves him immune to any trace of nostalgia, and he greets Christopher Fry almost as enthusiastically as he hailed Sean O'Casey many years ago. He might, however, cut down on some of the effort he spends in protesting so often that in spite of his impatience and seemingly frivolous manner, he really loves the theatre and takes it seriously. Surely it must be obvious to almost everybody by now that no one in America writes about it with more sharpness, knowledge, or excitement.

"Life's" Picture History of World War II, by the editors of *Life* (Simon & Schuster). A very well-organized presentation of the war, in photographs, paintings, and maps. The editors have included pictorial accounts of the major operations in every important theatre, but, quite naturally, the focus is sharpest on this country's role. It is interesting to reflect that, for all its inclusiveness, the book is not the kind an Englishman would compose, and certainly it would be unacceptable in Russia. (For instance, a "Selective Glossary of World War II Personalities" contains no mention of Soviet Marshals Voroshilov, Rokossovsky, and Budenny.) At intervals, there are compact résumés, by John Dos Passos, of the political and military situations as they changed through the years.

Note: Two collections of cartoons—"The Ladies, God Bless 'em!," by Helen E. Hokinson, and "Naked Eye," by Sam Cobean—have been published by Dutton and Harper, respectively. The drawings in both books originally appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Man with a Calico Face, by Shelley Smith (Harper). Edmund Campion is understandably annoyed when, on his return from the war, he finds that his wife, with the best of motives, has hopelessly jeopardized his estate and has asked not only her annoying relatives but a neurotic Austrian couple to stay with them forever. In addition to all this, she refuses to divorce

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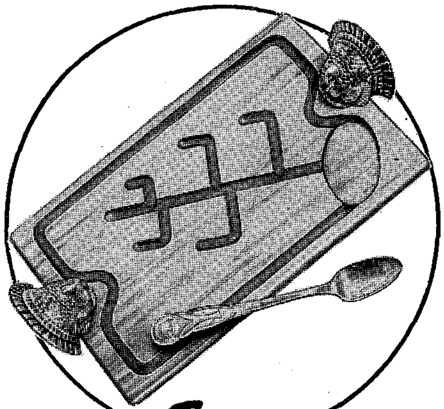

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him so that he can marry a rich and beautiful American, and altogether it's clear that something is going to have to give. Inevitably, it is Mrs. Campion who is found at the foot of the stairs with a hatpin in her heart. A fine picture of intrigue and irritation in postwar England almost up to the end of the book, when, for no reason at all, it turns into a cops-and-robbers chase.

MURDER LEAVES A RING, by Fay Grissom Stanley (Rinehart). About an unscrupulous young actress who does her spiteful best to antagonize her friends, and quite properly winds up strangled in her bathtub. Since blackmail seems to have been her specialty, it's just a question of finding the most vulnerable of her acquaintances. There is another murder, and the narrator (a nice girl who wants everyone to be happy) comes in for a good deal of rough treatment before things are finally straightened out. Formula stuff, brightened up by good characterization.

THE CASE OF THE ONE-EYED WITNESS, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Perry Mason unwisely accepts the retainer of an anonymous client, and in attempting to earn it becomes involved in arson and murder to an extent he finds impossible to explain to his old antagonist, Lieutenant Tragg. In a courtroom scene that achieves new heights of improbability, Mason pulls the quick switch that his readers have come to expect. Not one of this author's best.

HARDLY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE, by Herbert Brean (Morrow). Reynold Frame, being open-minded about New England, is more than willing to have his marriage solemnized by a patriarch of a hundred and four, the local authority on the Battle of Concord, but when he finds an eighteenth-century whale-oil lamp beside his bed and hears the sound of ghostly feet marching in time to a fife and drum, his enthusiasm is slightly diminished. The succeeding developments are concerned with a body in a well, the kidnapping of the centenarian, and certainly the most astounding literary discovery of our time.

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

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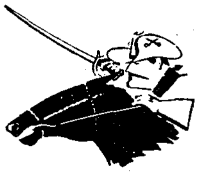

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able man who could conduct the service of Holy Communion in twenty minutes flat—a boon to us poor acolytes, who were routed out of bed at six-thirty in the morning to serve him. A reasonably fast time for the service—that of my own father, for example—is half an hour, so you may form some idea of the Dean's prowess.

After Dean Gates, the rest of the clergy, who were merely Reverend, were listed in order of seniority, beginning with the Rev. W. D. F. Hughes, headmaster of the choir school and another four-star exception for Mr. Rovere, and proceeding, through half a dozen stately three-deckers, to the Rev. Mr. Elwyn Henry Spear, who had the fewest letters after his name of anyone on the staff and made up for his handicap by sheer personal charm. It should be noted that neither Dr. Miles Farrow, Organist and Master of the Choristers, nor his successor, Norman Coke-Jephcott, each of whom was also listed on the program, found it necessary to use more than two names.

I fear, though, that I have wandered pretty far from the original purpose of this letter. I merely wished to inform the readers of *The New Yorker* that the Rev. Mr. Arthur Acy Rouner, whom Mr. Rovere referred to in his first article and whose church is in my neighborhood, became merely the Rev. Arthur A. Rouner fairly soon after the article appeared. I am happy to report, however, that his defection was short-lived and that he is again the Rev. Mr. Arthur Acy Rouner (or was, the last time I looked at his notice board), and is now assisted by the Rev. Mr. Angus McKay Cameron.

Sincerely yours,
ALFRED GILLILAND MILLER, JR.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,
OCTOBER 29, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I AM sorry that Richard Halworth Rovere, in amplifying his discussion of three-name clergymen, has continued to be parochial. For the other side of the story is equally illuminating. Outside New York City, a three-name clergyman can hardly hold a living. At least, he can hardly hope for fame unless he drops one of his names or cuts it down to an initial. The roll call starts far back in American history, with Jonathan Edwards, and progresses, through Francis Asbury, Theodore Parker, Phillips Brooks, Dwight L. Moody, and Billy Sunday, to Billy Graham, of cur-

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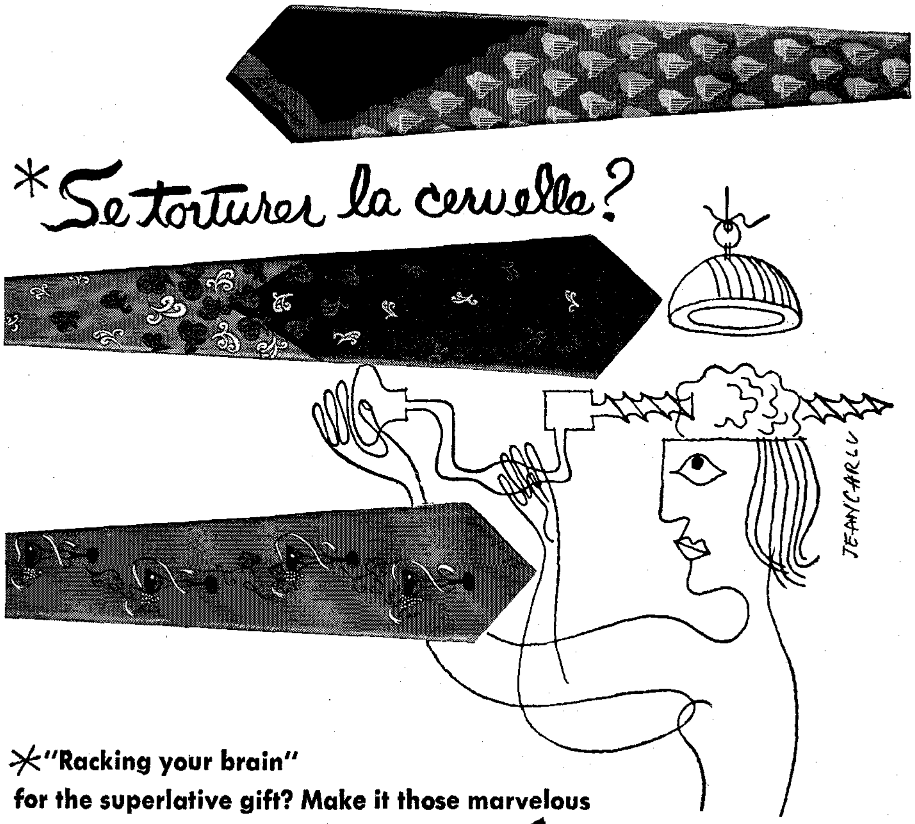

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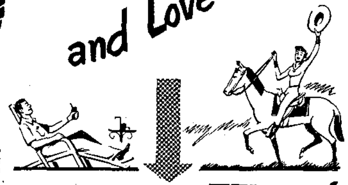

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rent fame. It is true that the late Aimee Semple McPherson did all right in Los Angeles, but she was a woman, and beautiful, and was always known to her followers in the Foursquare Gospel Church by one name only.

For a revivalist, the shorter the name, the better. The ultimate in brevity was achieved by Sam Jones, who whipped the Devil into a corner all across the South earlier in this century. But he has now been tied by Bob Jones, founder and president of Bob Jones University, at Greenville, South Carolina. His son, also an evangelist, is Bob Jones, Jr.

My male forebears, all Baptist preachers for generations, had three names apiece but knew better than to use them. There are still surviving namesakes, white and colored, of my Grandfather Broadus, and they are invariably called John A. My father was the Rev. Dr. Archibald Thomas Robertson, but he was never called that outside New York. He lectured and wrote as A. T. Robertson. Once, in New York, the *Times* gave him the full, or resounding, treatment, and referred to him as "a gentleman of the cloth," to boot, and my father, a mild-mannered man, got in touch with the *Times* man and offered to punch him in the nose.

Such is the basic American attitude everywhere outside the metropolis. Even in Washington, although we are sometimes accused of un-American tendencies, a clergyman who spelled out three names would get nowhere. Mr. Rovere is invited to worship at our leading churches, or to read their notices from a safe distance. The most famous Washington preacher is doubtless the Roman Catholic Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. The Unitarian A. Powell Davies doesn't even like to be called Doctor. Our Episcopal Bishop is Angus Dun, and President Truman's Baptist pastor is Edward H. Pruden. Recently, the press uncovered and began using his middle name—Hughes—but this was undoubtedly the work of a reporter with New York training.

I must record an outstanding exception—Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, of the Church of God. But no one in this city would be so small-minded as to suggest that his three names, fine as they are, account for his success. Any Washingtonian would give the credit to Elder Michaux's preaching ability, his "Happy Am I" radio chorus, and his use of Jordan water for baptismal services in the ballpark.

The evidence is overwhelming that citizens outside New York generally suspect preachers with mellifluous, tri-

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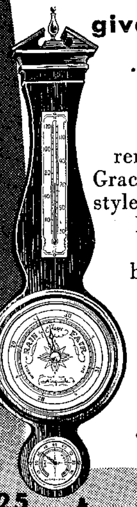

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